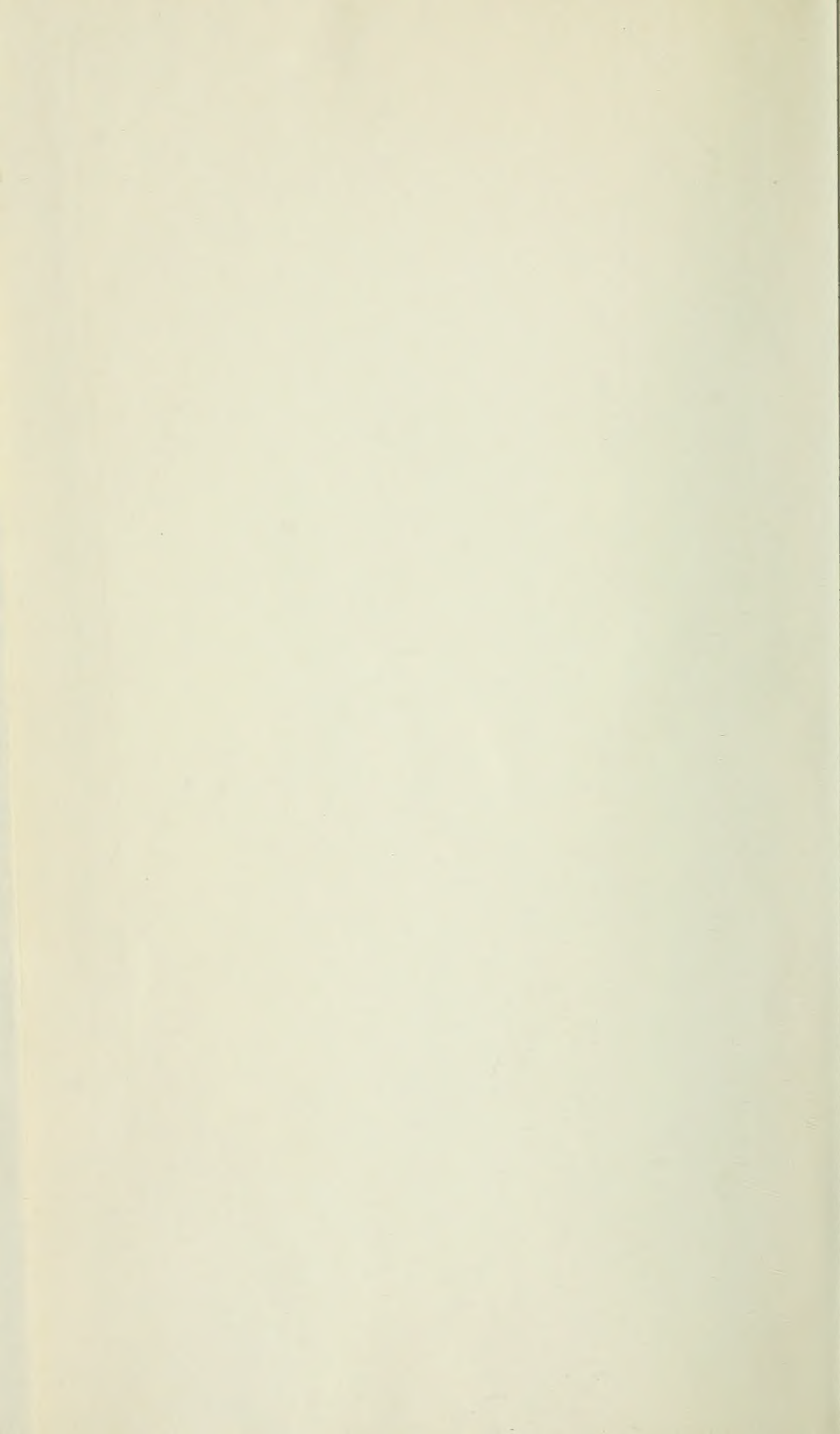




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LACON:

OR

MANY THINGS

IN FEW WORDS;

ADDRESSED TO

THOSE WHO THINK.

BY THE REV. C. C. COLTON, A. M.

LATE FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; AUTHOR OF 'HYPOCRISY,
A SATIRE;' 'MOSCOW, A POEM'; 'CRITICAL REMARKS ON LORD
BYRON,' &c. &c.

"Φιλόσοφια ἐκ παραδειγμάτων."

"The noblest study of mankind is man."

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.
VOL. II. BEGINS AFTER PAGE 266.

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ON

MAY THINGS

IN NEW WORLDS

AND

THOSE WHO THINK

BY THE REV. C. C. COTTON, A. M.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 15 N. 2ND ST. 1852.

THE

NEW YORK

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PREFACE,

&c. &c.

THERE are three difficulties in authorship;—to write any thing worth the publishing—to find honest men to publish it—and to get sensible men to read it. Literature has now become a game; in which the Booksellers are the Kings; the Critics, the Knaves; the Public, the Pack; and the poor Author, the mere Table, or *Thing played upon*.

For the last thirty years, the public mind has had such interesting and rapid incidents to witness, and to reflect upon, and must now anticipate some that will be still more momentous, that any thing like dulness or prosing in authorship, will either nauseate, or be refused; the *realities* of life have pampered the public palate with a diet so stimulating, that vapidness has now become as insipid as water to a dram-drinker, or sober sense to a fanatic.

The attempts however of dulness, are constantly repeated, and as constantly fail. For the misfortune is, that the Head of Dulness, *unlike* the tail of the torpedo*, loses nothing of her benumbing and lethargising influence, by reiterated discharges;

* See Humboldt's account of the *Gymnotus Electricus*.

horses may ride over her, and mules and asses may trample upon her, but with an exhaustless and a patient perversity, she continues her narcotic operations even to the end. In fact, the Press was never so powerful in *quantity*, and so weak in *quality*, as at the present day ; if applied to it, the simile of Virgil must be reversed, “ *Non trunco sed frondibus efficit Umbram.*” It is in Literature as in Finance—much *Paper* and much *Poverty* may co-exist.

It may happen that I myself am now committing the very crime that I think, I am censuring. But while justice to my readers compels me to admit that I write, because I have nothing to do, justice to myself induces me to add, that I will cease to write the moment I have *nothing to say*. Discretion has been termed the better part of valour, and it is more certain, that diffidence is the better part of knowledge. Where I am ignorant, and know that I am so, I am silent. That Grecian gave a better reason for his taciturnity, than most authors for their loquacity, who observed, “ *What was to the purpose I could not say ; and what was not to the purpose, I would not say.*” And yet Shakespeare has hinted, that even silence is not always “ *commendable* :” since it may be foolish if we are wise, but wise if we are foolish. The Grecian’s maxim would indeed be a sweeping clause in Literature ; it would reduce many a giant to a pigmy ; many a speech to a sentence ; and many a folio to a primer. As the great fault of our orators is, that they get up to make a

speech, rather than to *speak* ; so the great error of our authors is, that they sit down to *make* a book, rather than to write. To combine profundity with perspicuity, wit with judgment, solidity with vivacity, truth with novelty, and *all* of them with liberality, who is sufficient for these things ? a very serious question ; but it is one which authors had much better propose to themselves, *before* publication, than have proposed to them, by their editors after it.

I have thrown together, in this work, that which is the result of some reading and reflection ; if it be but little, I have taken care that the volume which contains it, shall not be large. I plead the privilege which a preface allows to an author, for saying thus much of myself ; since, if a writer be inclined to egotism, a preface is the most proper place for him to be delivered of it : for prefaces are not always read, and dedications seldom ; books, says my lord Bacon, should have no patrons but truth and reason. Even the attractive prose of Dryden, could not dignify dedications, and perhaps they ought never to be resorted to, being as derogatory to the writer, as dull to the reader, and when not prejudicial, at least superfluous. If a book really wants the patronage of a great name, it is a bad book, and if it be a good book, it wants it not. Swift dedicated a volume to Prince Posterity, and there was a manliness in the act. Posterity will prove a patron of the soundest judgment, as unwilling to give, as un-

likely to receive, adulation. But posterity is not a very accessible personage ; he knows the high value of that which he gives, he therefore is extremely particular as to what he receives. Very few of the presents that are directed to him, reach their destination. Some are too *light*, others too *heavy*, since it is as difficult to throw a straw any distance, as a ton.—I have addressed this volume to *those who think*, and some may accuse me of an ostentatious independence, in presuming to inscribe a book to so small a minority. But a volume addressed to those *who think*, is in fact addressed to all the world ; for although the proportion of those who *do* think, be extremely small, yet every individual flatters himself that he is *one* of the number. In the present rage for all that is marvellous and interesting, when writers of undoubted talent, consider only what will sell, and readers only what will please, it is perhaps a bold experiment to send a volume into the world, whose very faults, (manifold as I fear they are,) will cost more pains to detect, than sciolists would feel inclined to bestow, even if they were sure of discovering nothing but beauties. Some also of my conclusions will no doubt be condemned by those who will not take the trouble of looking into the *postulata* ; for the soundest argument will produce no' more conviction in an *empty* head, than the most superficial declamation ; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a *vacuum*.

The following pages, such as they are, have cost

me some thought to write, and they may possibly cost others some to read them. Like Demosthenes, who talked Greek to the waves, I have continued my task, with the hope of instructing others, with the certainty of improving myself. "*Labor ipse voluptas.*" It is much safer to think what we say, than to say what we think; I have attempted both. This is a work of no party, and my sole wish is, that truth may prevail in the church, and integrity in the state, and that in both the old adage may be verified, that "*the men of principle may be the principal men.*" Knowledge indeed is as necessary as light, and in this coming age most *fairly* promises to be as common as water, and as free as air. But as it has been wisely ordained, that light should have *no* colour, water *no* taste, and air *no* odour, so knowledge also should be equally pure, and without admixture. If it comes to us through the medium of prejudice, it will be discoloured; through the channels of custom, it will be adulterated; through the gothic walls of the college, or of the cloister, *it will smell of the lamp.*

He that studies books alone, will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are; and it would have been impossible to have written these pages, without mixing some what more freely with the world, than inclination might prompt, or judgment approve. For observations made in the cloister, or in the desert, will generally be as obscure as the one, and as barren as the other: but he that would paint with his

pen, no less than he that would paint with his pencil, must study originals, and not be overfearful of a little dust. In fact, every author is a far better judge of the pains that his efforts have cost him, than any reader can possibly be ; but to *what* purpose he has taken those pains, this is a question on which his readers will not allow the author a voice, nor even an opinion ; from the tribunal of the public there is no appeal, and it is fit that it should be so, otherwise we should not only have rivers of ink expended in bad writing, but oceans more in defending it ; for he that writes in a bad style, is sure to *retort* in a worse.

I have availed myself of examples both ancient and modern, wherever they appeared likely to illustrate or strengthen my positions ; but I am not so sanguine as to expect that all will draw the same conclusions from the same premises. I have not forgotten the observation of him who said, that “ *in the same meadow, the ox seeks the herbage ; the dog, the hare ; and the stork, the lizard.* ” Times also of profound peace and tranquillity are most propitious to every literary pursuit. “ *Satur est, cum dicit Horatius Euge.* ” We know that Malherbe, on hearing a prose work of great merit much extolled, drily asked if it would *reduce the price of bread* ! neither was his appreciation of poetry much higher, when he observed, that a good poet was of no more service to the church or the state, than a good player at *nine pins* ! !

The anecdotes, that are interspersed in these

pages, have seldom been cited for their own sake, but chiefly for their application, 'Ιστορία φιλόσοφια ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων', nor can I see why the Moralist should be denied those examples so useful to the Historian. The lover of variety will be fastidious, if he finds nothing here to his taste; but like him who wrote a book "*de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*," I may be perhaps accused of looking into every thing, but of *seeing* into nothing.

There are two things cheap and common enough when separated, but as costly in value, as irresistible in power, when *combined*——*truth* and *novelty*. Their union is like that of steam and of fire, which nothing can overcome. Truth and novelty, when united, must overthrow the whole superincumbent pressure of error and of prejudice, whatever be its weight; and the effects will be proportionate to the resistance. But the *moral* earthquake, unlike the *natural*, while it convulses the nations, reforms them too. On subjects indeed, on which mankind have been thinking for so many thousands of years, it will often happen that whatever is absolutely new, may have the misfortune to be absolutely false. It is a melancholy consideration for authors, that there is very little "*Terra Incognita*" in literature, and there now remain to us moderns, only two roads to success: discovery and conquest. If indeed we can advance any propositions that are both *true* and *new*, these are indisputably our own, by right of discovery; and if we can repeat what is old, more briefly and brightly than

others, this also becomes our own by right of conquest. The pointed propriety of Pope, was to all his readers originality, and even the lawful possessors could not always recognize their own property in his hands. Few have borrowed more freely than Gray and Milton, but with a princely prodigality, they have repaid the obscure thoughts of others, with far brighter of their own ; like the ocean, which drinks up the muddy water of the rivers, from the flood, but replenishes them with the clearest from the shower. These reflections, however they may tend to shew the difficulties all must encounter, who aim at originality, will nevertheless in no wise tend to diminish the number of those who will attempt to surmount them since "*fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.*" In good truth, we should have a glorious conflagration, if all who cannot put *fire* into their works, would only consent to put their works into the *fire*. But this is an age of œconomy, as well as of *illumination*, and a considerate author will not rashly condemn his volumes to that devouring element, "*flammis emendatioribus,*" who reflects that the Pastry-cook and the Confectioner are sure to put *good things* into his pages, if he fail to do it himself.

With respect to the style I have adopted in the following sheets, I have attempted to make it vary with the subject ; avoiding all pomp of words, where there was no corresponding elevation of ideas ; for such turgidity although it may be as aspiring as that of the balloon, is also as useless.

I have neither spare time for superfluous writing, nor spare money for superfluous printing, and shall be satisfied, if I have not missed of brightness, in pursuit of brevity. It has cost me more time and pains to *abridge* these pages, than to write them. Perhaps that is nearly the perfection of good writing, which is original, but whose truth alone prevents the reader from suspecting that it is so: and which effects that for knowledge, which the lens effects for the sun-beam, when it condenses its brightness, in order to increase its force. How far the following efforts will stand the test of this criterion, is not for me to determine: to know is one thing, to do is another, and it may be observed of good writing, as of good blood, that it is much easier to say what it is composed of, than to compose it.

Most of the maxims and positions advanced in the present volume, are founded on two simple truisms, *that men are the same*; and *that the passions are the powerful and disturbing forces, the greater or the less prevalence of which gives individuality to character*. But we must not only express clearly but think deeply, nor can we concede to Buffon that style *alone* is that quality that will immortalize an author. The essays of Montaigne, and the Analogy of Butler, will live for ever, in spite of their style. Style is indeed the *valet* of genius, and an able one too; but as the true gentleman will appear, even in rags, so true genius will shine, even through the coarsest style.

But above all, I do most earnestly hope, that none will accuse me of usurping, on this occasion, the chair of the moralist, or of presuming to deliver any thing here advanced, as oracular, magisterial, dictatorial, or "*ex cathedrâ*." I have no opinions that I would not most willingly exchange for truth ; I may be sometimes wrong, I may be sometimes right ; at all events discussion may be provoked, and as this cannot be done without thought, even that is a good. I despise dogmatism in others, too much to indulge it in myself : I have not been led to these opinions by the authority of great names ; for I have always considered rather *what* is said, than *who* says it ; and the consequence of the argument, rather than the consequence of him who delivers it. It is sufficiently humiliating to our nature, to reflect that our knowledge is but as the rivulet, our ignorance as the sea. On points of the highest interest, the moment we quit the light of revelation, we shall find that Platonism itself is intimately connected with Pyrronism, and the deepest inquiry with the darkest doubt.

In an age remarkable for good reasoning and bad conduct, for sound rules and corrupt manners, when virtue fills our *heads*, but vice our *hearts* ;—when those who would fain persuade us that they are quite sure of heaven, appear to be in no *greater* hurry to go there than other folks, but put on the livery of the best master only to serve the worst ;—in an age when modesty herself is more ashamed of *detection* than of delinquency ; when independ-

ence of principle, consists in having *no* principle on which to depend; and free-thinking, not in thinking freely, but in being *free from thinking*;—in an age when patriots will hold any thing, except their *tongues*; keep any thing, except their *word*; and lose nothing patiently, except their *character*;—to improve such an age, must be difficult, to instruct it dangerous; and he stands no chance of amending it, who cannot at the same time amuse it.

That author, however, who has thought more than he has read, read more than he has written, and written more than he has published, if he does not command success, has at least deserved it. In the article of *rejection* and *abridgment*, we must be severe to ourselves, if we wish for mercy from others; since for one great genius who has written a *little* book, we have a thousand little geniuses, who have written *great* books. A volume, therefore, that contains more words than ideas, like a tree that has more foliage than fruit, may suit those to resort to, who want not to feast, but to dream and to slumber;—but the misfortune is, that in this particular instance, nothing can equal the ingratitude of the Public; who were never yet known to have the slightest compassion for those authors who have deprived *themselves* of sleep, in order to procure it for their readers.

With books, as with companions, it is of more consequence to know which to avoid, than which

to chuse ; for good books are as scarce as good companions, and in both instances, all that we can learn from bad ones, is, that so much time has been worse than thrown away That writer does the most, who gives his reader the *most* knowledge, and takes from him the *least* time. That short period of a short existence, which is rationally employed, is that which alone deserves the name of life ; and that portion of our life is most rationally employed, which is occupied in enlarging our stock of truth, and of wisdom. I do not pretend to have attained this, I have only attempted it. One thing I may affirm, that I have first considered whether it be worth while to say a thing *at all*, before I have taken any trouble to say it well ; knowing that words are but air, and that both are capable of much *condensation*. Words indeed are but the signs and *counters* of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the *capital* which they represent.

I have said that the maxims in the following pages are written upon this principle—*that men are the same* ; upon this alone it is that the sacred maxim which forms the golden hinge of our religion, rests and revolves, “ *Do unto thy neighbour as thou wouldst that he should do unto thee.*” The proverbs of Solomon suit all places and all times, because Solomon knew mankind, and mankind are ever the same. No revolution has taken place in the body, nor in the mind. Four thousand years ago, men shivered with frost,

and panted with heat, were *cold* in their gratitude, and *ardent* in their revenge.—Should my readers think some of my conclusions too severe, they will in justice recollect, that my object is truth, that my subject is *man*, and that a handsome picture cannot represent deformity.

The political principles contained in the following pages, are such, that whoever avows them, will be considered a Tory by the Whigs and a *Whig* by the *Tories*; for truth, no less than virtue, not unfrequently forms the middle point between two extremes. Where one party demands too much, and the other is inclined to concede too little, an arbitrator will please *neither*, by recommending such measures, as would eventually serve *both*. I have however, neither the *hope* nor the *fear*, that my opinions on politics, or any *other* subject, will attract *much* attention. The approbation of a few discerning friends, is *all* the reward I wish for my labours; and the four lines which form the commencement of my Poem of "*Hypocrisy*," shall make the conclusion of this Preface, since the sentiments they contain, are as applicable to *prose*, as to *verse*.

" *Two things there are, confound the Poet's lays,*
" *The Scholar's censure--and the Blockhead's praise;*
" *That glowing page with double lustre shines,*
" *When Pope approves, and Dennis damns the lines."*

LONDON, January, 1st, 1820.



REFLECTIONS,

8c. 8c.

I.

IT is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors, as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to *stand still* with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and *proceeds* in the *same* direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

II.

WITH respect to the authority of great names, it should be remembered, that he alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity, who has shown himself superior to the particular and predominant error of his *own* times; who, like the peak of Teneriffe, has hailed the intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds; who, standing like Socrates, on the apex of wisdom, has removed from his eyes all film of earthly dross, and has foreseen a purer law, a nobler system, a brighter order of things; in short, a *promised land*! which, like Moses on the top of Pisgah, he is permitted to survey, and anticipate for others, without being himself allowed either to enter, or to enjoy.

III.

TO cite the examples of history, in order to animate us to virtue, or to arm us with fortitude, this it is to call up the illustrious dead, to inspire and to improve the living. But the usage of those Civilians, who cite vicious authorities for worse purposes, and enforce the absurdest practice, by the oldest precedent, this it is to bequeath to us as an heir-loom, the errors of our forefathers, to confer a kind of immortality on folly, making the dead more powerful than time, and more sagacious than experience, by subjecting those that are *upon* the earth, to the perpetual mal-government of those that are *beneath* it.

IV.

A WRITER more splendid than solid, seems to think that vice may lose half its guilt, by losing all its grossness. An idea suggested, perhaps, by the parting anathema, fulminated by Gibbon against the fellows of Magdalen; men, he said, "in whom were united all the malevolence of monks, without their erudition; and all the sensuality of libertines, without their refinement." But it would be as well perhaps for the interests of humanity, if vice of every kind were more odious, and less attractive; if she were always exhibited to us, like the drunken Helot to the youths of Sparta, in her true and disgusting shape. It is fitting, that what is foul within, should be foul also without. To give the *semblance* of purity to the *substance* of corruption, is to proffer the poison of Circe in a chrystal goblet, and to steal the bridal vestments of the virgin, to add more allure-ment to the seductive smiles of the harlot.

V.

IF those alone who "*sowed the wind, did reap the whirlwind,*" it would be well. But the mischief is, that the blind-

ness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculations of diplomacy, seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and the unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error sits in the seat of power and of authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent which originates indeed in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale.

VI.

GREAT minds had rather deserve *contemporaneous* applause, without obtaining it, than obtain, without deserving it; if it follow *them*, it is well, but they will not deviate to follow it. With inferior minds the reverse is observable; so that they can command the flattery of knaves while living, they care not for the execrations of honest men, when dead. Milton neither aspired to *present* fame, nor even expected it; but, (to use his own words) his high ambition was, "to leave something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." And Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why *no* statues were erected to him, *than why they were!*

VII.

AS in agriculture, he that can produce the greatest crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense, so in society, he is not the most valuable member, who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it, with the least admixture of concomitant ill. For let *no man* presume to think that he can devise any plan of extensive good, unalloyed and unadulterated with evil. This is the prerogative of the godhead alone!

VIII.

THE inequalities of life are real things, they can neither be explained away, nor done away; "*Expellas furcâ tamen usque recurrent.*" A leveller therefore has long ago been set down as a ridiculous and chimerical being, who, if he could finish his work to-day, would have to begin it again to-morrow. The things that constitute these real inequalities, are *four*, strength, talent, riches, and rank. The two former would constitute inequalities in the rudest state of nature; the two latter more properly belong to a state of society more or less civilized and refined. Perhaps the whole four are all ultimately resolvable into power. But in the just appreciation of this power, men are too apt to be deceived. Nothing, for instance, is more common than to see rank or riches preferred to talent, and yet nothing is more absurd. That talent is of a much higher order of power, than riches, might be proved in various ways; being so much more indeprivable, and indestructible, so much more above all accident of change, and all confusion of chance. But the peculiar superiority of talent over riches, may be best discovered from hence—That the influence of talent will always be the greatest in that government which is the most pure; while the influence of riches will always be the greatest in that government which is most corrupt. So that from the preponderance of talent, we may always infer the soundness and vigour of the commonwealth; but from the preponderance of riches, its dotage and degeneration. That talent confers an inequality of a much higher order than rank, would appear from various views of the subject, and most particularly from this—many a man may justly thank his talent for his rank, but no man has ever yet been able to return the compliment, by thanking his rank, for his talent. When Leonardo da Vinci died, his sovereign exclaimed, "I can make a thousand lords, but not one Leonardo." Cicero observed to a *de-*

generate patrician, "I am the first of my family, but you are the last of your's." And since his time, those who value themselves merely on their ancestry, have been compared to potatoes, *all that is good of them is under the ground*; perhaps it is but fair that nobility should have *descended to them*, since they never could have *raised themselves to it*.

IX.

AN upright minister asks, *what* recommends a man; a corrupt minister *who*.

X.

THE first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself, and the second, *how* to do it, with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius the tyrant, stripped the *statue* of Jupiter Olympius, of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer;—It behoves *us to take care of Jupiter*.

XI.

IF hypocrites go to *hell* by the road to *heaven*, we may carry on the metaphor, and add, that as all the virtues demand their respective tolls, the hypocrite has a bye-way to avoid them, and to get into the main road again. And all would be well, if he could escape the *last* turnpike in the journey of life, where all must pay, where there is no bye-path, and where the toll is death.

XII.

In great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little, but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, in as much as he purchases guineas with farthings.

A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a tun of vinegar would only corrode the wheels, and canker the movements.

XIII.

WERE we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening, than by talking.

XIV.

WHEN Mahomet forbids his followers the use of wine, when the grand Sultan discourages learning, and when the Pope denies the scriptures to the laity, what are we to infer from hence? not the *danger* of the things forbidden, but the *fears* of those that forbid. Mahomet knew that his was a faith strictly military, and to be propagated by the sword; he also knew that nothing is so destructive of discipline as wine; therefore Mahomet interdicted wine. The grand Sultan knows that despotism is founded on the blindness and weakness of the governed; but that learning is light and power; and that the powerful and the enlightened make very troublesome slaves; therefore the Sultan discourages learning. Leo the Xth knew that the pontifical hierarchy did support, and was reciprocally supported by a superstition that was false; but he also knew that the scriptures are true, and that truth and falsehood assimilate not; therefore, Leo withheld the scriptures from the laity.

XV.

A WISE minister would rather preserve peace, than gain a victory; because he knows that, even the most successful war leaves nations generally more poor, always more profligate than it found them. There are real evils that cannot be brought into a list of indemnities, and the demora-

lizing influence of war is not the least of *them*. The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre, from the number of the *saved*, not of the *slain*.

XVI.

THE great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct, are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagancies with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric, than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great, as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus, reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and that so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagancies, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagancies, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the

lower order of aspirers to fame and talent, have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities, in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

XVII.

THE enthusiast has been compared to a man walking in a fog; every thing immediately around him, or in contact with him, appears sufficiently clear and luminous; but beyond the little circle of which he himself is the centre, all is mist, and error and confusion. But he himself is nevertheless as much in the fog as his neighbours, all of whom have also cantoned out their little Goshens of perspicacity. Total freedom from error is what none of us will allow to our neighbours, however we may be inclined to flirt a little with such spotless perfection ourselves. Sir Richard Steele has observed, that there is this difference between the church of Rome and the church of England; the one professes to be infallible—the other to be never in the wrong. Such high pretensions are extremely awkward wherever the points of difference happen to be more numerous than those of agreement. A safer mode of proceeding would be to propose with diffidence, to conjecture with freedom, to examine with candour, and to dissent with civility; *in rebus necessariis sit unitas; in non necessariis liberalitas; in omnibus, charitas*. This ought to teach all enthusiasts moderation, many of whom begin to make converts from motives of charity, but continue to do so from motives of pride; like some rivers which are sweet at their source but bitter at their mouth. The fact is, that charity is contented with exhortation and example, but pride is not to be so easily satisfied. An enthusiast, therefore, ought above all things to guard against this error, arising from a mor-

bid association of ideas, directed to view and examine all things through one medium alone. The best intentioned may be exposed to this infirmity, and there is one infallible symptom of the disorder, which is this : whenever we find ourselves more inclined to *persecute* than to *persuade*, we may then be certain that our zeal has more of pride in it than of charity, that we are seeking victory rather than truth, and are beginning to feel more for ourselves, than for our master. To lose our charity in the defence of our religion, is to sacrifice the citadel to maintain the outworks ; a very imprudent mode of defence. There is an old poet who has said, “ *Nullum Numen abest si sit Prudentia tecum,*” but your thorough-paced enthusiast would make a trifling alteration in the letter, but a most important one in the spirit of the line, which he would read thus—“ *Nullum Numen habes si sit Prudentia tecum.*”

XVIII.

IN all societies it is adviseable to associate if possible with the highest ; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend ; —but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

XIX.

HE that has never suffered extreme adversity, knows not the full extent of his own depravation ; and he that has never enjoyed the summit of prosperity, is equally ignorant how far the iniquity of *others* can go. For our adversity will excite temptations in ourselves, our prosperity in others. Sir Robert Walpole observed, it was fortunate that few men could be prime ministers, because it was for-

fortunate that few men could know the abandoned profligacy of the human mind. Therefore a beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt *others*, her poverty *herself*.

XX.

POWER, like the diamond, dazzles the beholder, and also the wearer; it dignifies meanness; it magnifies littleness; to what is contemptible it gives authority; to what is low, exaltation. To acquire it, appears not more difficult than to be dispossessed of it, *when acquired*, since it enables the holder to shift his own errors on dependants, and to take their merits to himself. But the miracle of losing it vanishes, when we reflect that we are as liable to *fall* as to rise, by the treachery of others; and that to say "I am," is language that has been appropriated exclusively to God!

XXI.

VIRTUE without talent, is a coat of *mail*, without a *sword*; it may indeed defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.

XXII.

HE that aspires to be the head of a party, will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes. He must often act from false reasons which are weak, because he dares not avow the true reasons which are strong. It will be his lot to be forced on some occasions to give his consideration to the wealthy or the titled, although they may be in the *wrong*, and to withhold it from the energetic, but *necessitous*, although they may be in the *right*. There are

moments when he must appear to sympathize not only with the fears of the brave, but also with the follies of the wise. He must see some appearances that do not exist, and be blind to some that do. To be above others, he must condescend at times to be beneath himself, as the loftiest trees have the lowest roots. But without the keenest circumspection, his very *rise* will be his *ruin*. For a masked battery is more destructive than one that is visible, and he will have more to dread from the secret envy of his adherents, than the open hate of his adversaries. This envy will be ever near him, but he must not appear to suspect it; it will narrowly watch him, but he must not appear to perceive it; even when he is anticipating all its effects, he must give no note of preparation, and in defending himself against it, he must conceal both his sword and his shield. Let him pursue success as his truest friend, and apply to confidence as his ablest counsellor. Subtract from a great man all that he owes to opportunity, and all that he owes to chance, all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends, and by the folly of his enemies, and our Brobdignag will often become a Lilliputian. I think it is Voltaire who observes, that it was very fortunate for Cromwell, that he appeared upon the stage, at the precise moment when the people were tired of kings; and as unfortunate for his son Richard, that he had to make good his pretensions, at a moment when the people were equally tired of *protectors*.

XXIII.

ALL poets pretend to write for immortality, but the whole tribe have no objection to present pay and present praise. But Lord Burleigh is not the only statesman who has thought one hundred pounds too much for a song, though sung by Spencer; although Oliver Goldsmith is the only poet who ever considered himself to have been

overpaid. The reward in this arena is not to the swift, nor the prize to the strong. Editors have gained more pounds by publishing Milton's works, than he ever gained pence by writing them; and Garrick has reaped a richer harvest in a single night, by acting in one play of Shakespeare's than that poet himself obtained by the genius which inspired the whole of them.

XXIV.

AVARICE begets more vices than Priam did children, and like Priam *survives* them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven, than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures, for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a *mean* to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an *end*. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailor of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But unlike other tombs it is enlarged by *repletion*, and strengthened by *age*. This latter paradox so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of

the aged to wealth, *must* be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies, and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

XXV.

MEN will wrangle for religion ; write for it ; fight for it ; die for it ; any thing but——*live* for it.

XXVI.

HONOUR is unstable, and seldom the same ; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. She builds a lofty structure on the sandy foundation of the esteem of those, who are of all beings the most subject to change. But virtue is uniform and fixed, because she looks for approbation only from Him, who is the same yesterday—to-day—and for ever. Honour is most capricious in her rewards. She feeds us with air, and often pulls down our house to build our monument. She is contracted in her views, in as much as her hopes are rooted in earth, bounded by time, terminated by death. But virtue is enlarged and infinite in her hopes, in as much as they extend beyond present things, even to eternal ; this is their proper sphere, and they will cease only in the reality of deathless enjoyment. In the storms and in the tempests of life, honour is not to be depended on, because she herself partakes of the tumult ; she also is buffeted by the wave, and borne along by the whirlwind. But virtue is above the storm, and has an anchor sure and stedfast, because it is cast into heaven. The noble Brutus worshipped honour, and in his zeal mistook her for virtue. In the day of trial he found her a shadow and a name. But no man can pur-

chase his virtue too dear; for it is the only thing whose *value* must ever increase with the *price* it has cost us. Our integrity is never worth so much, as when we have parted with *our all to keep it*. The Pagans (says Bayle), from the obscurity wherein they lived as to another life, reasoned very inconsequentially on the reality of virtue. *It belongs to christians alone to argue upon it aright*; and if those good things to come, which the scripture promises the faithful, were not *joined* to the desire of virtue, that, and innocence of life, might be placed in the number of those things on which Solomon pronounced his definitive decree, "*vanity of vanities, all is vanity!*"

XXVII.

MODERN reformers are not fully aware of the difficulty they will find to make converts, when that period which they so fondly anticipate shall arrive: an æra of universal illumination. They will then experience a similar rebuff, with those who now attempt to make proselytes amongst the Jews. These cunning descendants of Laban shrewdly reply, pray would it not be better for you Christians, first of all to decide amongst yourselves what Christianity is, and when that important point is fully settled, then we think it will be time enough for you to begin your attempts of converting others. And the reasoning and enlightened inquirer will also naturally enough demand of the reformist, what is reformation? This he will find to be almost as various as the advocates for it. The thorough-paced and *Unitarian* reformer, who thinks one year a sufficient period for a parliament, in order to bring in another *unity* still more absurd and dangerous, the majesty of the people, one and indivisible, must be at irreconcilable issue with the *Trinitarian* reformer, who advocates triennial parliaments, and who has not lost his respect for that old and orthodox association of King, Lords and Commons. And in poli-

ties, as in religion, it so happens that we have less charity, for those who believe the half of our creed, than for those that deny the whole of it, since if Servetus had been a Mohammedan, he would not have been burnt by Calvin. There are two parties therefore, that will form a rent in the Babel building of Reform, which unlike that of the temple, will not be confined to the yail, but will in all probability reach the foundation.

XXVIII.

TIMES of general calamity and confusion, have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

XXIX.

HYPOCRITES act by virtue, like Numa by his shield. They frame many counterfeits of her, with which they make an ostentatious parade, in all public assemblies, and processions; but the original of what they counterfeit, and which may indeed be said to have *fallen from heaven*, they produce so seldom, that it is cankered by the rust of sloth, and useless from non-application.

XXX.

THE wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still *here*, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst every thing else that is great. The house may draw visitors, but it is the possessor alone

that can detain them. We cross the Alps, and after a short interval, we are glad to return;—we go to see Italy, *not the Italians.*

XXXI.

PUBLIC events of moment, when deeply and fully considered, are the fertile womb of political maxims, which ought to contain the very soul of the moral of history; and then they are imperishable, and indestructible, worthy of being resorted to as a tower of strength in the storm, and spreading their effulgence over the tide of time, as a beacon in the night.

XXXII.

SECRECY of design, when combined with rapidity of execution, like the column that guided Israel in the desert, becomes a guardian pillar of light and fire to our friends, a cloud of overwhelming and impenetrable darkness to our enemies.

XXXIII.

“*FELIX quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum,*” this is well translated by some one who observes that it is far better to *borrow* experience than to *buy* it. He that sympathizes in all the happiness of others, perhaps himself enjoy the safest happiness, and he that is warned by all the folly of others, has perhaps attained the soundest wisdom. But such is the purblind egotism, and the suicidal selfishness of mankind, that things so desirable are seldom pursued, things so accessible, seldom attained. That is indeed a *twofold* knowledge, which profits alike by the folly of the foolish, and the wisdom of the wise; it is both a shield and a sword; it borrows its security from the darkness, and its confidence from the light.

XXXIV.

“*DEFENDIT numerus*,” is the maxim of the foolish; “*Deperdit numerus*,” of the wise. The fact is, that an honest man will continue to be so, though surrounded on all sides by rogues. The whole world is turned upside down once in every twenty-four hours; yet no one thinks of standing upon his head, rather than on his heels. He that can be honest, only because every one else is honest, or good, only because all around him are good, might have continued an angel, if he had been born one, but being a man he will only add to that *number numberless*, who go to hell for the bad things they *have done*, and for the good things which they *intended* to do.

XXXV.

THE sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

XXXVI.

THE drafts which true genius draws upon posterity, although they may not always be honoured, so soon as they are due, are sure to be paid with compound interest, in the end. Milton's expressions on his right to this remuneration, constitute some of the finest efforts of his mind. He never alludes to these high pretensions, but he appears to be animated by an eloquence, which is at once both the plea and the proof of their justice; an eloquence, so much above all present and all perishable things, that, like the beam of the sun, it warms, while it enlightens, and as it descends from heaven to earth, raises our thoughts from earth to heaven. When the great Kepler had at

length discovered the harmonic laws that regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, he exclaimed, "Whether my discoveries will be read by posterity, or by my contemporaries, is a matter that concerns *them*, more than me. I may well be contented to wait *one* century for a reader, when God himself, during so many thousand years, has waited for an observer like myself.

XXXVII.

AMBITION is to the mind, what the cap is to the falcon; it *blinds* us first, and then compels us to tower, by reason of our blindness. But alas, when we are at the summit of a vain ambition, we are also at the *depth* of real misery. We are placed where time cannot improve, but must impair us; where chance and change cannot befriend, but may betray us; in short, by attaining all we wish, and gaining all we want, we have only reached a pinnacle, where we have nothing to hope, but every thing to fear.

XXXVIII.

WE should justly ridicule a general, who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them, a bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here, we plainly see the folly of calling in the bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the bible? Our saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

XXXIX.

WE follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.

XL.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them ; such persons covet secrets, as a spend-thrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

XLI.

THAT knowledge which a man may acquire *only* by travelling, is often too dearly bought. The traveller indeed may be said to fetch the knowledge, as the merchant the wares, to be enjoyed and applied, by those who stay at home. A man may sit by his own fire-side, be conversant with many domestic arts and general sciences, and yet have very correct ideas of the manners, habits, and customs of *other* nations. While on the contrary, he that has spent his whole life in travelling, who, like Scriblerus, has made his *legs his compasses*, rather than his judgment, may live and die a thorough novice in all the most important concerns of life ; like Anson, he may have been round the world, and over the world, without having been *in* the world ; and die an ignoramus, even after having performed the seven journeys between the holy hills ; swept the Kaaba with a silver besom ; drank of the holy waters of the Zemzem ; and traced the source of the Nile, and the end of the Niger.

XLII.

IT is an observation of the late Lord Bishop of Landaff, that there are but two kinds of men, who succeed

as public characters, men of no principle, but of great talent, and men of no talent, but of one principle, that of obedience to their superiors. In fact there will never be a deficiency of this second class ; persons who, like Doddington, have no higher ambition than that of sailing in the wake of a man of first rate abilities ; “ I told the duke of Newcastle, says he, (in the account he gives us of himself, in his Diary,) that it must end one way or the other, and must not remain as it was ; for I was determined to make some sort of figure in life. I earnestly wished it might be under his protection, but if that could not be, I must make some figure ; what it would be I could not determine yet, I must look around me a little, and consult my friends, but some figure I was resolved to make.” Indeed, it is lamentable to think, what a gulph of impracticability must ever separate men of principle, whom offices *want*, from men of no principle, who *want* offices. It is easy to see that a Hampden, or a Marvell, could not be connected for one hour, with a Walpole*, or a Mazarin. Those who would conscientiously employ power for the good of others, deserve it, but do not desire it ; and those who could employ it for the good of themselves, desire it, but do not deserve it.

XLIII

IT is more easy to forgive the *weak*, who have injured *us*, than the *powerful* whom *we* have injured. That conduct will be continued by our *fears*, which commenced in our resentment. He that has gone so far as to cut the claws of the lion, will not feel himself quite secure, until he has also drawn his teeth. The greater the power of him

* It is but justice to say of this great minister, who went such lengths in corrupting others, that there were some instances, in which he was himself incorruptible. He refused the sum of sixty thousand pounds, which was offered him to save the life of the earl of Derwentwater.

that is injured, the more inexorable and persevering must be the efforts of those, who have begun to injure him. Therefore a monarch, who submits to a single insult, is half dethroned. When the conspirators were deliberating on the murder of Paul Petrowitz, emperor of Russia, a voice was heard in the anti-chamber, saying, "*you have broken the egg, you had better make the omlet.*"

XLIV.

THAT cowardice is incorrigible, which the love of power cannot overcome. In the heat and frenzy of the French revolution, the contentions for place and power, never sustained the smallest diminution ; appointments and offices were never pursued with more eagerness and intrigue, than when the heads of those who gained them, had they been held on merely by pieces of *sticking plaster*, could not have sat more *loosely* on their shoulders. Demagogues sprung up like *mushrooms*, and the crop seemed to be fecundated by blood ; although it repeatedly happened that the guillotine had finished the favourite, before the plaisterer had finished the model, and that the original was *dead*, before the bust was *dry*.

XLV.

A MAN may arrive at such power, and be so successful in the application of it, as to be enabled to crush and to overwhelm all his enemies. But a safety, built upon successful vengeance, and established not upon our love, but upon our fear, often contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. It is at best a joyless and a precarious safety, as short-lived as that of some conquerors, who have died from a pestilence, excited by the dead bodies of the vanquished.

XLVI.

MANY men fail in life, from the want, as they are too ready to suppose, of those *great* occasions wherein they might have shewn their trust-worthiness, and their integrity. But all such persons should remember, that in order to try whether a vessel be leaky, we first prove it with *water*, before we trust it with *wine*. The more minute, trivial, and we might say *vernacular* opportunities of being just and upright, are constantly occurring to every one; and it is an unimpeachable character in these lesser things, that almost invariably prepares and produces those very opportunities of greater advancement, and of higher confidence, which turn out so rich a harvest, but which those alone are permitted to *reap*, who have previously *sown*.

 XLVII.

OF all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is—to watch the *success* of our enemy,—its wages—to be *sure* of it.

 XLVIII.

PEDANTRY prides herself on being *wrong* by rules; while common sense is contented to be *right*, without them. The former would rather stumble in following the dead, than walk upright by the *profane* assistance of the living. She worships the mouldering mummies of antiquity, and her will is, that they should not be buried, but *embalmed*. She would have truth herself bow to the authority of great names; while common sense would have great names bow to the authority of truth. Folly disgusts us less by her ignorance, than pedantry by her learning; since she mistakes the *nonage* of things for their *virility*; and her creed is, that darkness is increased, by the accession of

light; that the world grows younger by *age*; and that knowledge and experience are *diminished*, by a constant and uninterrupted accumulation.

XLIX.

THERE is but *one* pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres, makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her, and zealously to labour after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence, every subjugated passion, “like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word.”

L.

EVEN human knowledge is permitted to approximate in some degree, and on certain occasions, to that of the Deity, its pure and primary source; and this assimilation is never more conspicuous than when it converts *evil*, into the means of producing its opposite *good*. What for instance appears at first sight to be so insurmountable a barrier to the intercourse of nations as the ocean; but science has converted it into the best and most expeditious mean, by which they may supply their mutual wants, and carry on their most intimate communications. What so violent as steam? and so destructive as fire? What so uncertain as the wind? and so uncontrollable as the wave? yet art has rendered these unmanageable things, instrumental and subsidiary to the necessities, the comforts, and even the elegancies of life. What so hard, so cold, and so in-

sensible as marble? Yet the sculptor can warm it into life, and bid it breathe an eternity of love. What so variable as colour? so swift as light? or so empty as shade? Yet the pencil of a Raphael can give these fleeting things, both a body and a soul; can confer upon them an imperishable vigour, a beauty that *increases* with *age*, and which must continue to captivate generations. In short, wisdom can draw expedient from obstacle, invention from difficulty, safety from danger, resource from sterility, and remedy from poison. In *her* hands all things become beautiful, by their *adaptation*; subservient by their *use*; and salutary by their *application*.

LI.

AS there are none so weak, that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so *low*, that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation. Therefore what benevolence would dictate, prudence would confirm. For he that is cautious of insulting the weakest, and not above obliging the lowest, will have attained such habits of forbearance and of complacency, as will secure him the good-will of all that are beneath him, and teach him how to avoid the enmity of all that are above him. For he that would not bruise even a worm, will be still more cautious how he treads upon a serpent.

LII.

THE only things in which we can be said to have any property, are *our actions*. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison, they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our *actions* must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them *alone*, we can-

not say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world. Our actions must cloathe us with an immortality loathsome, or glorious; These are the only *titled deeds* of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when every thing else is as nothing; and their value will be confirmed and established by those two sure and sateless destroyers of all *other* earthly things, —Time—and Death.

LIII.

HE that abuses his *own* profession, will not patiently bear with any one *else* who does so. And this is one of our most subtle operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly *except* ourselves; but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.

LIV.

THERE are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, farfetched, and usually *not worth the carriage*. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their highbred *theories* to death, in order to come at truth, through byepaths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along, upon the high and beaten road of common sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes *before* her, and sometimes *behind* her, but very seldom *with* her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinize into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he

would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa, no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befel the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood, upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very *heavy*—the night to be very *dark*—the water to be very *deep*—and the bottom to be very *muddy*. And it is another *plain fact*, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever, between a *conqueror* and a *cat*.

LV.

IN the tortuous and crooked policy of public affairs, as well as in the less extensive, but perhaps more intricate labyrinth of private concerns, there are *two* evils, which must continue to be as remediless as they are unfortunate; they have no cure, and their only palliatives are diffidence and time. They are these—The most candid and enlightened, must give their assent to a probable falsehood, rather than to an improbable truth; and their esteem to those who have a reputation, in preference to those who *only* deserve it.

LVI.

HE that acts towards men, as if God saw him, and prays to God, as if men heard him, although he may not obtain all that he asks, or succeed in all that he undertakes, will most probably deserve to do so. For with respect to his actions to men, however he may fail with regard to others, yet *if pure and good*, with regard to himself and his highest interests, they cannot fail; and with respect to his prayers

to God, although they cannot make the Deity more *willing* to give, yet they will and must make the supplicant, more *worthy* to receive.

LVII.

WE did not make the world, we may mend it, and must live in it. We shall find that it abounds with fools, who are too *dull* to be employed, and knaves who are too *sharp*. But the compound character is most common, and is that with which we shall have the most to do. As he that knows how to put proper words in proper places, evinces the truest knowledge of books, so he that knows how to put fit persons in fit stations, evinces the truest knowledge of men. It was observed of Elizabeth, that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to chuse wise counsellors, was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.

LVIII.

IF all seconds were as averse to duels as their principals, very little blood would be shed in that way.

LIX.

IF we cannot exhibit a better life than an atheist, we must be very bad calculators, and if we cannot exhibit a better doctrine, we must be still worse reasoners. Shall we then burn a man, because he chooses to say in his *heart* there is no God? To say it in his *head*, is incompatible perhaps with a sound state of the cerebellum. But if all who wished there were no God, *believed* it too, we should have many atheists. He that has lived without a God, would be very happy to die without one; and he that by his conduct has taken the word *not* out of the *commandments*, would most

willingly insert it into the *creed*. Thou *shalt* kill, and thou *shalt* commit adultery, would be very conveniently supported, by, "I do *not* believe in God." But are we to burn a man for so absurd a doctrine? Yes, says the zealot, for fear of his making proselytes. That he will attempt to make proselytes I admit, even to a system so fatherless, so forlorn, and so gloomy; and he will attempt it, on the same principle which causes little children to cry at night for a bedfellow, *he is afraid of being left alone in the dark!* But to grant that he will be successful in his attempt to convert others, would be to grant that he has some reason on his side; and we have yet to learn that reason can be consumed by fire, or overwhelmed by force. We will burn him then for the sake of example. But his example, like his doctrine, is so absurd, that, let him alone, and none will follow it. But by burning him, *you yourselves have set a most horrid example*; which the innumerable champions of bigotry and of fanaticism have followed, and will follow whenever and wherever they have power to do so. By burning an atheist, you have lent importance to that which was absurd, interest to that which was forbidding, light to that which was the essence of darkness. For atheism is a system which can communicate neither warmth nor illumination, except from those faggots which your mistaken zeal has lighted up for its destruction.

LX.

THERE are some who affect a want of affectation, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who thought them capable of revenge; they are so satisfied of the suavity of their own temper, that they would quarrel with their dearest benefactor only for doubting it. And yet so very blind are all their acquaintance, to these their numerous qualifica-

tions and merits, that the possessors of them invariably discover, when it is too late, that they have lived in the world without a single friend, and are about to leave it, without a single mourner.

LXI.

THEY that are in power should be extremely cautious to commit the execution of their plans, not only to those who are *able*, but to those who are *willing*; as servants and instruments it is their duty to do their best, but their employers are never so sure of them, as when their duty is also their *pleasure*. To commit the execution of a purpose, to one who disapproves of the plan of it, is to employ but one *third* of the man; his heart and his head are against you, you have commanded only his hands.

LXII.

IT is far more safe to lower any pretensions that a woman may aspire to, on the score of her virtue, than those *dearer* ones which she may foster on the side of her vanity. Tell her that she is not in the exact road to gain the approbation of angels, and she may not only hear you with patience, but may even follow your advice; but should you venture to hint to her, that she is equally unsuccessful in all her methods to gain the approbation of *men*, and she will pursue not the advice, but the adviser, certainly with scorn, probably with vengeance.

LXIII.

THERE is a certain constitution of mind, which, of all others, is the most likely to make our fortunes, if combined with talent, or to mar them, without it;—for the

errors of such minds are few, but fatal. I allude to those characters, who have a kind of mathematical decision about them, which dictates that a straight line is the shortest distance between any two points, and that small bodies *with* velocity, have a greater momentum than large masses *without* it. Thus they would rather use a *cannon ball*, than a *battering ram*. With such minds to resolve and to act is instantaneous; they seem to precede the march of time; to foresee events, in the chrysalis of their causes; and to seize that moment for execution, which others waste in deliberation. Cromwell * had much of this decision in the camp, but in the church, hypocrisy asserted her dominion, and sometimes neutralized his moral courage, never his physical; for he always fought, with more sincerity than he prayed. Cardinal de Retz carried this energy and promptitude into every department of his career: the church, the camp, the council, and the court; but, like Charles the XIIth, he had always more sail than ballast, and after the most hair-breadth escapes, was shipwrecked at last. Napoleon had more of this promptitude of decision, than any other character, ancient or modern. Even his ablest generals were often overwhelmed with astonishment at the result of his simultaneities. Kleber designated him, as a chief, who had two faults, that of advancing, without considering how he should retreat; — and of seizing, without considering how he should retain. It was absolutely necessary for such a man to “*wear his heart in his head*,” for he invariably sacrificed blood to time, and means to the end. If the wrong path happened to be the *shortest*, that made it the *right*; and he

* Cromwell is thus described by his confidential physician George Bate: “A perfect master of all the arts of simulation, and of dissimulation; who, turning up the whites of his eyes, and seeking the Lord with pious gestures, will weep and pray, and cant most devoutly, till an opportunity offers of dealing his dupe a knock-down blow under the short ribs.”

anticipated an *acquittal*, by securing a *conquest*. He invaded France with sixty men, and for a time succeeded; but this desperate measure would not have been necessary, if the same promptitude of action which caused this latter attempt to succeed, had not most miserably failed on a former one. He had said, "Let war feed war;" it did so, and Russia spread her table-cloth of snow, to receive the fragments of the feast. But all this energy, and all this talent, were clouded by a total want of principle; he knew that he had none himself, and here he was always *right*; but he concluded that all others had none, and here he was often *wrong*. On a more confined stage, and in a smaller sphere, few have combined more talent with more decision, than Lord Thurlow. Nature seems to have given him a head of chrystal, and nerves of brass. I shall quote his reply to a deputation from the dissenters, as highly characteristic of the man. They had waited on him by appointment, to request that he would give them his vote for the repeal of the test act. They were shewn into the library, where a plentiful collation had been prepared. They thought themselves sure of success, but they reckoned without *their host*, who at length made his appearance. He listened to a long harangue with much patience; when it was finished, he rose up, and addressed them, "Gentlemen, you have called on me to request my vote for the repeal of the test act. Gentlemen, I shall not vote for the repeal of the test act. I care not whether your religion has the ascendancy, or mine, or any, or none; but this I know, that when *you* were uppermost, you kept *us* down, and now that *we* are uppermost, with God's help, we will keep *you* down."

LXIV.

IN pulpit eloquence, the grand difficulty lies here; to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, with

out attaching any importance to ourselves. The Christian messenger cannot think too highly of his prince, nor too humbly of himself. This is that secret art which captivates and improves an audience, and which all who see, will fancy they could imitate, while most who try, will fail.

“ Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,

“ Ausus idem.”

LXV.

THE most *disinterested* of all gifts, are those which kings bestow on *undeserving* favourites; first, because they are purely at the expense of the donor's *character*; and secondly, because they are sure to be repaid with ingratitude. In fact, honours and titles so conferred, or rather so misplaced, dishonour the giver, without exalting the receiver; they are a splendid sign, to a wretched inn; an illuminated frontispiece, to a contemptible missal; a lofty arch, overshadowing a gutter. Court minions lifted up from obscurity by their vices, and splendid, only because they reflect the rays of royal munificence, may be compared to those fogs, which the sun raises up from a swamp, merely to obscure the beams, which were the cause of their elevation.

LXVI.

SOME men who know that they are great, are so very haughty withal and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness, only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay, as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveller, which he discovers to be *turnpikes, only by the toll.*

LXVII.

A CERTAIN degree of labour and exertion, seems to have been allotted us by Providence, as the condition of humanity. "*In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread,*" this is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise. And those favoured few, who, by their rank or their riches, are exempted from all exertion, have no reason to be thankful for the privilege. It was the observation of this necessity, that led the ancients to say, that the gods *sold* us every thing, but *gave* us nothing. Water, however, which is one of the great necessities of life, may in general be gratuitously procured; but it has been well observed, that if bread, the other great necessary of human life, could be procured on terms equally cheap and easy, there would be much more reason to fear, that men would become *brutes*, for the want of something to do, rather than *philosophers*, from the possession of leisure. And the facts seem to bear out the theory. In all countries, where nature does the most, man does the least; and where she does but little, there we shall find the utmost acme of human exertion. Thus, Spain produces the worst farmers; and Scotland the best gardeners; the former are the spoil children of indulgence, the latter, the hardy offspring of endeavour. The copper, coal, and iron, of England, in as much as they cost much labour to dig, and insure a still farther accumulation of it, when dug, have turned out to be richer mines to us, than those of Potosi and Peru. The possessors of the latter have been impoverished by their treasures, while we have been constantly enriched by our exertion. Our merchants, without being aware of it, have been the sole possessors of the philosopher's stone, for they have anticipated most of the wealth of Mexico, before it arrived in Europe, by transmuting their *iron* and their *copper* into *gold*.

LXVIII.

THE road to glory, would cease to be arduous, if it were trite and trodden ; and great minds must be ready not only to *take* opportunities, but to *make* them. Alexander dragged the Pythian priestess to the temple, on a forbidden day—She exclaimed, “ *My son, thou art invincible,*” which was oracle enough for him. On a second occasion, he cut the Gordian knot which others had in vain attempted to untie. Those who start for human glory like the mettled hounds of Actæon, must pursue the game not only where there is a path, but where there is none. They must be able to simulate and dissimulate, to leap and to creep ; to conquer the earth like Cæsar, or to fall down and kiss it like Brutus ; to throw their sword like Brennus into the trembling scale ; or, like Nelson, to snatch the laurels from the doubtful hand of victory, while she is hesitating where to bestow them. That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by that perseverance, which, like Cromwell’s, can make the *iron hot by striking* ; and he that can only rule the storm, must yield to him who can both *raise* and *rule* it.

LXIX.

SOME frauds succeed from the apparent candour, the open confidence, and the full blaze of ingenuousness that is thrown around them. The slightest mystery would excite suspicion, and ruin all.—Such stratagems may be compared to the stars, they are discoverable by *darkness*, and hidden only by *light*.

LXX.

SOME one, in casting up his accounts, put down a very large sum *per annum* for his *idleness*. But there is another account more *awful* than that of our expences, in

which many will find that their idleness has mainly contributed to the balance against them. From its very inaction, idleness ultimately becomes the most active cause of evil; as a palsy is more to be dreaded than a fever. The Turks have a proverb, which says, that *The devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil*; And Prince Eugene informed a confidential friend, that, in the course of his life, he had been exposed to many *Potiphars*, to all of whom he had proved a *Joseph*, merely because he had so many other things to attend to.

LXXI.

THERE is no quality of the mind, nor of the body, that so instantaneously and irresistibly captivates, as wit. An elegant writer has observed, that wit may do very well for a mistress, but that he should prefer reason for a wife. He that deserts the latter, and gives himself up entirely to the guidance of the former, will certainly fall into many pitfalls and quagmires, like him, who walks by flashes of lightning, rather than by the steady beams of the sun. The conquest, therefore, of wit over the mind, is not like that of the Romans over the body; a conquest regulated by policy, and perpetuated by prudence; a conquest that conciliated all that it subdued, and improved all that it conciliated: The triumphs of wit should rather be compared to the inroads of the Parthians, splendid, but transient; a victory succeeding by surprise, and indebted more to the sharpness of the arrow, than the strength of the arm, and to the rapidity of an evolution, rather than to the solidity of a phalanx. Wit, however, is one of the few things which has been rewarded more often than it has been defined. A certain bishop said to his chaplain: What is wit? The chaplain replied, the rectory of B.... is vacant, give it to me, and that will be wit. Prove it, said his Lordship, and you shall have it: *It would be a good thing well applied*, rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the Royal Chaplains at St James's, was reprieved, *for a time*, from

suspension, by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains; and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least *unpalatable* mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace: and whenever the king honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king, and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God *bless* the king, and *save* the dinner." "*And it shall be saved,*" said the monarch.

LXXII.

IT is not so difficult to fill a comedy with good repartee, as might be at first imagined, if we consider how completely *both* parties are in the power of the author. The blaze of wit in the School for Scandal astonishes us less when we remember that the writer had it in his power to frame both the question and the answer; the reply and the rejoinder; the time and the place. He must be a poor proficient, who cannot keep up the game, when both the ball, the wall, and the racket, are at his *sole* command.

LXXIII.

THE clashing interests of society, and the double, yet equal and contrary demands arising out of them, where duty and justice are constantly opposed to gratitude and inclination, these things must make the profession of a statesman, an office neither easy nor enviable. It often happens that such men have only a choice of evils, and that, in adopting either, the discontent will be certain, the benefit precarious. It is seldom that statesmen have the option of chusing between a good and an evil; and still more seldom, that they can boast of that fortunate situation, where, like the great Duke of Marlborough, they are permitted to chuse between *two* things that are good. His Grace was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the duchess;

"I will be hanged," said she, "if it does not cure you." Dr. Garth, who was present, instantly exclaimed, "Take it, then, Your Grace, by all manner of means, *it is sure to do good, one way or the other.*"

LXXIV

HURRY and Cunning are the two apprentices of Dispatch and of Skill; but neither of them ever learn their masters' trade.

LXXV.

SUCCESS seems to be that which forms the distinction between confidence and conceit. Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed, in a certain paragraph of the newspapers, which detailed an action, wherein he had assisted; "But never mind," said he, "I will one day have a Gazette of my own."

LXXVI.

THE excesses of our youth, are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

LXXVII.

NONE are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their *own* company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

LXXVIII.

SOME historians, like Tacitus, Burnet, and the Abbé Raynal, are never satisfied, without adding to their detail of events, the secret springs and causes that have produced them. But, both heroes and statesmen, amid the din of arms, and the hurry of business, are often necessitated to

invert the natural order of things; to fight before they deliberate, and to decide before they consult. A statesman may regulate himself by events; but it is seldom that he can cause events to regulate themselves by him. It often happens too, both in courts and in cabinets, that there are two things going on together, a main-plot, and an under-plot; and he that understands only *one* of them, will, in all probability, be the dupe of *both*. A mistress may rule a monarch, but some obscure favourite may rule the mistress. Doctor Busby was asked how he contrived to keep all his preferments, and the head mastership of Westminster School, through the successive, but turbulent, reigns of Charles the First, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, and James; he replied, "The fathers govern the nation; the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers, *and I govern the boys*."

LXXIX.

FORTUNE has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

LXXX.

LITERARY prizes, and academical honours, are laudable objects of **any** young man's ambition; they are the proofs of present merit, and the pledges of future utility. But, when hopes excited within the cloister, are not realized beyond it; when academical rewards produce not public advantage, the general voice will not squander away upon the blossom, that praise and gratitude, which it reserves only for the fruit. Let those, therefore, who have been successful in their academic career, be careful to *maintain their speed*, "*servetur ad imum*," otherwise these petty kings, within the walls of their colleges, will find themselves de-

throned monarchs when they mix with the world ; a world through which, like Theodore,* they will be doomed to wander, out of humour with themselves, and useless to society ; exasperated with all who do not recognise their former royalty, and commiserate their present degradation. The Senior Wrangler, of a certain year, piping hot from the Senate House at Cambridge, went to the play at Drury-Lane ; it so happened, that a certain great personage entered at the same moment, on the other side of the house, but *unobserved* by the mathematician. The whole house testified their respect, by a general rising and clapping of hands. Our astonished academic instantly exclaimed, to the no small amusement of his *London friends*, “ Well, well, this is more than I expected ; how is it possible that these good people should so soon have discovered *that I am the Senior Wrangler !!* ”

LXXXI.

MEN spend their lives in anticipations, in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, *when they have time*. But the present time has one advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come. We may lay in a stock of pleasures, as we would lay in a stock of wine ; but if we defer the tasting of them too long, we shall find that both are soured by age. Let our happiness, therefore, be a modest mansion, which we can inhabit, while we have our health and vigour to enjoy it ; not a fabric, so vast and expensive, that it has cost us the best part of our lives to build it, and which we can expect to occupy only when we have less occasion for an habitation than a tomb. It has been well observed, that we should treat futurity as an aged friend, from whom we expect a rich legacy. Let us do nothing to forfeit his esteem, and treat him with respect, not with servility. But let us not be too prodigal when we are young, nor too parsimonious when we are old, otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those, who, when they had

* King of Corsica.

the power to enjoy, had not the prudence to acquire; and when they had the prudence to acquire, had no longer the power to enjoy.

LXXXII.

THERE are some who write, talk and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practise either the one or the other*. They die with less sin to answer for than some others, because they have been too busy in disputing about the origin of it, to commit it; and with little or no religion of their own, from their constant though unavailing assiduities to settle that of other men. Charles the Fourth, after his abdication, amused himself in his retirement at St. Juste, by attempting to make a number of watches go exactly together. Being constantly foiled in this attempt, he exclaimed, "What a fool have I been, to neglect my own concerns, and to waste my whole life in a vain attempt to make all men think alike, on matters of religion, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together;

"His vellem potius nugis tota ista dedisset

"Tempora sævitæ."

LXXXIII.

ADROIT observers will find, that some who affect to dislike flattery, may yet be flattered indirectly, by a well seasoned abuse and ridicule of their rivals. Diogenes professed to be no flatterer; but his cynic raillery was, in other words, flattery; it fed the ruling passion of the Athenian mob, who were more pleased to hear their superiors abused, than themselves commended.

* The great Howard, on the contrary, was so fully engaged in works of active benevolence, that, unlike Baxter, whose knees were calcined by prayer, he left himself but little time to pray. Thousands were praying for him!

LXXXIV

A COOL blooded and crafty politician, when he would be thoroughly revenged on his enemy, makes the injuries which have been inflicted, not on *himself*, but on *others*, the pretext of his attack. He thus engages the world as a partizan in his quarrel, and dignifies his private hate, by giving it the air of disinterested resentment. When Augustus wished to put in force the *Lex læsæ majestatis*, for suppressing libels and lampoons, he took care to do it, says Aurelius, not in his own name, but in the name of the majesty of the Roman people. “*Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub ALIENO facile, et utile. Ergo specie legis tractabat quasi majestas populi Romani infamaretur.*”

LXXXV.

PETTIFOGGERS in law, and empyrics in medicine, whether their patients lose or save their property, or their lives, take care to be, in either case, equally remunerated; they profit by both horns of the dilemma, and press defeat no less than success, into their service. They hold, from time immemorial, the *fee-simple* of a vast estate, subject to no alienation, diminution, revolution, nor tax; *the folly and ignorance of mankind*. Over this extensive domain, they have long had, by undisputed usance, the sole management and control, in as much as the *real owners* most strenuously and sturdily *disclaim* all right, title, and proprietorship therein.

LXXXVI.

SOME Sciolists have discovered a short path to celebrity. Having heard that it is a vastly silly thing to believe every thing, they take it for granted, that it must be a vastly wise thing, *to believe nothing*. They therefore set up

* See a note in Hypocrisy for a curious anecdote of Kien Long, Emperor of China, and his physicians, related to me as authentic by my uncle, the late Sir George Staunton.

for free thinkers ; but their only stock in trade is, that they are free from thinking. It is not safe to contemn them, nor very easy to convince them ; since no persons make so large a demand upon the reason of others, as those who have none of their own ; as a highwayman will take greater liberties with our purse, than our banker.

LXXXVII.

THE pope conducts himself towards our heavenly master, as a knavish steward does to an earthly one. He says to the tenants, you may continue to neglect my master's interests as much as you please, but keep on good terms with me, and I will take care that you shall be on good terms with my master*.

LXXXVIII.

WHEN the great Frederic, the enlightened philosopher of Sans Souci, heard of the petitions and remonstrances sent to the throne from our towns and counties, he was heard to exclaim, "*Ah, why am not I their king? with an hundred thousand of my troops round the throne, and a score or two of executioners in my train, I should soon make those proud islanders as dutiful as they are brave, and myself the first monarch of the universe.*" But it would have been only by and with a parliament that he could have raised any supplies ; and Charles the First might have taught him the danger of attempting to reign without one. Either his hundred thousand men would have mutinied for want of pay, or, if he had attempted to support them by unconstitutional measures, his executioners might eventually have been called upon to perform a tragedy in which this adventurous monarch himself might have been under the awkward necessity of performing the principal part.

* In the book of Religious Rates, registered in the court of France, in the year 1699, are the following items : Absolution for *apostacy*, 80 livres ; for bigamy, 10,050 ; ditto for homicide, 95 ; dispensation for a great irregularity, 50 livres ; dispensation from vows of chastity, 15.

LXXXIX.

THERE are a vast number of easy, pliable, good-natured human expletives in the world, who are just what that world chuses to make them ; they glitter without pride, and are affable without humility ; they sin without enjoyment, and pray without devotion ; they are charitable, not to benefit the poor, but to court the rich ; profligate without passion, they are debauchees to please others, and to punish themselves. Thus, a youth without fire, is followed by an old age without experience, and they continue to float down the tide of time, as circumstances or chance may dictate, divided between God and the world, and serving both, but rewarded by neither.

XC.

IN the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond the belief, as the practice of the great ; an heroism borrowing no support, either from the gaze of the many, or the admiration of the few, yet, flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave ; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world, as the falls of the Missouri, in the natural ; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur, only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

XCI.

LADY Mary Wortley Montague observed, that in the whole course of her long and extensive travels, she had found but two sorts of people, *men* and *women*. This simple remark was founded on no small knowledge of human nature ; but, we might add, that even this distinction, narrow as it is, is *now* gradually disappearing ; for some of our beaus are imitating the women, in every thing that is little, and some of our women are imitating the men, in every thing that is great. Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael,

have proved that there is *no sex in style* ; and Madame La RocheJacqueline and the Duchess d'Angouleme, have proved that there is also *no sex in courage*. Barbarous or refined, in rags, or in ruffles, at St. Giles's or St. James's, covered with the skins of quadrupeds, or the costly entrails of an insect, *we are in essentials the same*. We pursue the same goods, and fly the same evils ; we loathe and love, and hope and fear, from causes that differ little in themselves, but only in their circumstances and modifications. Hence, it happens that the irony of Lucian, the discriminations of Theophrastus, the strength of Juvenal, and the wit of Horace, are felt and relished alike by those who have inhaled the clear air of the Parthenon, the skies of Italy, or the fogs of London ; and have been alike admired on the banks of the Melissus, the Tiber, or the Thames. A Scotch highlander was taken prisoner by a tribe of Indians, his life was about to be sacrificed, when the chief adopted him as his son. They carried him into the interior ; he learnt their language, assumed their habits, and became skilful in the use of their arms. After a season, the same tribe began their route to join the French army, at that time opposed to the English. It was necessary to pass near to the English lines during the night. Very early in the morning, and it was spring, the old chief roused the young highlander from his repose ; he took him to an eminence, and pointed out to him the tents of his countrymen. The old man appeared to be dreadfully agitated, and there was a keen restlessness in his eye. After a pause ; " I lost," said he, " my *only* son in the battle with your nation ; are you the only son of your father ? and do you think that your father is yet alive ?" The young man replied, " I am the only son of my father, and I hope that my father is yet alive." They stood close to a beautiful magnolio in full blossom. The prospect was grand and enchanting, and all its charms were crowned by the sun, which had fully emerged from the horizon. The old chief looking stedfastly at his companion, exclaimed, " Let thy heart rejoice at the beauty of the scene ! *to me it is as the desert* ; but you are free ; return to your countrymen,

revisit your father, that he may again rejoice, when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring !”

XCII.

FALSE reasoners are often best confuted by giving them the full swing of their own absurdities. Some arguments may be compared to wheels, where half a turn will put every thing upside down that is attached to their peripheries ; but if we complete the circle, all things will be just where we found them. Hence, it is common to say, that arguments that prove too much, prove nothing. I once heard a gentleman affirm, that all mankind were governed by a strong and overruling influence, which determined all their actions, and over which they had no control ; and the inference deducible from such a position was, that there was no distinction between virtue or vice. Now, let us give this mode of reasoning full play. A murderer is brought before a judge, and sets up this strong and overruling propensity in justification of his crime. Now, the judge, even if he admitted the plea, must, on the criminal's own showing, condemn him to death. He would thus address the prisoner ; you had a strong propensity to commit a murder, and this, *you say*, must do away the guilt of your crime ; but *I* have a strong propensity to hang you for it, and this, *I say*, must also do away the guilt of your punishment.

XCIII.

MEN of great and shining qualities do not always succeed in life ; but the fault lies more often in themselves than in others. Doctor Johnson was pronounced to be an *improducible* man, by a courtier ; and Dr. Watson* was termed an *impracticable* man, by a king. A ship may be well equipped, both as to sails, and as to guns, but if she be destitute both of ballast and of rudder, she can neither fight with effect, nor fly with adroitness ; and she must

* Late Bishop of Landaff.

strike to a vessel less strong, but more manageable : and so it is with men ; they may have the gifts both of talent and of wit, but unless they have also prudence and judgment to dictate the when, the where, and the how, those gifts are to be exerted, the possessors of them will be doomed to conquer only where nothing is to be gained, but to be defeated, where every thing is to be lost ; they will be outdone by men of less brilliant, but more convertible qualifications, and whose strength, in one point, is not counterbalanced by any disproportion in another. Disappointed men, who think that they have talents, and who hint that their talents have not been properly rewarded, usually finish their career by writing their own history ; but in detailing their *misfortunes*, they only let us into the secret of their *mistakes* ; and, in accusing their patrons of blindness, make it appear that they ought rather to have accused them of sagacity ; since it would seem that they saw *too much*, rather than too little ; namely, that second rate performances were too often made the foundation for first-rate pretensions. Disappointed men, in attempting to make us weep at the injustice of one patron, or the ingratitude of another, only make us smile at their own denial of a self-importance which *they have*, and at their assumption of a philosophic indifference which they *have not*.

XCIV.

LOVE may exist without jealousy, although this is rare ; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common ; for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride, as often as by affection.

XCV.

THERE are three modes of bearing the ills of life ; by indifference, which is the most common ; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious ; and by religion, which is the most effectual. It has been acutely said, that “ *philosophy*

readily triumphs over past or future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy." Philosophy is a goddess, whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth; she attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs; she can teach us to *hear* of the calamities of others with magnanimity; but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.

XCVI.

THERE are some frauds so well conducted, that it would be stupidity *not* to be deceived by them. A wise man, therefore, may be duped as well as a fool; but the fool publishes the triumph of his deceiver; the wise man is silent, and denies that triumph to an enemy which he would hardly concede to a friend; a triumph that proclaims his own defeat.

XCVII.

THE true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

XCVIII.

AN act, by which we make one friend, and one enemy, is a losing game; because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

XCIX.

OUR minds are as different as our faces; we are all travelling to one destination—happiness; but none are going by the same road.

C.

A KING of England has an interest in preserving the freedom of the press, because it is his interest to know

the true state of the nation, which the courtiers would fain conceal, but of which a free press alone can inform him.

CI.

BIGOTRY murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.

CII.

THE wisest man may be wiser to-day than he was yesterday, and to-morrow than he is to-day. Total freedom from change would imply total freedom from error; but this is the prerogative of Omniscience alone. The world, however, are very censorious, and will hardly give a man credit for simplicity and singleness of heart, who is not only in the habit of changing his opinions, but also of *bettering* his fortunes by every change. Butler, in his best manner, has ridiculed this tergiversation, by asking :

“ What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?

About two hundred pounds a-year.

And what was proved quite plain before,

Prove false again ?——two hundred more.”

When, indeed, we dismiss our old opinions, and embrace new ones, at the *expence* of worldly profit and advantage, there may be some who will doubt of our discernment, but there will be none who will impeach our sincerity. He that adopts new opinions at the expence of every worldly comfort, gives proof of an integrity, differing, only in degree, from that of him who clings to old ones at the hazard of every danger. This latter effort of integrity has been described by Butler, also, in a manner which proves that sublimity and wit are not invariably disconnected :

For loyalty is still the same,

Whether it win or lose the game,

True as the dial to the Sun,

Although it be not shined upon.

Therefore, when men of admitted talent, and of high con-

sideration, come over to truth, it is always better, both for their own and future times, that they should come over unto her, *for herself alone*; that they should embrace her as a naked and unportioned virgin, an "*Indotata Virgo*," most adorned when deprived of all extrinsic adornment, and most beautiful, when she has nothing but herself to bestow. But, in the civil, no less than in the ecclesiastical horizon, there will ever be some wandering stars, whose phases we may predict, and whose aspects we may calculate, because we know the two forces that regulate their motions; they are the love of profit and the love of praise; but, as these two powers happen to be equal and contrary, the career of all bodies, under their joint influence, must be that of a diagonal between the two. A certain non-conformist having accepted of a rich benefice, wished to justify himself to his friend; he invited him to dinner on a certain day, and added, that he would then shew him eight satisfactory reasons for his tergiversation. His friend came, and on his refusing to sit down until he had produced his eight reasons, our host pointed to the dinner-table, which was garnished by a wife and seven children. Another, on a similar occasion, attempted to exculpate himself, by saying, "*we must live*." Dr. Johnson would have replied, "I see no *absolute necessity for that*." But if we admit this necessity, it might be answered by another,—*that we must also die*.

CIII.

WE hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them, because we hate them. Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices. But the misfortune is, that we carry these prejudices into things far more serious than our friendships. Thus, there are *truths* which some men despise, because they have not examined, and which they will not examine, because they despise. There is *one* signal instance on record, where this kind of

prejudice was overcome by a miracle;—but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains.

CIV.

THE awkwardness and embarrassment which all feel on beginning to write, when they *themselves* are the theme, ought to serve as a hint to authors, that self is a subject they ought very rarely to descant upon. It is extremely easy to be as egotistical as Montaigne, and as conceited as Rosseau; but it is extremely difficult to be as entertaining as the one, or as eloquent as the other.

CV.

MEN whose reputation stands deservedly high as writers, have often miserably failed as speakers: their pens seem to have been enriched at the expense of their tongues. Addison and Gibbon attempted oratory in the senate, only to fail. “*The good speakers,*” says Gibbon, “*filled me with despair; the bad ones with apprehension.*” And in more modern times, the powerful depicitor of Harold, and the elegant biographer of Leo, both have failed in oratory; the capital of the former is so great, in many things, that he can afford to fail in one. But, to return, many reasons might be offered to reconcile that contradiction which my subject seems to involve. In the first place, those talents that constitute a fine writer, are more distinct from those that constitute an orator, than might be at first supposed; I admit that they are sometimes accidentally, but never necessarily combined. That the qualifications for writing, and those for eloquence, are in many points distinct, would appear from the converse of the proposition, for there have been many fine speakers who have proved themselves bad writers. There is good ground for believing that Mr. Pitt would not have shone as an author; and the attempt of Mr. Fox in that arena, has added nothing to his celebrity. Abstraction of thought, seclusion from popular tumult, occa-

sional retirement to the study, a diffidence in our own opinions, a deference to those of other men, a sensibility that feels every thing, a humility that arrogates nothing, are necessary qualifications for a writer; but their very opposites would perhaps be preferred by an orator. He that has spent much of his time in his study, will seldom be collected enough to think in a crowd, or confident enough to talk in one. We may also add, that mistakes of the pen in the study, may be committed without publicity, and rectified without humiliation. But mistakes of the tongue, committed in the senate, never escape with impunity. "*Fugit irrevocabile verbum.*" Eloquence, to produce her full effect, should start from the head of the orator, as Pallas from the brain of Jove, completely armed and equipped. Diffidence, therefore, which is so able a Mentor to the writer, would prove a dangerous counsellor for the orator. As writers, the most timid may boggle twenty times in a day with their pen; and it is their own fault if it be known even to their valet; but, as orators, if they chance to boggle once with their tongue, the detection is as public as the delinquency; the punishment is irremissible, and immediately follows the offence. It is the knowledge and the fear of this, that destroys their eloquence as orators, who have sensibility and taste for writing, but neither collectedness nor confidence for speaking; for fear not only magnifies difficulties, but diminishes our power to overcome them, and thus doubly debilitates her victims. But another cause of their deficiency as orators, who have shone as writers, is this, "*mole ruunt suá;*" they know that they have a character to support, by their tongue, which they have previously gained by their pen. They rise determined to attempt more than other men, and for that very reason they effect less, and doubly disappoint their hearers. They miss of that which is clear and obvious, and appropriate, in a laboured search after that which is far fetched, recondite, and refined; like him that would fain give us better bread than can be made of wheat. Affectation is the cause of this error, disgust its consequence, and disgrace its punishment.

CVI.

SENSIBILITY would be a good portress, if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.

CVII.

IT would be most lamentable if the good things of this world were rendered either more valuable, or more lasting; for, despicable as they already are, too many are found eager to purchase them, even at the price of their souls!

CVIII.

HOPE is a prodigal young heir, and Experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honoured, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.

CIX.

WE might perhaps with truth affirm, that *all* nations do, at all times, enjoy exactly as much liberty as they deserve, *and no more*. But it is evident this observation applies only to those nations that are strong enough to maintain their independence; because a country may be overwhelmed by a powerful neighbour, as Greece by Turkey, Italy by France; or a state may be made the victim of a combination of other states, as Poland, or Saxony, or Genoa; and it is not meant to affirm that all of these enjoy as much liberty as they deserve; for nations, as well as individuals, are not exempted from some evils, for the *causes* of which they cannot justly accuse themselves. But, if we return to our first position, we might perhaps with truth affirm, that France, in the commencement of her revolution, was too mad, that during the reign of terror she was too cowardly, and under the despotism of Napoleon, too ambitious to be worthy of so great a blessing as liberty. She is

now gradually becoming more rational, and, in the same proportion, more free. Of some of the other nations of Europe, we might observe that Portugal and Spain are too ignorant and bigoted for freedom, “*populus vult decipi* ;” that Russia is too barbarous, and Turkey, *in all points*, too debased, and too brutalised, to deserve to be free ; for as the physically blind can have no light, so the intellectually blind can have no liberty ; Germany, in as much as she seems to merit freedom the most, will probably first attain it ; *but not by assassination* ; for power will use the dungeon, when despair uses the dagger. In England, we enjoy quite as much liberty as we are worthy, or capable of, if we consider the strong and deep ramifications of that corruption that pervades us. It is a corruption not restricted to the representative, but commencing with the constituent ; and if the people are sold by others, it is **because** they have first sold themselves. If mercy is doubly blessed, corruption is doubly cursed ; cursed be it, then, both “ *in him that gives, and him that takes,*” for no man falls without a stumbling block, nor yields without a tempter. In confirmation of what has been advanced above, we might also add, that all *national* benefits, of which liberty is the greatest, form as complete and visible a part of God’s moral administration already begun, as those blessings that are particular and individual ; we might even say that the *former* are more promptly and punctually bestowed than the *latter* ; because nations, in their national capacity, can exist only on earth, and, therefore, it is on earth alone that as nations they can be punished or rewarded ; but individuals will exist in another state, and in that they will meet a full and final retribution. It is a moral obligation, therefore, on nations, to defend their freedom, and by defending, to deserve it. Noble minds, when struggling for their liberties, often save themselves by their firmness, and always inspire others by their example. Therefore the reign of terror to which France submitted, has been more justly termed “ *the reign of cowardice.*” One knows not which most to execrate ; the nation that could submit to suffer such atrocities, or that low and blood-

thirsty demagogue that could inflict them. France, in succumbing to such a wretch as Robespierre, exhibited not her patience but her pusillanimity. I have read of a King of Spain, who having inadvertently expressed some compassion for one of the victims at an *auto da fe*, was condemned to lose one quart of his blood, which the inquisitor-general insisted should be publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in the great square of Madrid. Here again, we know not which most to despise, the monarch that could submit to such a sentence, or the proud priest that could pronounce it; and the most galling of all fetters, those rivetted by superstition, well befitted that people, that could tamely behold such an insult offered to their king. This then seems to be the upshot of what has been advanced, *that liberty is the highest blessing that a nation can enjoy; that it must be first deserved before it can be enjoyed, and that it is the truest interest of the prince, no less than of the people, to employ all just and honest means that it may be both deserved and enjoyed.* But as civil liberty is the greatest blessing, so civil strife is the greatest curse that can befall a nation; and a people should be as cautious of straining their privilege, as a prince his prerogative; for the true friend of both knows, that *either*, if they submit to encroachments to-day, are only preparing for themselves the choice of two evils for to-morrow,—humiliation or resistance. But as corruption cannot thrive where none will submit to be corrupted, so also oppression cannot prosper, where none will submit to be enslaved. Rome had ceased to be *tenanted by Romans*, or Nero would not have dared to amuse himself with his fiddle, nor Caligula with his horse.

CX.

THERE are many books written by many men, from which two truths only are discoverable by the readers; namely, that the writers thereof wanted two things—principle and preferment.

CXI.

PRIDE, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but, unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

CXII.

MEN are born with *two* eyes, but with *one* tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but, from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen *into* nothing.

CXIII.

REFORM is a good replete with paradox; it is a cathartic which our political quacks, like our medical, recommend to others, but will not take themselves; it is admired by all who can not effect it, and abused by all who can; it is thought pregnant with danger, for all time that is present, but would have been extremely profitable for that which is past, and will be highly salutary for that which is to come; therefore it has been thought expedient for all administrations which *have* been, or that *will* be, but by any particular one which *is*, it is considered, like Scotch grapes, to be very seldom ripe, and by the time it is so, *to be quite out of season*.

CXIV.

AS in literature we shall find many things that are true, and some things that are new, but very few things that are both true and new, so also in life, we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good; "*Hic labor, hoc opus est!*"

CXV.

IT is not so difficult a task to plant new truths, as to root out old errors; for there is this paradox in men, they

run after that which is new, but are prejudiced in favour of that which is old. Horne Tooke obtained a double triumph over the *Hermes* of Mr. Harris, for he not only extirpated old errors, but planted new truths in their place. He came to the "*Terra Incognita*" of grammar, as the settler to an uncultured tract. He found the soil as dark with error, and as stubborn with prejudice, as that of the forest with trees and with roots; he had to clear before he could cultivate, and to smooth before he could sow *.

CXVI.

THEORY is worth but little, unless it can explain its own phænomena, and it must effect this without contradicting itself; therefore, the facts are sometimes assimilated to the theory, rather than the theory to the facts. Most theorists may be compared to the grandfather of the Great Frederic, who was wont to amuse himself, during his fits of the gout, by painting likenesses of his grenadiers; if the picture did not happen to resemble the grenadier, he settled the matter, by painting the grenadier to the picture. To change the illustration we might say, that theories may be admired for the ingenuity that has been displayed in *building* them; but they are better for a lodging than an habitation, because the scaffolding is often stronger than the house, and

* This gentleman's political principles were too violent and too gloomy; but all parties will give their suffrages to the brilliance of his talents, and his grammatical labours cannot be appreciated too highly. An English Dictionary from such hands would have been indeed a treasure. I have elsewhere observed, that we put up with Johnson's Dictionary for want of a better, as a mal-government is better than a state of total confusion. Dr. Johnson reversed the sneer passed upon lexicographers, for he is more often wrong in his comprehension of one word than of two put together. But when we consider that the "*Diversions of Purley*" proceeded from the same pen that beat Junius, at his own weapons, we then know not which most to admire, the author's knowledge of single words, or of words put together. The critics could not quite forget his politics in their appreciation of his powers, and there were some who would have broken his head, if they could have done it without exposing his brains.

the prospects continually liable to be built out by some opposite speculator; neither are these structures very safe in stormy weather, and are in need of constant repair, which can never be accomplished without much trouble, and always at a great expence of truth. Of modern theorists, Gall and Spurlitzheim are too ridiculous even to be laughed at; we admire Locke and Hartley for the profundity and ingenuity of their illustrations; and Lavater for his plausibility; but none of them for their solidity. Locke, however, was an exception to that paradox so generally to be observed in theorists, who, like Lord Monboddo, are the most credulous of men with respect to what confirms their theory, but perfect infidels as to any facts that oppose it. Mr. Locke, I believe, had no opinions which he would not most readily have exchanged for truth. A traveller shewed Lavater two portraits: the one of a highwayman, who had been broken upon a wheel, the other was the portrait of Kant, the philosopher; he was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up the portrait of the *highwayman*, after attentively considering it for some time, "Here," says he, "we have the true philosopher, here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips! and analytic nose: Then turning to the portrait of the *philosopher*, he exclaims, "The calm thinking villain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in this countenance, that it needs no comment." This anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee. Dr. Darwin informs us, that the reason why the bosom of a beautiful woman is an object of such peculiar delight, arises from hence; that all our first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance, and repose, are derived from this interesting source. This theory had a fair run, until some one happened to reply, that all who were brought up by hand, had derived their first *pleasurable sensations* from a very different source, and yet that not one of all these had ever been known to evince any very rapturous or amatory emotions at the sight of a *wooden-spoon*!!

XVI.

IT is better to be laughed at, than ruined ; better to have a wife, who, like Martial's Mamurra, cheapens every thing, and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase every thing, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

CXVII.

HE that can charm a whole company by singing, and at the age of thirty has no cause to regret the possession of so dangerous a gift, is a very extraordinary, and, I may add, a very fortunate man.

CXVIII.

THOSE characters, who, like Ventidius, spring from the very dregs of society, and going through every gradation of life, continue, like him, to rise with every change, and who never quit a single step in the ladder, except it be to gain a higher one, these men are superior to fortune, and know how to enjoy her caresses without being the slaves of her caprice. But those with whom she can complete the circle, whom she can elevate from the lowest stations into the highest, detrude them again, and lastly leave them where she found them, these are the *roturiers*, that only serve to make her sport, they are her mimes, and her pantomimes, her harlequins, and her buffoons.

CXIX.

IN answering an opponent, arrange your ideas, but not your words ; consider in what points things that resemble, differ, and in what those things that differ, resemble ; reply to wit with gravity*, and with gravity to wit ; make a full concession to your adversary, and give him every credit for those arguments you know you can answer, and slur over all those which you feel you cannot ; but above all, if he

* See Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic.

has the privilege of making his reply, take especial care that the strongest thing you have to urge is the last. He must immediately get up and say something, and if he be not previously prepared with an answer to your last argument, he will infallibly be boggled, for very few possess that remarkable talent of Charles Fox, who could talk on one thing, and at the same time think of another.

CXXI.

A GREAT mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue; Variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.

CXXII.

OUR very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship; and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can.

CXXIII.

THAT historian who would describe a favourite character as faultless, raises another at the expence of himself. Zeuxis made five virgins contribute their charms to his single picture of Helen; and it is as vain for the moralist to look for perfection in the mind, as for the painter to expect to find it in the body. In fact, the sad realities of life give us no great cause to be proud, either of our minds or of our bodies; but we can conceive in both the possibility of much greater excellence than exists. The statue of the Belvidere Apollo is quite as likely to be married, as he that will have no wife until he can discover a woman that equals the Venus of Cleomenes.

CXXIV.

ALWAYS suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enun-

ciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purposes of craft or design to answer, can not submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

CXXV.

LABOURED letters, written like those of Pope, yet apparently in all the ease of private confidence, but which the writer meant one day to publish, may be compared to that dishabille in which a beauty would wish you to believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at her toilette.

CXXVI.

THAT country where the clergy have the most influence, and use it with the most moderation, is England.

CXXVII.

THE most ridiculous of all animals is a proud priest; he cannot use his own tools without cutting his own fingers.

CXXVIII.

HE that will have no books but those that are scarce, evinces about as correct a taste in literature, as he would do in friendship, who would have no friends but those whom all the rest of the world have sent to coventry.

CXXIX.

TO excel others is a proof of talent; but to know *when* to conceal that superiority, is a greater proof of pru-

dence. The celebrated orator Domitius Afer, when attacked in a set speech by Caligula, made no reply, affecting to be entirely overcome by the resistless eloquence of the tyrant. Had he replied, he would certainly have conquered, and as certainly have died ; but he wisely preferred a defeat that *saved* his life, to a victory that would have cost it.

CXXX.

IT proceeds rather from revenge than malice, when we hear a man affirm, that all the world are knaves. For, before a man draws this conclusion of the world, the world has usually anticipated him, and concluded all this of him who makes the observation. Such men may be compared to Brothers the *prophet*, who, on being asked by a friend how he came to be clapped up into Bedlam, replied, I and the world happened to have a slight difference of opinion ; the world said I was mad, and I said the world was mad ; I was *outvoted*, and here I am.

CXXXI.

VILLAINS are usually the worst casuists, and rush into greater crimes to avoid less. Henry the eighth committed murder, to avoid the imputation of adultery ; and in our times, those who commit the latter crime attempt to wash off the stain of seducing the wife, by signifying their readiness to *shoot the husband* !

CXXXII.

VERY great personages are not likely to form very just estimates either of others or of themselves ; their knowledge of themselves is obscured by the flattery of others ; their knowledge of others is equally clouded by circumstances peculiar to themselves. For in the presence of the great, the modest are sure to suffer from too much diffidence, and the confident from too much display. Sir Robert

Walpole has affirmed, that the greatest difficulty he experienced in finding out others, was the necessity which his high situation imposed upon him, of concealing himself. Great men, however, are, in one respect, to be blamed, and, in another, to be pitied. They are to be blamed for bestowing their rewards on the servile, while they give the independent *only their praise*. They are to be pitied, in as much as they can only view things through the moral obfuscation of flattery, which, like the telescope, can diminish at one end and magnify at the other. And hence, it happens, that this vice, though it may be rewarded for a time, usually meets with its punishment in the end. For the sycophant begins by treating his patron as something more than a man, and the patron very naturally finishes, by treating the sycophant as something less.

CXXXIII.

I THINK it is Warburton who draws a very just distinction between a man of true greatness, and a mediocrist. "If," says he, "you want to recommend yourself to the former, take care that he quits your society with a good opinion of *you* ; if your object is to please the latter, take care that he leaves you with a good opinion of himself.

CXXXIV.

THE most notorious swindler has not assumed so many names as self-love, nor is so much ashamed of his own. She calls herself patriotism, when at the same time she is rejoicing at just as much calamity to her native country, as will introduce herself into power, and expel her rivals. Dodington, who may be termed one of her darling sons, confesses, in his Diary, that the source of all opposition is resentment, or interest, a resolution to pull down those who have offended us, without considering consequences; a steady and unvarying attention to propose every thing that is specious, but impracticable ; to depreciate every thing that

is blameless; to exaggerate every thing that is blameable, until the people desire, and the crown consents to dismiss those that are in office, and to admit those that are out. There are some patriots of the present day, who would find it as difficult to imitate Sheridan in his principles, as they would in his wit; and his noble conduct during the mutiny at the Nore, will cover a multitude of sins. There are moments when all minor considerations ought to yield to the public safety, "*Cavendum est ne quid damni capiat Respublica.*" And the opposition of this, or any country, might take an useful hint from what was observed in the Roman senate. While a question was under debate, every one was at freedom to advance his objections, but the question being once determined on, it became the acknowledged duty of every member to support the majority; "*Quod pluribus placuisset cunctis tuendum.*"

CXXXV.

PLEASURE is to women what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, etiolates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

CXXXVI.

IF dissimulation is ever to be pardoned, it is that which men have recourse to, in order to obtain situations, which may enlarge their sphere of general usefulness, and afford the power of benefiting their country, to those who must have been otherwise contented only with the will.—Liberty was more effectually befriended by the dissimulation of one Brutus, than by the dagger of the other. But such precedents are to be adopted but rarely, and more rarely to be advised. For a Cromwell is a much more com-

mon character than a Brutus; and many men who have gained power by an hypocrisy as gross as that of Pope Sixtus, have not used it half so well. This pope, when cardinal, counterfeited sickness and all the infirmities of age, so well as to dupe the whole conclave. His name was Montalto; and on a division for the vacant apostolic chair, he was elected as a stop-gap by both parties, under the idea that he could not possibly live out the year. The moment he was chosen, he threw away his crutches, and began to sing *Te Deum* with a much stronger voice than his electors had bargained for; and instead of walking with a tottering step, and a gait almost bending to the earth, he began to walk, not only firm, but perfectly upright. On some one remarking to him on this sudden change, he observed, while I was looking for the keys of St. Peter, it was necessary to stoop, but, having found them, the case is altered. It is but justice to add, that he made a most excellent use of his authority and power; and although some may have attained the papal chair by less objectionable means, none have filled it with more credit to themselves, and satisfaction to others.

CXXXVII.

IT has been said, that to excel them in wit, is a thing the men find is the most difficult to pardon in the women. This feeling, if it produce only emulation, is right, if envy, it is wrong. For a high degree of intellectual refinement in the female, is the surest pledge society can have for the improvement of the male. But wit in women is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre *from* its setting, rather than bestows it; since nothing is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty. Even Madame de Stael admits that she discovered, that as she grew old, the men could not find out that wit in her at fifty, which she possessed at twenty-five; and yet the external attractions of this lady were by no means equal to those of her mind.

CXXXVIII.

THAT politeness which we put on, in order to keep the assuming and the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it sometimes happens, that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves, that they put down this very politeness, to the score of their own great merits and high pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve, with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves. To a bye-stander, few things are more amusing than the cross play, underplot, and final eclairsissements, which this mistake invariably occasions.

CXXXIX.

ENGLAND, with a criminal code the most bloody, and a civil code the most expensive in Europe, can, notwithstanding, boast of more happiness and freedom than any other country under Heaven. The reason is, that despotism, and all its minor ramifications of discretionary power, lodged in the hands of individuals, is utterly unknown. The laws are supreme.

CXL.

THE Christian does not pray to be delivered from glory, but from *vain-glory*. He also is ambitious of glory, and a candidate for honour; but glory, in whose estimation? honour, in whose judgment? Not of those, whose censures can take nothing from his innocence; whose approbation can take nothing from his guilt; whose opinions are as fickle as their actions, and their lives as transitory as their praise; who cannot search his heart, seeing that they are ignorant even of their own. The Christian then seeks *his* glory in the estimation, and his honour, in the judgment of Him alone, Who

“ From the bright Empyrean, where He sits,

“ High throned above all height, casts down his eye,

“ His own works, and man’s works, at once to view !”

CXLI.

THE great remora to any improvement in our civil code, is the reduction that such reform must produce in the revenue. The laws' delays, bills of revival, rejoinder, and renewal, empty the Stamp Office of Stamps, the pockets of plaintiff and defendant of their money, but unfortunately they fill the Exchequer. Some one has said, that injustice, if it be speedy, would, in certain cases, be more desirable, than justice, if it be slow; and although we hear much of the glorious uncertainty of the law, yet all who have tried it will find, to their cost, that it can boast of two certainties, expense and delay. When I see what strong temptations there are that government should sympathize with the judge, the judge with the counsellor, and the counsellor with the attorney, in throwing every possible embarrassment in the way of legal dispatch and decision, and when I weigh the humble, but comparatively insignificant interests of the mere plaintiff or defendant, against this combined array of talent, of influence, and of power, I am no longer astonished at the prolongation of suits, and I wonder only at their termination*.

* Mr. Jeremy Bentham considers litigation a great evil, and deems it the height of cruelty to load a law-suit, which is one evil, with taxation, which is another. It would be quite as fair, he thinks, to tax a man for being ill, by enacting that no physician should write a prescription without a stamp. Mr. Pitt, on the contrary, considered a *law-suit a luxury*! and held that, like other luxuries, it ought to be taxed. "Westminster Hall," said he, "is as open to any man as the London Tavern;" to which Mr. Sheridan replied, "he that entered either without money, would meet with a very scurvy reception." Some will say that the heavy expences of law prevent the frequency of law-suits, but the practice does not confirm the theory. Others will say that they originate from men of obstinate and quarrelsome dispositions, and that such ought to suffer for their folly. There would be something in this, provided it were not necessary for a wise man to take a shield, when a fool has taken a sword. Law-suits, indeed, do generally originate with the obstinate and the ignorant, but they do not end with them; and that lawyer was right who left all his money to the support of an asylum for fools and lunatics, saying, that from such he got it, and to such he would bequeath it.

CXLII.

IT has been asked, which are the greatest minds, and to which do we owe the greatest reverence? To those who by the powerful deductions of their reason, and the well grounded suggestions of analogy, have made profound discoveries in the sciences, as it were "*a priori*;" or to those, who, by the patient road of experiment, and the subsequent improvement of instruments, have brought those discoveries to perfection, as it were "*a posteriori*." Who have rendered that certain which before was only conjectural, practical which was problematical, safe which was dangerous, and subservient which was unmanageable. It would seem that the first class demand our admiration, and the second our gratitude. Seneca predicted another hemisphere, but Columbus presented us with it. He that, standing on the shore, foretells, with truth, many of the undiscovered treasures of the ocean of science, even before the vessel that is to navigate it, can be fully equipped for the voyage, gives us a convincing proof of exalted wisdom, and of profound penetration. But he that builds the vessel of experiment, and actually navigates the wide ocean of science, who neither intimidated by the risk of failure, nor the expence of the outfit, realises all that the other had only imagined, and returning laden with the stores of knowledge, communicates liberally that which he has won so laudably, surely the attainments of such a man are as fully entitled to our gratitude, as the anticipations of the other to our admiration. Sir Isaac Newton predicted, that both water and the diamond would be found to have an inflammable base, if ever they could be analyzed, a thing at that time uneffected. He was led to this conclusion, by observing that all bodies possessed of high refractive powers, had an inflammable base, and water and the diamond have those powers in a high degree. Subsequent experimentalists have succeeded in analyzing both these substances; and pure carbon is the base of the diamond, and hydrogen, the most inflammable of all the airs, is the base of the water. When Copernicus promulgated his planetary system, it was objected to it, that Mars and Venus

ought to appear to us to be much greater at some periods than at others, because they would be nearer to the earth by so many diameters; but no such difference was apparent. The objection was solid, and Copernicus modestly replied, "that it might be owing to the greatness of their distance." Telescopes were discovered, and then it was found that he was right, and knowledge changed that into a confirmation, which ignorance had advanced as an objection. Kant also, in modern times, predicted by analogy those planets beyond Saturn, which Herschell and others have now discovered by observation. Kant had observed, that nature has no chasm in the links of her operations; that she acts not *per saltum*, but *pedetentim et gradatim*, and that the planetary world could not be made to approximate to, and, as it were, shake hands with the cometary, unless there were some planets superior to Saturn, having their orbits still more eccentric, and filling that abyss of unoccupied space, which would otherwise exist between the most eccentric of the planets, and the least eccentric of the comets. This was affirmed by Kant, before Herschell's forty feet reflector was brought to prove by observation, what he had anticipated by analogy. But it is a mortifying truth, and ought to teach the wisest of us humility, that many of the most valuable discoveries have been the result of chance, rather than of contemplation, and of accident rather than of design.

CXLIII.

HYPOCRISY is a cruel stepmother, an "*injusta noverca*" to the honest, whom she cheats of their birthright, in order to confer it on knaves, to whom she is indeed a mother. "*Verily they have their reward.*" Let them enjoy it, but not accuse the upright of an ignorance of the world, which might be more fairly retorted on the accuser. He that knows a *little* of the world, will admire it enough to fall down and worship it; but he that knows it most, will most despise it. "*Tinnit, inane est.*"

CXLIV.

REPARTEE is perfect, when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repartee is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius, at a moment when the passions are roused. Voltaire, on hearing the name of Haller mentioned to him by an English traveller at Ferney, burst forth into a violent panegyric upon him; his visitor told him that such praise was most disinterested, for that Haller by no means spoke so highly of him. Well well, "*n'importe*," replied Voltaire, perhaps we are *both* mistaken

CXLV.

PAIN may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow, but the misfortune is, that in this particular case, the *substance* belongs to the *shadow*, the emptiness to its cause.

CXLVI.

BY privileges, immunities, or prerogatives to give unlimited swing to the passions of individuals, and then to hope that they will restrain them, is about as reasonable as to expect that the tyger will spare the hart, to browse upon the herbage.

CXLVII.

A MAN who knows the world, will not only make the most of every thing he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition. In Scotland, the "*jus et norma loquendi*" has made it the fashion to pronounce the law term *curātor curātor*. Lord Mansfield gravely corrected a certain Scotch barrister when in Court, reprehending what appeared to English usage a false quantity, by repeating—*curātor*, Sir, if you please. The barrister imme-

diately replied, I am happy to be corrected by so great an orator as your Lordship.

CXLVIII.

AMBITION makes the same mistake concerning power, that avarice makes concerning wealth; she begins by accumulating power, as a mean to happiness, and she finishes by continuing to accumulate it, as an end. Ambition is, in fact, the avarice of power, and happiness herself is soon sacrificed to that very lust of dominion which was first encouraged only as the best mode of attaining it. Hyder, like Richard the third, was observed, by one of his most familiar companions, Gholaum Ali, to start frequently in his sleep; he once took the liberty to ask this despot "of what he had been dreaming?" "My friend," replied Hyder, "the state of a beggar is more delightful than my envied monarchy; awake, they see no conspirators; asleep, they dream of no assassins." But ambition will indulge no other passions as favourites, still less will she bear with them as rivals; but as her vassals, she can employ them, or dismiss them at her will: she is cold, because with her all is calculation; she is systematic, because she makes every thing center in herself; and she regards policy too much, to have the slightest respect for persons. Cruelty or compassion, hatred or love, revenge or forbearance, are, to her votaries, instruments rather than influences, and means rather than motives. These passions form indeed, the disturbing forces of weaker minds, not infrequently opposing their march, and impeding their progress; but ambition overrules these passions, and drawing them into the resistless sphere of her own attraction, she converts them into satellites, subservient to her career, and augmentative of her splendour.* And yet ambition has not so wide an horizon as some have supposed; it is an horizon that embraces probabilities always, but impossibilities never.

* Sylla was an exception to this rule, ambition in him, was subordinate to revenge.

Cromwell followed little events, before he ventured to govern great ones ; and Napoleon never sighed for the sceptre until he had gained the truncheon ; nor dreamt of the Imperial diadem, until he had first conquered a crown. None of those who gaze at the height of a successful usurper, are more astonished at his elevation, than he himself who has attained it ; but even he was led to it by degrees, since no man aspires to that which is entirely beyond his reach. Caligula was the only tyrant who was ever suspected of longing for the moon ; a proof of his madness, not of his ambition ; and if little children are observed to cry for the moon, it is because they fancy they can touch it ; it is beyond their desire, the moment they have discovered that it is beyond their reach.

CXLIX.

GOD will excuse our prayers for ourselves, whenever we are prevented from them, by being occupied in such good works as to entitle us the prayers of others.

CL.

PRIDE often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men ; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him ; but he forgets that this very distance causes him also to appear equally little to others.

CLI.

THE truly great consider first, how they may gain the approbation of God ; and secondly, that of their own conscience ; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men. But the truly little reverse the thing ; the primary object, with them, is to secure the applause of their fellow-men, and having effected this, the approbation of God, and their own conscience may follow on as they can.

CLII.

THERE are some benefits which may be so conferred, as to become the very refinement of revenge ; and there are some evils which we had rather bear in sullen silence, than be relieved from at the expence of our pride. In the reign of Abdallah the Third, there was a great drought at Bagdad ; the Mahomedan doctors issued a decree that the prayers of the faithful should be offered up for rain ; the drought continued : the Jews were then permitted to add their prayers to those of the *true* believers ; the supplications of *both* were ineffectual : as famine stared them in the face, those dogs, the Christians, were at length enjoined also to pray ; it so happened that torrents of rain immediately followed. The whole *Conclave*, with the Mufti at their head, were now as indignant at the cessation of the drought, as they were before alarmed at its continuance. Some explanation was necessary to the people, and a holy convocation was held ; the members of it came to this unanimous determination : That the God of their Prophet was highly gratified by the prayers of the faithful ; that they were as incense and as sweet smelling savour unto him, and that he refused their requests that he might prolong the pleasure of listening to their supplications ; but that the prayers of those Christian infidels were an abomination to the Deity, and that he granted their petitions, the sooner to get rid of their loathsome importunities.

CLIII.

COMMENTATING lore makes a mighty parade, and builds a lofty pile of erudition, raised up like the pyramids, only to embalm some mouldering mummy of antiquity, utterly unworthy of so laborious and costly a mode of preservation. With very few exceptions, commentators would have been much better employed in cultivating some sense for themselves, than in attempting to explain the nonsense of others. How can they hope to make us understand a Plato or an Aristotle, in cases wherein it is quite evident that

neither of these philosophers understood themselves. The Head of a certain College at Oxford was asked by a stranger, what was the motto of the arms of that university? He told him that it was “*Dominus illuminatio mea.*” But he also candidly informed the stranger, that, in his private opinion, a motto more appropriate might be found in these words—“*Aristoteles meæ tenebræ.*”

CLIV.

THERE are two things which speak as with a voice from heaven, that He that fills that eternal throne, must be on the side of virtue, and that which HE befriends must finally prosper and prevail. The first is, that the bad are never completely happy and at ease, although possessed of every thing that this world can bestow; and that the good are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing that this world can take away. For there is one reflection which will obtrude itself, and which the best would not, and the worst cannot dismiss; that the time is fast approaching to both of them, when, if they have gained the favour of God, it matters little what else they have lost, but if they have lost his favour, it matters little what else they have gained. The second argument in support of the ultimate superiority of virtue is this: We are so framed and constituted, that the most vicious cannot but pay a secret though unwilling homage to virtue, in as much, as the worst men cannot bring themselves thoroughly to esteem a bad man, although he may be their dearest friend, nor can they thoroughly despise a good man, although he may be their bitterest enemy. From this inward esteem for virtue, which the noblest cherish, and which the basest cannot expel, it follows that virtue is the only bond of union on which we can thoroughly depend. Even differences of opinion on minor points, cannot shake those combinations which have virtue for their foundation, and truth for their end. Such friendships like those of Luther and Melancthon, should they cease to be friendships of agreement, will continue to be friendships, of alliance; approaching each other by angular lines, when they

no longer proceed together by parallel, and meeting at last in one common centre, the good of the cause in which they are embarked,

CLV.

MURMUR at nothing ; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful ; if remediless, it is vain. But a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than Stoicism ; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen, unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a Father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.

CLVI.

IT is a mistake that a lust for power is the mark of a great mind ; for even the weakest have been captivated by it ; and for minds of the highest order, it has no charms. They seek a nobler empire within their own breast ; and *he* that best knew what was in man, would have no earthly crown, but one which was platted with *thorns* ! Cincinnatus and Washington were greater in their retirement, than Cesar and Napoleon, at the summit of their ambition ; since it requires less magnanimity to *win* the conquest, than to *refuse* the spoil. Lord Bacon has compared those who move in the higher spheres, to those heavenly bodies in the firmament, which have much admiration, but little rest. And it is not necessary to invest a wise man with power, to convince him that it is a garment bedizened with gold, which dazzles the beholder by its splendour, but oppresses the wearer by its weight. Besides, those who aspire to govern others, rather than themselves, must descend to meannesses which the truly noble cannot brook, nor will such stoop to kiss the earth, although it were like Brutus for dominion * !

* *Quo minus gloriam petebat, eo magis adsequebatur.* When they

CLVII.

ERASMUS candidly informs us, that he had not courage enough for a martyr; and expresses his fears that he should imitate Peter in case of persecution; “*Non erat animus ob veritatem, capite periclitari; non omnes ad martyrium satis habent roboris; vereor autem si quid inciderit tumultus, Petrum sim imitaturus.*” But if Erasmus had not the courage to face danger, he had the firmness to renounce honours and emoluments. He offered up a daily sacrifice, denial, rather than a single sacrifice, death. But he was a powerful agent in the cause of truth, for his writings acted upon the public mind as *alteratives* upon the body, and gradually prepared men to undergo the effects of the more violent cathartics of Luther: hence, it was not uncommon to say, that Luther hatched the egg, but that Erasmus had laid it. Had Erasmus been brought to the stake, and recanted in that situation, I question whether he would have found a better salvo for his conscience, than that of Mustapha, a Greek Christian, of Constantinople. This man was much respected by the Turks; but a curiosity he could not resist, induced him to run the hazard of being present at some of the *esoteric* ceremonies of the Moslem faith, to see which is to incur the penalty of death, unless the infidel should atone for the offence, by embracing the faith of Mahomet. Mustapha chose the latter alternative, and thus saved his life. But as he was known to be a man of strict integrity, he did not escape the remonstrances of some of his

invited Numa, says Dion, to the sovereignty, he for some time refused it, and persisted long in his resolution not to accept the invitation. But, at the pressing instance of his brothers, and at last of his father, who would not suffer him to reject the offer of so great an honour, he condescended to be a king. As soon as the Romans were informed of all this by the ambassadors, they conceived a great affection for him, before they saw him, esteeming it as a sufficient argument of his wisdom, that while others valued royalty beyond measure, looking upon it as the source of happiness, he alone despised it as a thing of small value, and unworthy his attention. And when he approached the city, they met him upon the road, and with great applause, salutations, and other honours, conducted him into Rome.—*Dio. II. Book the Second.*

former friends, to whom he made this excuse for his apostasy: "*I thought it better to trust a merciful God with my soul, than those barbarous wretches with my body.*"

CLVIII.

HE that openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, must expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they do *not* think of him.

CLIX.

THE greatest friend of Truth is Time, her greatest enemy, is Prejudice, and her constant companion, is Humility.

CLX.

DID universal charity prevail, earth would be an heaven, and hell a fable.

CLXI.

HOW small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age, we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.

CLXII.

IN all governments, there must of necessity be both the law and the sword; laws without arms would give us not liberty, but licentiousness; and arms without laws, would produce not subjection, but slavery. The law, therefore, should be unto the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke, and temper the force.

CLXIII.

“ And pride, vouchsaf'd to all, the common friend.”

THE Poet who wrote this line, evinced a profound knowledge of human nature. It has been well remarked, that it is on this principle that the pangs felt by the jealous are the most intolerable, because they are wounds inflicted on them through their very shield, through that pride which is our most common support even in our bitterest misfortunes. This pride, which is as necessary an evil in morals, as friction in mechanics, this it is that induces men to reiterate their complaints of their own deficiencies, in every conceivable gift, except in that article alone, where such complaints would neither be irrational nor groundless, namely, a deficiency in understanding. Here it is, that self-conceit would conceal the disorder, and submit to the consequences, rather than permit the cure; and Solomon is the only example on record, of one who made wisdom the first and the last object of his desires, and left the rest to heaven. Philosophers have widely differed as to the seat of the soul, and St. Paul has **told us**, that out of the heart proceed murmurings; but there can be no doubt that the seat of perfect contentment *is in the head*; for every individual is thoroughly satisfied with his own proportion of brains. Socrates was so well aware of this, that he would not start as a teacher of truth, but as an enquirer after it. As a teacher, he would have had many disputers, but no disciples: He therefore adopted the humbler mode of investigation, and instilled his knowledge into others, under the mask of seeking information from them.

CLXIV.

IF you have performed an act of great and disinterested virtue, conceal it; if you publish it, you will neither be believed *here*, nor rewarded *hereafter*.

CLXV.

PHYSICAL courage, which despises all danger, will make a man brave, in one way; and moral courage, which

despises all opinion, will make a man brave in another. The former would seem most necessary for the camp, the latter for the council ; but to constitute a great man, both are necessary. Napoleon accused Murat of a want of the one, and he himself has not been wholly unsuspected of a want of the other.

CLXVI.

THERE are two things that bestow consequence ; great possessions, or great debts.* Julius Cæsar consented to be millions of sesterces worse than nothing, in order to be every thing ; he borrowed large sums of his officers, to quell seditions in his troops, who had mutinied for want of pay, and thus forced his partizans to anticipate their own success only through that of their commander.

CLXVII.

THOSE who are prejudiced, or enthusiastic, live and move, and think and act, in an atmosphere of their own conformation. The delusion so produced is sometimes deplorable, sometimes ridiculous, always remediless. No events are too great, or too little, to be construed by such persons into peculiar or providential corroboratives or consequences of their own morbid hallucinations. An old maiden lady, who was a most determined espouser of the cause of the Pretender, happened to be possessed of a beautiful canary bird, whose vocal powers were the annoyance of one half of the neighbourhood, and the admiration of the other. Lord Peterborough was very solicitous to procure this bird, as a present to a favourite female, who had set her heart on being mistress of this little musical wonder. Neither his Lordship's entreaties, nor his bribe's could prevail ; but so able a

* The above remark is applicable to states, no less than to individuals. A public debt is a kind of anchor in the storm ; but if the anchor be too heavy for the vessel, she will be sunk by that very weight which was intended for her preservation.—*Sapienti, verbum sat.*

negociator was not to be easily foiled. He took an opportunity of changing the bird, and of substituting another in its cage, during some lucky moment, when its vigilant protectress was off her guard. The changeling was precisely like the original, except in that particular respect which alone constituted its value; *it was a perfect mute*, and had more taste for seeds than for songs. Immediately after this manœuvre, that battle which utterly ruined the hopes of the Pretender, took place. A decent interval had elapsed, when his Lordship summoned up resolution to call again on the old lady; in order to smother all suspicion of the trick he had played upon her, he was about to affect a great anxiety for the possession of the bird; she saved him all trouble on that score, by anticipating, as she thought, his errand, exclaiming, "Oho, my Lord, then you are come again I presume, to coax me out of my dear little idol, but it is all in'vain, he is *now* dearer to me than ever, I would not part with him for his cage full of gold; Would you believe it my Lord? From the moment that his gracious Sovereign was defeated, "*The sweet little fellow has not uttered a single note!!!*" Mr. Lackington, the great bookseller, when young, was locked up, in order to prevent his attendance at a methodist meeting in Taunton. He informs us, that in a fit of superstition, he opened the Bible for directions what to do. The very first words he hit upon were these: "*He has given his angels charge over thee, lest at any time thou shouldest dash thy foot against a stone.*" This, says he, was quite enough for me; so, without a moment's hesitation, I ran up two pair of stairs to my own room, and out of the window I leaped, to the great terror of my poor mistress. It appears that he encountered more angles in his fall than angels, as he was most intolerably bruised, and being quite unable to rise, was carried back, and put to bed for a fortnight. "I was ignorant enough," says he, "*to think that the Lord had not used me very well on this occasion,*" and it is most likely that he did not put so *high* a trust in such presages for the future.

CLXVIII.

THAT writer who aspires to immortality, should imitate the sculptor, if he would make the labours of the pen as durable as those of the chissel. Like the sculptor, he should arrive at ultimate perfection, not by what he *adds*, but by what he *takes away*; otherwise all his energy may be hidden in the superabundant mass of his matter, as the finished form of an Apollo, in the unworked solidity of the block. A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend looking at the figure, exclaimed, you have been idle since I saw you last; by no means, replied the sculptor, I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb: Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles; it may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

CLXIX.

IF it be true, that men of strong imaginations are usually dogmatists, and I am inclined to think it is so, it ought to follow that men of weak imaginations are the reverse; in which case, we should have some compensation for stupidity. But it unfortunately happens that no dogmatist is more obstinate, or less open to conviction, than a fool; and the only difference between the two would seem to be this, the former is determined to force his knowledge upon others; the latter is equally determined that others shall not force their knowledge upon him.

CLXX.

THE good make a better bargain, and the bad a worse, than is usually supposed; for the rewards of the one, and the punishments of the other, not unfrequently begin on

this side of the grave; for vice has more martyrs than virtue; and it often happens that men suffer more to be lost, than to be saved. But admitting that the vicious may happen to escape those tortures of the body, which are so commonly the wages of excess, and of sin; yet in that calm and constant sunshine of the soul which illuminates the breast of the good man, vice can have no competition with virtue. "Our thoughts," says an eloquent divine, "like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltiness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow men."

CLXXI.

THERE are too many who reverse both the principles and the practice of the apostle; they become all things to all men, not to serve others, but themselves; and they try all things, only to hold fast that which is bad.

CLXXII.

THERE are only two things in which the false professors of all religions have agreed; to persecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

CLXXIII.

THERE is one passage in the Scriptures to which all the potentates of Europe seem to have given their unanimous assent and approbation, and to have studied so thoroughly as to have it quite at their *fingers' ends*. "*There went out a decree in the days of Claudius Cesar, that all the world should be taxed.*"

CLXXIV.

IT often happens in public assemblies, that two measures are proposed, opposite in their tendency, but equal

in the influence by which they are supported, and also in the balance of good and evil, which may be fairly stated of either. In such a dilemma, it is not unusual, for the sake of unanimity, to adopt some half measure, which, as it has been emasculated of its energy to please the moderate, will often possess the good of neither measure, but the evil of both. Of this kind was the *suspensive veto* voted to the monarch by the national assembly of France. It made the king an object of positive jealousy, while it gave him only negative power, and rendered him unpopular, without the means of doing harm, and responsible without the privilege of doing good. And as half measures are so pregnant with danger, so the half talent by which they are often dictated, may be equally prejudicial. There are circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger, where a *mediocrity of talent is the most fatal quantum that a man can possibly possess*. Had Charles the First, and Louis the Sixteenth, been more wise, or more weak, more firm, or more yielding, in either case, they had both of them saved their heads.

CLXXV.

IMPERIAL Rome governed the bodies of men, but did not extend her empire farther. Papal Rome improved upon imperial; she made the tiara stronger than the diadem; pontiffs more powerful than prætors; and the crozier more victorious than the sword. She devised a system, so complete in all its parts, for the subjugation both of body and of mind, that, like Archimedes, she asked but *one* thing, and that Luther denied her; a fulcrum of ignorance on which to rest that lever by which she could have balanced the world.

CLXXVI.

IN former times patriots prided themselves on two things: their own poverty, and the riches of the state. But poor as these men were, there were kings not rich enough

to purchase them, nor powerful enough to intimidate them. In modern times, it would be easier to find a patriot rich enough to buy a king, than a king not rich enough to buy a patriot. Valerius Maximus informs us, that Ælius Pætus tore to pieces, with his own teeth, a woodpecker, because the augur, being consulted, had replied, that if the bird lived, the house of Ælius would flourish, but that if it died, the prosperity of the state would prevail. Modern patriots have discovered, that a roasted woodcock is a better thing than a raw woodpecker.

CLXXVII.

AS the man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are, so the sceptic, in a vain attempt to be wise, beyond what is permitted to man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable, and a blindness more incurable than that of the common herd, whom he despises, and would fain instruct. For the more precious the gift, the more pernicious ever will be the abuse of it, as the most powerful medicines, are the most dangerous, if misapplied, and no error is so remediless as that which arises, not from the exclusion of wisdom, but from its perversion. The sceptic, when he plunges into the depths of infidelity, like the miser who leaps from the shipwreck, will find that the treasures which he bears about him, will only sink him deeper in the abyss.

CLXXVIII.

IT has been said, that men carry on a kind of coasting trade with religion. In the voyage of life, they profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximations to it, as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures only to fish them up again, when the storm is over. To steer a course that shall secure

both worlds, is still, I fear, a desideratum, in ethics, a thing unattained as yet, either by the divine or the philosopher, for the track is discoverable only by the shipwrecks that have been made in the attempt. John Wesley quaintly observed, that the road to heaven is a narrow path, not *intended for wheels*, and that to ride in a coach *here*, and to go to heaven *hereafter*, was a happiness too much for man ! *

CLXXIX.

THE only kind office performed for us by our friends, of which we never complain, is our funeral ; and the only thing which we are sure to want, happens to be the only thing which we never purchase—our coffin !

CLXXX.

WITH respect to the goods of this world, it might be said, that parsons are preaching for them—that lawyers are pleading for them—that physicians are prescribing for them—that authors are writing for them—that soldiers are fighting for them,—but, that true philosophers alone are enjoying them.

CLXXXI.

THERE is more jealousy between rival wits than rival beauties, for vanity has no sex. But, in both cases, there must be pretensions, or there will be no jealousy Elizabeth might have been merciful, had Mary neither been beautiful, nor a queen ; and it is only when we ourselves have been admired by some, that we begin thoroughly to envy those who are admired by all. But the basis of this passion must be the possibility of competition ; for the rich are more envied by those who have a little, than by those who have nothing ; and no monarch ever heard with indifference, that other monarchs were extending their dominions, except Theodore of Corsica—who had none !

* Yet honest John rode in his own coach before he died.

CLXXXII.

THOSE missionaries who embark for India, like some other reformers, begin at the wrong end. They ought first to convert to *practical* christianity, those of their own countrymen who have crossed the Pacific, on a very different mission, to acquire money by every kind of rapine abroad, in order to squander it in every kind of revelry at home. But example is more powerful than precept, and the poor Hindoo is not slow in discovering how very unlike the Christians he sees, are to that christianity of which he hears:

*“Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
“Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.”*

The misfortune, therefore, is, that he understands the conduct of his master much better than the creed of his missionary, and has a clearer knowledge of the depravities of the disciple, than of the preachings of the preceptor. And these observations are strengthened by a remark of Dr. Buchanan, founded on his own experience. “Conversion,” says he, “goes on more prosperously in Tanjore and other provinces, where there are no Europeans, than in Tranquebar, where they are numerous; for we find,” he adds, “that European example in the large towns is the bane of Christian instruction.”

CLXXXIII.

WHEN you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

CLXXXIV.

WE know the effects of many things, but the causes of few; experience, therefore, is a surer guide than imagination, and enquiry, than conjecture. But those physical difficulties which you cannot account for, be very slow to arraign, for he that would be wiser than nature, would be wiser than God

CLXXXV.

WHEN punishments fall upon a villain, from some unknown quarter, he begins to consider within himself what hand may have inflicted them. He has injured many, this he knows, and judging from his own heart, he concludes that he is the most likely to have revenged himself, who has had the most power to do so. This conclusion, however, is often a most erroneous one, although it has proved the frequent source of fatal mischiefs, which have only fallen the heavier, from having had nothing to support them. But forgiveness, that noblest of all self-denial, is a virtue, which he alone who can practise, in himself, can willingly believe in another.

CLXXXVI.

SOME men possess means that are great, but fritter them away, in the execution of conceptions that are little ; and there are others who can form great conceptions, but who attempt to carry them into execution with little means. These two descriptions of men might succeed if united, but as they are usually kept asunder by jealousy, both fail. It is a rare thing to find a combination of great means, and of great conceptions, in one mind. The Duke of Bridgewater was a splendid example of this union, and all his designs were so profoundly planned, that it is delightful to observe how effectually his vast means supported his measures, at one time, and how gratefully his measures repaid his means, at another. On the blameless and the bloodless basis of public utility, he founded his own individual aggrandizement ; and his *triumphal arches*, are those by which he subdued the earth, only to increase the comforts of those who possess it. I have heard my father say, that the duke was not considered a clever lad at Eton, which only strengthens an observation I have often made, that vivacity, *in youth*, is often mistaken for genius, and solidity for dulness.

CLXXXVII.

THE farther we advance in knowledge, the more simplicity shall we discover in those primary rules that regulate all the apparently endless, complicated, and multi-form operations of the Godhead. To Him, indeed, all time is but a moment, and all space but a point, and He fills both, but is bounded by neither. As merciful in his restrictions, as in his bounties, he sees, at one glance, the whole relations of things, and has prescribed unto himself one eternal and immutable principle of action, that of producing the highest ultimate happiness, by the best possible means. But he is as great in minuteness as in magnitude, since even the legs of a fly have been fitted up and furnished with all the powers, and all the properties of an air pump, and this has been done by the self same hand that created the suns of other systems, and placed them at so immense a distance from the earth, that light herself seems to lag on so immeasurable a journey, occupying many millions of years in arriving from those bodies unto us. But, in proof of the observation with which I set out, modern discoveries in chemistry have so simplified the laws by which the Deity acts in his great laboratory of nature, that Sir Humphry Davy has felt himself authorised to affirm, that a very few elementary bodies indeed, and which *may* themselves be only different forms of some one, and the same primary material, constitute the sum total of our tangible universe of things. And as the grand discordant harmony of the celestial bodies, may be explained by the simple principles of gravity and impulse, so also in that more wonderful and complicated microcosm, the heart of man, all the phenomena of morals are perhaps resolvable into one single princip — *the pursuit of apparent good*; for although customs universally vary, yet man, in all climates and countries, is essentially the same. Hence, the old position of the Pyronnists, that the more we study, the less we know, is true, but not in the sense in which it has been usually received. It may be true that we know less, but that less is of the highest value; first, from its being a condensation of all that is certain; secondly, from its being a

rejection of all that is doubtful ; and such a treasure, like the pages of the Sybil, increases in value, even by its diminution. For knowledge is twofold, and consists not only in an affirmation of what is true, but in the negation of that which is false. And it requires more magnanimity to give up what is wrong, than to maintain that which is right ; for our pride is wounded by the one effort, but flattered by the other. But the highest knowledge can be nothing more than the shortest and clearest road to truth ; all the rest is pretension, not performance, mere verbiage, and grandiloquence, from which we can learn nothing, but that it is the external sign of an internal deficiency. But to revert to our former affirmation of the simplicity of those rules that regulate the universe, we might farther add, that any machine would be considered to be most ingenious, if it contained within itself principles for correcting its own imperfections. Now, a few simple but resistless laws have effected all this so fully for the world we live in, that it contains within itself the seeds of its own eternity. An Alexander could not add one atom unto it, nor a Napoleon take one away. A period, indeed, has been assigned unto it by revelation, otherwise it would be far less difficult to conceive of its eternal continuance, than of its final cessation.

CLXXXVIII.

AS the dimensions of the tree are not always regulated by the size of the seed, so the consequences of things, are not always proportionate to the apparent magnitude of those events that have produced them. Thus, the American revolution, from which little was expected, produced much ; but the French revolution, from which much was expected, produced little. And, in antient times, so grovelling a passion as the lust of a Tarquin, could give freedom to Rome ; that freedom to whose shrine a Cesar was afterwards sacrificed in vain, as a victim, and a Cato as a martyr ; that freedom which fell, unestablished either by the immolation of the one, or the magnanimity of the other.

CLXXXIX.

WHERE true religion has prevented one crime, false religions have afforded a pretext for a thousand.

CXC

WE ask advice, but we mean approbation.

CXCI.

BE very slow to believe that you are wiser than all others; it is a fatal but common error. Where one has been saved by a true estimation of another's weakness, thousands have been destroyed by a false appreciation of their own strength. Napoleon could calculate the *former* well, but to his miscalculations of the *latter*, he may ascribe his present degradation.

CXCII.

IN the present enlightened state of society, it is impossible for mankind to be thoroughly vicious; for wisdom and virtue are very often convertible terms, and they invariably assist and strengthen each other. A society composed of none but the wicked, could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, *without* a flood, would be swept away from the earth, by the deluge of its own iniquity. The moral cement of all society, is virtue, it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity. The story of the three German robbers is applicable to our present purpose, from the pregnant brevity of its moral. Having acquired, by various atrocities, what amounted to a very valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day, which they had appointed for this purpose, arrived, one of them was dispatched to a neighbouring town, to

purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for one half of the plunder, instead of a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate unto himself the *whole* of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together,—a signal instance that nothing is so blind and suicidal, as the selfishness of vice.

CXCIII.

WHEN the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done ; , when they censure you, what good !

CXCIV.

AGAR said, “ give me neither poverty nor riches ; and this will ever be the prayer of the wise.” Our incomes should be like our shoes, if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but, if too large, they will cause us to stumble, and to trip. But wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have, but upon what we would have ; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

CXCv.

WE should act with as much energy, as those who expect every thing from themselves ; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect every thing from God.

CXCvI.

THE ignorant have often given credit to the wise, for powers that are permitted to *none*, merely because the

wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to *all*. The little Arabian tale of the dervise, shall be the comment of this proposition. A dervise was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him; "You have lost a camel," said he, to the merchants; "indeed we have," they replied; "was he not blind in his right eye? and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise; "he was," replied the merchants; "had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervise; "he had," rejoined the merchants; "and was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us unto him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants, "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo." "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervise. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood, or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him *as a sorcerer*, when the dervise, with great calmness, thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured, in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me

that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

CXC VII.

SOME philosophers would give a sex to revenge and appropriate it almost exclusively to the female mind. But, like most other vices, it is of both genders; yet, because wounded vanity, or slighted love, are the two most powerful excitements to revenge, it has been thought, perhaps, to rage with more violence in the female heart. But as the causes of this passion are not confined to the women, so neither are the effects. History can produce many Syllas, for one Fulvia, or Christina. The fact, perhaps, is, that the human heart, in both sexes, will more readily pardon injuries than insults, particularly if they appear to arise, not from any wish in the offender to degrade us, but to aggrandise himself. Margaret Lambrun assumed a man's habit, and came to England, from the other side of the Tweed, determined to assassinate Queen Elizabeth. She was urged to this, from the double malice of revenge, excited by the loss of her mistress, Queen Mary, and that of her own husband who died from grief, at the death of his queen. In attempting to get close to Elizabeth, she dropped one of her pistols; and on being seized, and brought before the queen, she boldly avowed her motives, and added, that she found herself necessitated, by experience, to prove the truth of that maxim, that neither force nor reason can hinder a woman from revenge, when she is impelled by love. The queen set an example, that few kings would have followed, for she magnanimously forgave the criminal; and thus took the noblest mode of convincing her that there were some injuries which even a woman could forgive.

CXC VIII.

ALL the poets are indebted more or less to those who have gone before them; even Homer's originality has

been questioned, and Virgil owes almost as much to Theocritus, in his Pastorals, as to Homer, in his Heroics; and if our own countryman, Milton, has soared above both Homer and Virgil, it is because he has stolen some feathers from their wings. But Shakespeare stands alone. His want of erudition was a most happy and productive ignorance; it forced him back upon his own resources, which were exhaustless; if his literary qualifications made it impossible for him to borrow from the ancients, he was more than repaid by the powers of his invention, which made borrowing unnecessary. In all the ebbings and the flowings of his genius, in his storms, no less than in his calms, he is as completely separated from all other poets, as the Caspian from all other seas. But he abounds with so many axioms applicable to all the circumstances, situations, and varieties of life, that they are no longer the property of the poet, but of the world; all apply, but none dare appropriate them; and, like anchors, they are secure from thieves, by reason of their weight.

CXCIX.

THAT nations sympathize with their monarch's glory, that they are improved by his virtues, and that the tone of morals rises high, when he that leads the band is perfect, these are truths admitted with exultation, and felt with honest pride. But that a nation is equally degraded by a monarch's profligacy, that it is made, in some sort, contemptible by his meanness, and immoral, by his depravation, these are positions less flattering, but equally important and true. "*Plus exemplo quam peccato nocent, quippe quod multi imitatores principum existunt.*" The example, therefore, of a sovereign derives its powerful influence from that pride inherent in the constitution of our nature, which dictates to all, not to copy their inferiors, but which, at the same time, causes imitation to descend. A prince, therefore, can no more be obscured by vices, without demoralizing his people, than the sun can be eclipsed without darkening the land. In proof of these propositions, we

might affirm, that there have been some instances where a sovereign has reformed a court *, but not a single instance where a court has reformed a sovereign. When Louis the Fourteenth, in his old age, quitted his battles for beads, and his mistresses for missals, his courtiers aped their sovereign as strenuously in his devotions, as they had before in his debaucheries, and took the sacrament twice in the day !

CC.

THE gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide, renounces earth, to forfeit heaven.

CCI.

TWO things are necessary to a modern martyr,—some to pity, and some to persecute, some to regret, and some to roast him. If martyrdom is now on the decline, it is not because martyrs are less zealous, but because martyr-mongers are more wise. The light of intellect has put out the fire of persecution, as other fires are observed to smoulder before the light of the sun.

CCII.

THE wise man has his follies, no less than the fool ; but it has been said, that herein lies the difference,—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself ; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but

* Englishmen need not go far, either in time, or in distance, for a splendid proof of the truth of this proposition. The reign of George the Third, is an arena that will both demand and deserve the utmost talents of its historian, however high they may be. It is the most eventful reign on record, in the memory of man. A gentlemanly prince in public, and a princely gentleman in private, he set an example of liberality in sentiment, of integrity in principle, and of purity in life, which may have been imitated by some of his subjects, but which has been surpassed by none.

hidden from the world. A harmless hilarity, and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius ; and we are never more deceived, than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

CCIII.

THE true poet is always great, if compared with others ; not always, if compared with himself.

CCIV.

IF men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment ; if they censure them, your own.

CCV.

PHILOSOPHY manages a most important firm, not only with a capital of her own, but also with a still larger one that she has borrowed ; but she repays with a most liberal interest, and in a mode that ultimately enriches, not only others, but herself. The philosopher is neither a chymist, nor a smith, nor a merchant, nor a manufacturer ; but he both teaches and is taught by all of them ; and his prayer is, that the intellectual light may be as general as the solar, and as uncontrolled. But as he is as much delighted to imbibe knowledge as to impart it, he watches the rudest operations of that experience, which may be both old and uninformed, and right, though unable to say why, or wrong, without knowing the wherefore. The philosopher, therefore, strengthens that which was mere practice, by disclosing the principle ; he establishes customs that were right, by superadding the foundation of reason, and overthrows those that were erroneous, by taking that foundation away.

CCVI.

PERSECUTORS on the score of religion, have, in general, been the foulest of hypocrites, and their burning

zeal has too often been lighted up at the altar of worldly ambition. But, suppose we admit that persecution may, in some solitary cases, have arisen from motives that are pure; the glory of God, and the salvation of men. But here again the purity of the motive is most woefully eclipsed by the gross absurdity of the means. For the persecutor must *begin* by breaking many fundamental laws of his master, in order to commence his operations in his favour; thus asserting, by deeds, if not by words, that the intrinsic excellence of the code of our Saviour is insufficient for its own preservation. But thus it is, that even the sincerest persecutor defends the cause of his master. He shows his love of him, by breaking his cardinal laws; he then seeks to glorify a God of mercy, by worshipping him as a Moloch, who delights in human sacrifices; and, lastly, he shows his love of his neighbour, by roasting his body for the good of his soul. But can a darkness, which is intellectual, be done away by a fire which is material? or is it absolutely necessary to make a faggot of a man's body, in order to enlighten his mind?

CCVII.

THERE is this paradox in pride,—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

CCVIII.

THOSE who worship gold in a world so corrupt as this we live in, have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry,—the power of their idol. It is true, that like other idols, it can neither move, nor see, nor hear, nor feel, nor understand; but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

CCIX.

IF kings would only determine not to extend their dominions, until they had filled them with happiness, they would find the smallest territories too large, but the longest life too short, for the full accomplishment of so grand and so noble an ambition.

CCX.

IT is not every man that can *afford* to wear a shabby coat ; and *worldly* wisdom dictates to *her* disciples, the propriety of dressing somewhat beyond their means, but of living somewhat within them ; for every one sees how we dress, but none see how we live, except we chose to let them. But the truly great are, by universal suffrage, exempted from these trammels, and may live or dress, as they please.

CCXI.

SLEEP, the type of death, is also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

CCXII.

EMULATION has been termed a spur to virtue, and assumes to be a spur of gold. But it is a spur composed of baser materials, and if tried in the furnace, will be found to want that *fixedness* which is the characteristic of gold. He that pursues virtue, only to surpass others, is not far from wishing others less forward than himself ; and he that rejoices too much at his own perfections, will be too little grieved at the defects of other men. We might also insist upon this, that true virtue, though the most humble of all things, is the most progressive ; it must persevere to the end. But, as Alexander scorned the Olympic games, because there were no kings to contend with, so he that starts only to outstrip others, will suspend his exertions when that is attained ; and self-love will, in many cases, incline him to

stoop for the prize, even before he has obtained the victory. But the views of the Christian are more extensive, and more enduring ; his ambition is, not to conquer others, but *himself*, and he unbuckles his armour, only for his shroud.

CCXIII.

IN the pursuit of knowledge, follow it wherever it is to be found ; like fern, it is the produce of all climates, and like coin, its circulation is not restricted to any particular class. We are ignorant in youth, from idleness, and we continue so in manhood, from pride ; for pride is less ashamed of being ignorant, than of being instructed, and she looks too high to find that which very often lies beneath her. Therefore condescend to men of low estate, and be for wisdom that which Alcibiades was for power. He that rings only one bell, will hear only one sound ; and he that lives only with one class, will see but one scene of the great drama of life. Mr. Locke was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and so deep : He replied, that he attributed what little he knew, to the not having been ashamed to ask for information ; and to the rule he had laid down, of conversing with all descriptions of men, on those topics chiefly that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits. I myself have heard a common blacksmith eloquent, when welding of iron has been the theme ; for what we know thoroughly, we can usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas. Therefore when I meet with any that write obscurely, or converse confusedly, I am apt to suspect two things ; first, that such persons do not understand themselves ; and, secondly, that they are not worthy of being understood by others.

CCXIV.

HE that can enjoy the intimacy of the great, and on no occasion disgust them by familiarity, or disgrace himself

by servility, proves that he is as perfect a gentleman by nature, as his companions are by rank.

CCXV.

ROYAL favourites are often obliged to carry their complaisance farther than they meant. They live for their master's pleasure, and they die for his convenience.

CCXVI.

THE hate which we all bear with the most Christian patience, is the hate of those who envy us.

CCXVII.

IMITATION is the sincerest of flattery.

CCXVIII.

THERE are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumny is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but it is also the only service that he will perform for nothing.

CCXIX.

AS we ascend in society, like those who climb a mountain, we shall find that the line of *perpetual congelation* commences with the higher circles, and the nearer we approach to the grand luminary the court, the more frigidity and apathy shall we experience.

CCXX.

SENSIBLE women have often been the dupes of

designing men, in the following way : They have taken an opportunity of praising them to their own confidante, but with a solemn injunction to secrecy. The confidante, however, as they know, will infallibly inform her principal, the first moment she sees her ; and this is a mode of flattery which always succeeds. Even those females who nauseate flattery in any other shape, will not reject it in this ; just as we can bear the light of the sun without pain, when reflected by the moon.

CCXXI.

IF you are under obligations to many, it is prudent to postpone the recompensing of one, until it be in your power to remunerate all, otherwise you will make more enemies by what you give, than by what you withhold.

CCXXII.

THERE is no cruelty so inexorable and unrelenting, as that which proceeds from a bigotted and presumptuous supposition of doing service to God. Under the influence of such hallucination, all common modes of reasoning are perverted, and all general principles are destroyed. The victim of the fanatical persecutor will find that the stronger the motives he can urge for mercy are, the weaker will be his chance of obtaining it, for the merit of his destruction will be supposed to rise in value, in proportion as it is effected at the expence of every feeling, both of justice and of humanity. Had the son of Philip the Second of Spain, been condemned by the inquisition, his own father, in default of any other executioner, would have carried the faggots, and have set fire to the pile. And in the atrocious murder of Archbishop Sharp, it is well known that Balfour and his party did not meet together at Gilston Muir, for the purpose of assassinating the archbishop, but to slay one Carmichael, a magistrate. These misguided men were actuated (to use their own words) "*by a strong outletting of the Spirit,*" shortly to be manifested by the outletting of

innocent blood; and one Smith, a weaver at the Strutherdyke, an *inspired* man, had also encouraged them “*all to go forward, seeing that God’s glory was the only motive that was moving them to offer themselves to act for his broken down work.*” These men not happening to find Carmichael, were on the point of dispersing, when a lad running up, suddenly informed them that the coach of Archbishop Sharp was then coming on, upon the road betwen Ceres and Blebo Hole. Thus, Carmichael escaped, but an archbishop was a sacrifice, caught in the thicket, more costly than the ram; “*Truly,*” said they, “*this is of God, and it seemeth that God hath delivered him into our hands; let us not draw back, but pursue him, for all looked upon it, considering the former circumstance as a clear call from God to fall upon him.* We may anticipate what tender mercies the archbishop might count upon, from a gang of such enthusiasts; and the circumstance of a prelate murdered at the feet of his daughter, with the curious conversation that accompanied this act, only prove that fanaticism is of the same malignant type and character, whether she be engendered in the clan or the conclave, the kirk or the cathedral.

CCXXIII.

IT has been said, that whatever is made with the intention of answering two purposes, will answer neither of them well. This is, for the most part, true, with respect to the inventions and productions of man; but the very reverse of this would seem to obtain, in all the operations of the Godhead. In the great laboratory of nature, many effects of the most important and extensive utility are often made to proceed from some *one* primary cause; neither do these effects, in any one instance, either clash, or jar, or interfere with each other, but each one is as perfect, in its kind, as if the common source of its activity were adjusted and appropriated to the accomplishing of that single effect alone. An illustration or two will suffice, where the number of examples is so great, that the difficulty lies more in the selec-

tion, than in the discovery. The atmosphere is formed for the respiration of numberless animals, which most important office it perfectly performs, being the very food of life. But there are two other processes almost as important, which could not go on without an atmosphere, seeing that it is essential to both of them. The dissemination of light by its powers of refraction and reflection, and of heat, by its decomposition. The ocean is a fluid world, admirably calculated for the propagation and continuation of those myriads of aquatic animals with which it abounds; and thus, it enables the Creator to extend, both in depth and surface, the sphere of sensation, of life, and of enjoyment, from the poles even unto the line. But the ocean has other most important offices to fulfil; it is perhaps more necessary to the earth, than the earth itself is to the ocean; for while it appears to be the great receptacle of salt water, it becomes, through the joint medium of the sun and of the atmosphere, the principal reservoir and distributor of fresh. The sun himself was created as the grand emporium of light and of heat to the system. But he not only warms and enlightens, but he also regulates and controls both the times and the spaces of the whole planetary world; the lord of motion, no less than of light, he imposes a law on those erratic bodies, as invincible as it is invisible, which nevertheless allows the fullest scope to all their wanderings, and subjects them to no restraint but that which is absolutely necessary for their preservation.

CCXXIV.

WHEN we consider that Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, Cato, Atticus, Livy, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Hortensius, Augustus, and Marcus Varro, were contemporaries, that they were, at the same time, enclosed within the walls of the same city, which might well be termed "*Roma virum genitrix*;" and when we farther reflect, that this bright constellation was attended also by another subordinate to it, made up of stars, indeed of lesser magnitude, but which would have

shone with no small lustre in any other horizon, we no longer wonder that a capital that could breed and educate such men, should aspire to the proud title of the mistress of the world; and vaunt herself secure from all mortal wounds, save only those that might be inflicted in an evil hour by paricidal hands. But the close observer of human nature, who takes nothing on trust, who, undazzled by the lustre, calmly enquires into the use, will not be contented with a bare examination of the causes that conspired to produce so marvellous an union of talent, but will farther ask how it happened, that men, whose examples have been so fertile of instruction to future ages, were so barren of improvement, and utility to their own. For it must be admitted, that Rome was "divided against herself," split into faction, and torn to pieces by a most bloody civil war, at the very moment she was in proud possession of all this profusion of talent, by which she was consumed, rather than comforted, and scorched, rather than enlightened. Perhaps the conclusion that is forced upon us by a review of this particular period of Roman History, is neither consolatory, nor honourable to our nature; it would seem, I fear, to be this, namely, that a state of civil freedom is absolutely necessary for the training up, educating, and finishing of great and noble minds; but that society has no guarantee that minds so formed and finished, shall not aspire to govern, rather than to obey; no security that they shall not affect a greatness, greater than the laws, and in affecting it, that they shall not ultimately destroy that very freedom to which alone they were indebted for their superiority. For such men too often begin by subjecting all things to their country, and finish by subjecting their country unto themselves. If we examine the individual characters of those great names I have cited above, we may perhaps affirm, that Horace, Virgil, Hortensius, Varro, and Livy, were more occupied in writing what deserved to be read, than in doing any thing that deserved to be written. Atticus was a practical disciple of Epicurus, and too much concerned about the safety and health of his own person, to endanger it by attacking that of another; as to

Cicero, although he was formed both for action and deliberation, yet none of the blood that was spilt in his day, can fairly be charged to him; in fact, he had so much of the pliability of his friend Atticus about him, that he might have flourished even in the court of Augustus, a rival of Mæcenas, had he himself been less eloquent, Octavius more grateful, or Antony less vindictive. Four men remain, formed indeed in “all the prodigality of nature,” but composed of elements so opposite to each other, that their conjunction, like the clash of adverse comets, could not but convulse the world; Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, and Cato; Cæsar could not brook a superior, nor Pompey an equal; and Brutus, although he did not aspire himself to rule, was determined that no one else should do so. Cato, who might have done more to save his country, *had he attempted less*, disgusted his friends, and exasperated his foes, by a vain effort to realize the splendid fictions of his Plato’s Republic, in the dregs of Romulus. Proud, without ambition, he was less beloved as the stern defender of liberty, than Cæsar as the destroyer of it, who was ambitious without pride; a mistaken martyr in a noble cause, Cato was condemned to live in an era when the times could not bear his integrity—nor his integrity the times.

CCXXV.

THERE is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

CCXXVI.

ALL governments ought to aspire to produce the highest happiness by the least objectionable means. To produce good without some admixture of ill, is the preroga-

tive of the Deity alone. In a state of nature, each individual would strive to preserve the whole of his liberty, but then he would be also liable to the encroachments of others, who would feel equally determined to preserve the whole of theirs. In a state of civilization, each individual voluntarily sacrifices a part of his liberty, to increase the general stock. But he sacrifices this liberty only to *the laws*; and it ought to be the care of good governments, that this sacrifice of the individual is repaid him with *security*, and *with interest*; otherwise the splendid declamations of Rousseau might be verified, and a state of nature be preferred to a state of civilization. The liberty we obtain by being members of civilized society, would be licentiousness, if it allowed us to harm others, and slavery, if it prevented us from benefiting ourselves. True liberty, therefore, allows each individual to do all the good he can to himself, without injuring his neighbour.

CCXXVII.

OF the two evils, it is perhaps less injurious to society, that a good doctrine should be accompanied by a bad life, than that a good life should lend its support to a bad doctrine. For the sect, if once established, will survive the founder. When doctrines, radically bad in themselves, are transmitted to posterity, recommended by the good life of their author, this it is to arm an harlot with beauty, and to heighten the attractions of a vain and an unsound philosophy. I question if Epicurus and Hume have done mankind a greater disservice by the looseness of their doctrines, than by the purity of their lives. Of such men we may more justly exclaim, than of Caesar, "confound their virtues, they've undone the world!"

CCXXVIII.

MANY have been thought capable of governing, until they were called to govern; and others have been deemed incapable, who, when called into power, have *most*

agreeably disappointed public opinion, by far surpassing all previous anticipation. The fact is, that the great and little vulgar too often judge of the blade by the scabbard ; and shining outward qualities, although they may excite first rate expectations, are not unusually found to be the companions of second rate abilities. Whereas, to possess a head equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations, are qualities which may be possessed so secretly, that a man's next door neighbour shall not discover them, until some unforeseen and fortunate occasion has called them forth.

CCXXIX.

THE ignorance of the Chinese may be attributed to their language. A literary Chinese must spend half his life in acquiring a thorough knowledge of it. The use of metaphor, which may be said to be the algebra of language, is, I apprehend, unknown amongst them. And as language, after all, is made up only of the signs and counters of knowledge, he that is obliged to lose so much time in acquiring the sign, will have but little of the thing. So complete is the ignorance of this conceited nation, on many points, that very curious brass models of all the mechanical powers, which the French government had sent over as a present, they considered to be meant as toys for the amusement of the grandchildren of the emperor. And I have heard the late Sir George Staunton declare, that the costly mathematical instruments made by Ramsden and Dollond, and taken to Pekin by Lord Macartney, were as utterly useless to the Chinese, as a steam engine to an Esquimaux, or a loom to an Hottentot. The father of Montaigne, not inaptly to my present subject, has observed, that the tedious time which we moderns employ in acquiring the language of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which cost them nothing, is the principal reason why we cannot arrive at that grandeur of soul, and perfection of knowledge that was in them. But the learned languages, after all, are indispensable to form

the gentleman and the scholar, and are well worth all the labour that they cost us, provided they are valued not for themselves alone, which would make a pedant, but as a foundation for farther acquirements. The foundation, therefore, should be in a great measure hidden, and its solidity presumed and inferred from the strength, elegance, and convenience of the superstructure. In one of the notes to a former publication, I have quoted an old writer, who observes, “that we fatten a sheep with grass, not in order to obtain a crop of hay from his back, but in the hope that he will feed us with mutton, and clothe us with wool.” We may apply this to the sciences, we teach a young man algebra, the mathematics, and logic, not that he should take his equations and his parallelograms into Westminster Hall, nor bring his ten predicaments to the House of Commons, but that he should bring a mind to both these places, so well stored with the sound principles of truth and of reason, as not to be deceived by the chicanery of the bar, nor the sophistry of the senate. The acquirements of science may be termed the armour of the mind; but that armour would be worse than useless, that cost us all we had, and left us nothing to defend.

CCXXX.

THAT is not the most perfect beauty, which, in public, would attract the greatest observation; nor even that which the statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of clay, kneaded up with blood. But that is true beauty, which has not only a substance, but a spirit,—a beauty that we must intimately know, justly to appreciate,—a beauty lighted up in conversation, where the mind shines as it were through its casket, where, in the language of the poet, “*the eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, that we might almost say her body thought.*” An order and a mode of beauty which, the more we know, the more we accuse ourselves for not having before discovered those thousand graces which bespeak that their owner has a soul.

This is that beauty which never cloy, possessing charms as resistless as those of the fascinating Egyptian, for which Anthony wisely paid the bauble of a world,—a beauty like the rising of his own Italian suns, always enchanting, never the same.

CCXXXI.

HE that can please nobody, is not so much to be pitied, as he that nobody can please.

CCXXXII.

REVENGE is a debt, in the paying of which, the greatest knave is honest and sincere, and so far as he is able, punctual. But there is a difference between a debt of revenge, and every other debt. By paying our other debts, we are equal with all mankind; but in refusing to pay a debt of revenge, we are superior. Yet, it must be confessed, that it is much less difficult to forgive our enemies, than our friends, and if we ask how it came to pass that Coriolanus found it so hard a task to pardon Rome, the answer is, that he was himself a Roman.

CCXXXIII.

IF rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but, if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas, than one hole in our coat.

CCXXXIV.

THE cyme who twitted Aristippus, by observing that the philosopher who could dine on herbs, might despise the company of a king, was well replied to by Aristippus, when he remarked, that the philosopher who could enjoy the company of a king, might also despise a dinner of herbs

“ Non pranderet olus si sciret regibus uti.”

Nothing is more common than to hear people abusing courtiers, and affecting to despise courts; yet most of these would be proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other. The History of the Conclave will show us how ready all men are to renounce philosophy for the most distant probability of a crown. Whereas Casimir of Poland, and Christina of Sweden, are likely to remain the alpha and the omega, the first and the last of those who have renounced a crown for the sake of philosophy.

CCXXXV.

WARS are to the body politic, what drams are to the individual. There are times when they may prevent a sudden death, but if frequently resorted to, or long persisted in, they heighten the energies, only to hasten the dissolution.

CCXXXVI.

IT has been shrewdly said, that when men abuse us, we should suspect ourselves, and when they praise us, them. It is a rare instance of virtue to despise censure, which we do not deserve; and still more rare, to despise praise which we do. But that integrity that lives only on opinion, would starve without it; and that theatrical kind of virtue, which requires publicity for its stage, and an applauding world for an audience, could not be depended on in the secrecy of solitude, or the retirement of a desert.

CCXXXVII.

THIS is the tax a man must pay to his virtues,—they hold up a torch to his vices, and render those frailties notorious in him which would have passed without observation in another.

CCXXXVIII.

THOSE hypochondriacs, who, like Herodius, give

up their whole time and thoughts to the care of their health, sacrifice unto life every noble purpose of living ; striving to support a frail and feverish being here, they neglect an hereafter ; they continue to patch up and repair their mouldering tenement of clay, regardless of the immortal tenant that must survive it ; agitated by greater fears than the apostle, and supported by none of his hopes, they “ die daily.”

CCXXXIX.

INTIMACY has been the source of the deadliest enmity, no less than of the firmest friendship ; like some mighty rivers, which rise on the same mountain, but pursue a quite contrary course.

CCXL.

THE intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shews us to others, but hides us from ourselves ; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it ; like the father of Virginia, who murdered his daughter to prevent her violation. Neither will all men be disposed to view our quarrels precisely in the same light that we do ; and a man's blindness to his own defects, will ever increase, in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.

CCXLI.

FALSEHOOD, like a drawing in perspective, will not bear to be examined in *every* point of view, because it is a good imitation of truth, as a perspective is of the reality, only in *one*. But truth, like that reality of which the perspective is the representation, will bear to be scrutinized in *all* points of view, and though examined under every situation, is one and the same.

CCXLII.

THERE are some characters whose bias it is impossible to calculate, and on whose probable conduct we can not hazard the slightest prognostication ; they often evince energy in the merest trifles, and appear listless and indifferent, on occasions of the greatest interest and importance ; one would suppose they had been dipped in the fountain of Hammon, whose waters, according to Diodorus, are *cold* by day, and *hot* only by night !

CCXLIII.

THERE are some who refuse a favour so graciously, as to please us even by the refusal ; and there are others who confer an obligation so clumsily, that they please us less by the measure, than they disgust us by the manner of a kindness, as puzzling to our feelings, as the politeness of one, who, if we had dropped our handkerchief, should present it unto us with a pair of tongs !

CCXLIV.

IT has been said, that the retreat shows the general, as the reply the orator ; and it is partly true ; although a general would rather build his fame on his advances, than on his retreats, and on what he has attained, rather than on what he has abandoned. Moreau, we know, was famous for his retreats, insomuch, that his companions in arms compared him to a *drum*, which nobody hears of, *except it be beaten*. But, it is nevertheless true, that the merits of a general are not to be appreciated by the battle alone, but by those dispositions that preceded it, and by those measures that followed it. Hannibal knew better how to conquer, than how to profit by the conquest ; and Napoleon was more skilful in taking positions, than in maintaining them. As to reverses, no general can presume to say that he may not be defeated ; but he can, and ought to say, that he will not be surprized. There are dispositions so skilful, that the battle

may be considered to be won, even before it is fought, and the campaign to be decided, even before it is contested. There are generals who have accomplished more by the march, than by the musquet, and Europe saw, in the lines of Torres Vedras, a simple telescope, in the hands of a Wellington, become an instrument, more fatal and destructive, than all the cannon in the camp of his antagonist.

CCXLV.

EXPECT not praise without envy until you are dead. Honours bestowed on the illustrious dead, have in them no admixture of envy; for the living pity the dead; and pity and envy, like oil and vinegar, assimilate not:

*“Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas, extinctus amabitur idem.”*

CCXLVI.

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

CCXLVII.

THOSE who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

CCXLVIII.

IT is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea, and encounters a storm, to avoid a shipwreck. And thus, the legislator who meets some evils, half subdues

them. In the grievous dearth that visited the land of Egypt, Joseph forestalled the evil, and adopted measures that proclaimed to the nation, "you shall not feast, in order that you may not fast; and although you must submit to a scarcity, you shall not endure a famine." And those very persons who have been decried, by short sighted reasoners in this country, as regraters and monopolizers, are, in times of real deficiency, the actual Josephs of the land. Like the *præstolatores* in the camp of the Romans, they spy out the nakedness of the land before the main body are advised of it, and, by raising the price of the commodity, take the only means to insure an economy in the use of it.

CCXLIX.

LOUIS the Fourteenth having become a king by the death of his minister, Mazarin, set up the trade of a conqueror, on his own account. The devil treated him as he does young gamesters, and bid very high for him, at first, by granting him unexampled success; he finished by punishing him with reverses equally unexampled. Thus, that sun which he had taken for his device, although it rose in cloudless majesty, was doomed to set in obscurity, tarnished by the smoke of his defeats, and tinged with the blood of his subjects.

CCL.

IT is an old saying, that Truth lies in a well, but the misfortune is, that some men will use no chain to draw her up, but that which is so long that it is the labour of their life to finish it; or if they live to complete it, it may be that the first links are eaten up by rust, before the last are ready. Others, on the contrary, are so indolent, that they would attempt to draw up Truth without any chain, or by means of one that is too short. Both of these will miss their object. A wise man will provide a chain for this necessary purpose, that has not a link too much, nor a link too little,

and on the first he will write "*ars longa*," and on the last, "*vita brevis*."

CCLI.

DOUBT is the vestibule which *all* must pass, before they can enter into the temple of wisdom ; therefore, when we are in doubt, and puzzle out the truth by our own exertions, we have gained a something that will stay by us, and which will serve us again. But, if to avoid the trouble of the search, we avail ourselves of the superior information of a friend, such knowledge will not remain with us ; we have not *bought* but *borrowed* it.

CCLII.

GREAT men, like comets, are eccentric in their courses, and formed to do extensive good, by modes unintelligible to vulgar minds. Hence, like those erratic orbs in the firmament, it is their fate to be miscomprehended by fools, and misrepresented by knaves ; to be abused for all the good they actually do, and to be accused of ills with which they have nothing to do, neither in design, nor execution.

CCLIII

SOME men who have evinced a certain degree of wit and talent, in private companies, fail miserably when they venture to appear as public characters, on the grand theatre of human life. Great men in a little circle, but little men in a great one, they shew their learning to the ignorant, but their ignorance to the learned ; the powers of their mind seem to be parched up and withered by the public gaze, as Welch cascades before a summer sun, which, by the bye, we are told, are vastly fine in the winter, when no body goes to see them.

CCLIV.

GREAT men often obtain their ends by means be-

yond the grasp of vulgar intellect, and even by methods diametrically opposite to those which the multitude would pursue. But, to effect this, bespeaks as profound a knowledge of mind, as that philosopher evinced of matter, who first produced ice by the agency of heat.

CCLV.

THOSE that are the loudest in their threats, are the weakest in the execution of them. In springing a mine, that which has done the most extensive mischief makes the smallest report; and, again, if we consider the effect of lightning, it is probable that he that is killed by it hears no noise; but the thunder clap which follows, and which most alarms the ignorant, is the surest proof of their safety.

CCLVI.

WE most readily forgive that attack which affords us an opportunity of reaping a splendid triumph. A wise man will not sally forth from his doors to cudgel a fool, who is in the act of breaking his windows, by pelting them with guineas.

CCLVII.

THAT an author's work is the mirror of his mind, is a position that has led to very false conclusions. If the devil himself were to write a book, it would be in praise of virtue, because the good would purchase it for use, and the bad for ostentation.

CCLVIII.

IT is not known where he that invented the plough was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world, than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and

education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

CCLIX.

AS the gout seems privileged to attack the bodies of the *wealthy*, so ennui seems to exert a similar prerogative over their minds. I should consider the middle and lower classes, in this country, in great measure, exempt from this latter malady of the mind; first, because there is no vernacular name that fully describes it, in our language; and, secondly, because we shall find it difficult to explain this disease to such persons; they will admit, however, that they have sometimes thought a rainy Sunday particularly tedious and long. In the constitution of our nature, it so happens, that pleasure cloyes and hebetates the powers of enjoyment very soon, but that pain does not, by any means, in an equal proportion, dull the powers of suffering. A fit of the toothache, or the *tic doloieux*, shall continue their attacks with slight intermissions for months, and the last pang shall be as acute as the first. Again, we are so framed and fashioned, that our sensations may continue alive for years to torment, after they have been dead for years to transport; and, it would be well, if old age, which has been said to forbid the pleasures of youth, on penalty of death, interdicted us also from those pains which are unhappily as much or more the lot of the old than of the young. But the cold and shrivelled hand of time is doubly industrious; he not only plucks up flowers, but he plants thorns in their room; and punishes the bad with the recollections of the past, the sufferings of the present, and the anticipation of the future, until death becomes their only remedy, because life hath become their sole disease. If these observations be just, their application to ennui, our present subject, is obvious. For he that does labour under acute pain, will be too much occupied for ennui; and he that does not, has no right to indulge it, because he is not in the fruition of vivid pleasure. It is not in the nature of things that vivid pleasures should continue long, their very

continuance must make them cease to be vivid. Therefore we might as well suffer ennui, because we are not angels, but men. There are, indeed, some spirits so ardent, that change of employment to them is rest, and their only fatigue a cessation from activity. But, even these, if they make pleasure a business, will be equally subject to ennui, with more phlegmatic minds; for mere pleasure, although it may refresh the weary, wearies the refreshed. Gaming has been resorted to by the affluent, as a refuge from ennui; it is a mental dram, and may succeed for a moment, but, like all other stimuli, it produces indirect debility; and those who have recourse to it, will find that the sources of their ennui are far more inexhaustible than those of their purse. Ennui, perhaps, has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and perhaps as many suicides as despair. Its only cure* is the pursuit of some desirable object;—if that object be worthy of our pursuit and our desires, the prognostics of a cure are still more favourable;—if the object be a distant one, yet affording constant opportunities of pursuit and advancement, the cure is certain, until the object be attained;—but if that object cannot be attained, nor even expected until *after* death, although the means of its attainment must last as long as our life, and occur as constantly as the moments that compose it, we may then exclaim *εὐρηχα* with more cause than the philosopher, and seek from the *dying Christian* an infallible nostrum for all the evils of ennui.

* It would seem that employment is more efficacious in the cure of ennui than society. A young Huron, in a village near Quebec, emphatically exclaimed to an English traveller, “On s’ennuie dans le village, et on ne s’ennuie jamais dans le bois.” We all remember the instance of that man of rank and title, who destroyed himself, in full possession of every thing that could make life desirable, leaving it on record, that he committed the act, only because he was tired of putting on his clothes in the morning, and taking them off again at night; and in times still nearer to us, John Maddocks, and Henry Quin, esq. of Dublin notoriety, the former in the clear unincumbered possession of six thousand pounds per annum, and both of them in full possession of health and competence, destroyed themselves for no other reason but because

CCLX.

HEAVEN may have happiness as utterly unknown to us, as the gift of perfect vision would be to a man born blind. If we consider the inlets of pleasure from five senses only, we may be sure that the same being who created us, could have given us five hundred, if he had pleased. Mutual love, pure and exalted, founded on charms both mental and corporeal, as it constitutes the highest happiness on earth, may, for any thing we know to the contrary, also form the lowest happiness of Heaven. And it would appear consonant with the administration of Providence, in other matters, that there should be such a link between earth and heaven; for, in all cases, a chasm seems to be *purposely* avoided, "*prudente Deo.*" Thus, the material world has its links, by which it is made to shake hands, as it were, with the vegetable,—the vegetable with the animal,—the animal with the intellectual,—and the intellectual with what we may be allowed to hope of the angelic.

CCLXI.

NOTHING is more common than to hear directly opposite accounts of the same countries. The difference lies not in the reported, but the reporter. Some men are so imperious and over-bearing in their demeanour, that they would represent even the islanders of Pelew, as insolent and extortionate; others are of a disposition so conciliatory and unassuming, that they would have little that was harsh or barbarous to record, even of the Mussulmen of Constantinople.

CCLXII.

IT would be very unfortunate if there was no other road to Heaven, but through Hell. Yet this dangerous and impracticable road has been attempted by all those princes,

they were tired of the unvaried repetitions, and insipid amusements of life.

potentates, and statesmen, who have done evil, in order that good might come.

CCLXIII.

COURAGE is incompatible with the fear of the death; but every villain fears death; therefore no villain can be brave. He may, indeed, possess the courage of a rat, and fight with desperation, when driven into a corner. If by craft and crime, a successful adventurer should be enabled to usurp a kingdom, and to command its legions, there may be moments, when, like Richard on the field of Bosworth, or Napoleon on the plains of Marengo, *all must be staked*; an awful crisis, when, if his throne be overturned, his scaffold must rise upon its ruins. Then, indeed, though the cloud of battle should lower on his hopes, while its iron hail is rattling around him, the greatest coward will hardly *fly* to insure that death which he can only escape by facing. Yet the glare of a courage thus elicited by danger, where fear conquers fear, is not to be compared to that calm sunshine which constantly cheers and illuminates the breast of him who builds his confidence on virtuous principle; it is rather the transient and evanescent lightning of the storm, and which derives half its lustre from the darkness that surrounds it.

CCLXIV.

THE absent man would wish to be thought a man of talent, by affecting to forget what all others remember; and the antiquarian is in pursuit of the same thing, by remembering what all others have thought proper to forget. I cannot but think it would much improve society, first, if all absent men would take it into their heads to turn antiquarians; and, next, if all antiquarians would *be absent men*.

CCLXV.

TO know a man, observe how he *wins* his object,

rather than how he loses it ; for, when we fail, our pride supports us, when we succeed, it betrays us.

CCLXVI.

STRONG and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment ; he that has not strength of mind to forgive, is by no means so weak as to forget ; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing, than to say a severe one.

CCLXVII.

IN literature, it is very difficult to establish a name. Let an author's *first* work have what merit it may, he will lose if he prints it himself ; and being a *novus homo* in literature, his only chance is to give the *first edition* to his bookseller. It is true that the booksellers will offer terms extremely liberal to those who have established a reputation, and will lose by many, who, like Scott, have written spiritedly for fame, but tamely for money. But, even in this case, the booksellers have no right to complain ; for these calculating Mæcænases ought to remember, that if they pay too dearly for the *lees*, they had the *first squeezing of the grapes* for nothing*.

CCLXVIII.

IN addressing the multitude, we must remember to follow the advice that Cromwell gave his soldiers, "*fire low*." This is the great art of the Methodists, "*fus est et ab hoste doceri*." If our eloquence be directed above the heads of our hearers, we shall do no execution. By pointing our arguments *low*, we stand a chance of hitting their *hearts*, as well as their *heads*. In addressing angels, we could hardly

* Those who continue to write after their wit is exhausted, may be compared to those old maids who give us one cup of good tea, but all the rest of milk and water.

raise our eloquence too high; but we must remember that men are not angels. Would we warm *them* by our eloquence, *unlike* Mahomet's mountain, it must come down to them, since they cannot raise themselves to it. It must come home to their wants and their wishes, to their hopes and their fears, to their families and their firesides. The moon gives a far greater light than *all* the fixed stars put together, although she is much smaller than any of them; the reason is, that the stars are superior and remote, but the moon is *inferior* and *contiguous*.

CCLXIX.

THE plainest man who pays attention to women, will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest man who does not. Wilkes observed to Lord Townsend, "You, my lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I the plainest. But I would give your lordship half an hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win; because all those attentions which you would omit on the score of your fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine."

CCLXX.

AGRICULTURE is the most certain source of strength, and wealth, and independence. Commerce flourishes by circumstances, precarious, contingent, transitory, almost as liable to change, as the winds and waves that waft it to our shores. She may well be termed the younger sister, for, in all emergencies, she looks to agriculture, both for defence and for supply. The earth, indeed, is doubly grateful, inasmuch as she not only repays forty fold to the cultivator, but reciprocally improves its improver, rewarding him with strength, and health, and vigour. Agriculture, therefore, is the true "*officina militum*;" and in her brave and hardy peasantry, she offers a legitimate and trusty sword to those rulers that duly appreciate her value, and

court her alliance. It is, however, more easy to convert husbandmen into excellent soldiers, than to imitate Romulus, who could at will *reconvert* them again. He first moulded those materials that conquered the world;—a peasantry victorious in war, laborious in peace, despisers of sloth, prepared to reap the bloodless harvest of the sickle, after having secured that of the sword. The only employments, says Dion, that Romulus left to freemen, were agriculture and warfare; for he observed that men so employed are more temperate, less entangled in the pursuits of forbidden love, and subject to that kind of avarice only which leads them not to injure one another, but to enrich themselves at the expence of the enemy. But finding that each of these occupations, separate from the other, is imperfect, and produces murmurs, instead of appointing one part of the men to till the earth, and the other to lay waste the enemy's country, according to the institution of the Lacedæmonians, he ordered the same persons to exercise the employments both of husbandmen, and of soldiers; and accustomed them, in time of peace, to live in the country, and cultivate the land, except when it was necessary for them to come to market, upon which occasions they were to meet in the city, in order to traffic; and to that end he appointed a market to be held every ninth day. And, in time of war, he taught them the duty of soldiers, and not to yield to any other, in the fatigues or advantages that attend it.

CCLXXI.

AVARICE has ruined more men than prodigality and the blindest thoughtlessness of expenditure has not destroyed so many fortunes, as the calculating but insatiable lust of accumulation.

CCLXXII.

SOME *reputed* saints that have been canonized,

ought to have been canonaded; and some *reputed* sinners that have been cannonaded, ought to have been canonized.

CCLXXIII.

TO be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with its *own* acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

CCLXXIV.

AN Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said, that the best troops would be as follows: An Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

CCLXXV.

IF some persons were to bestow the one half of their fortune in learning how to spend the other half, it would be money extremely well laid out. He that spends two fortunes, and permitting himself to be twice ruined, dies at last a beggar, deserves no commiseration. He has gained neither experience from trial, nor repentance from reprieve. He has been all his life abusing fortune, without enjoying her, and purchasing wisdom, without possessing her.

CCLXXVI.

RELATIONS take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations, it mostly happens, that they are the veriest misers

with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

CCLXXVII.

AFTER hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently and rich. For, like the hypocrites, the only *disinterested* action these men can accuse themselves of is, that of serving the devil, without receiving his wages ; for the assumed formality of the one, is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment, than the real avarice of the other. He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many very profitable bargains ; but he has made a single bad one, so bad indeed, that it counterbalances all the rest ; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity ; since a very old author observes, that “ *as mortar sticketh between the stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling.*” Such a worldling may be compared to a merchant, who should put a rich cargo into a vessel, embark with it himself, and encounter all the perils and privations of the sea, although he was thoroughly convinced before hand that he was only providing for a shipwreck, at the end of a troublesome and tedious voyage.

CCLXXVIII.

WOMEN do not transgress the bounds of decorum so often as men ; but when they do, they go greater lengths. For with reason somewhat weaker, they have to contend with passions somewhat stronger ; besides, a female by *one* transgression, forfeits her place in society for ever ; if once she falls, it is the fall of Lucifer. It is hard, indeed, that the law of opinion should be most severe on that sex which is least able to bear it ; but so it is, and if the sentence be harsh, the sufferer should be reminded that it was passed by

her *peers*. Therefore, if once a woman breaks through the barriers of decency, her case is desperate; and if she goes greater lengths than the men, and leaves the pale of propriety *farther behind* her, it is because she is aware that all return is prohibited, and by none so strongly as by her own sex. We may also add, that as modesty is the richest ornament of a woman, the want of it is her greatest deformity, for the better the thing, the worse will ever be its perversion; and if an *angel* falls, the *transition* must be to a dæmon.

CCLXXIX.

OF the professions it may be said, that soldiers are becoming too popular, parsons too lazy, physicians too mercenary, and lawyers too powerful.

CCLXXX.

MOST men abuse courtiers, and affect to despise courts; yet most men are proud of the acquaintance of the one, and would be glad to live in the other.

CCLXXXI.

EVILS are more to be dreaded from the suddenness of their attack, than from their magnitude, or their duration. In the storms of life, those that are foreseen are half overcome, but the *tiffoon* is a just cause of alarm to the helmsman, pouncing on the vessel, as an eagle on the prey.

CCLXXXII.

HOMER, not contented with making his hero invulnerable everywhere, but in the heel, and so swift of foot, that if he did run, nobody could catch him, completes the whole, by making a god his blacksmith, and covering him, like a rhinoceros, with a coat of mail, from a superhuman manufactory. With all those advantages, since his object

was to *surprise* his readers, he should have made his **bully** a coward, rather than a hero.

CCLXXXIII.

OF method, this may be said, if we make it our slave, it is well, but it is bad if we are slaves to method. A gentleman once told me, that he made it a regular rule to read fifty pages every day of some author or other, and on no account to fall short of that number, nor to exceed it. I silently set him down for a man who might have taste to read something worth writing, but who never could have genius himself to write any thing worth reading.

CCLXXXIV.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision ; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

CCLXXXV.

THERE are many good natured fellows, who have paid the forfeit of their lives to their love of bantering and raillery. No doubt they have had much diversion, but they have purchased it too dear. Although their wit and their brilliancy may have been often extolled, yet it has at last been extinguished for ever ; and by a foe perhaps who had neither the one nor the other, but who found it easier to point a sword than a repartee. I have heard of a man, in the province of Bengal, who had been a long time very successful in hunting the tiger ; his skill gained him great eclat, and had insured him much diversion, at length he narrowly escaped with his life ; he then relinquished the sport, with this observation : “ Tiger hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger, but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt us.” Again, this skill in small wit, like skill in small arms, is very apt to beget a confidence which may prove fatal in the end. We may either mistake the proper moment, for even cowards have

their fighting days, or we may mistake the proper man. A certain Savoyard got his livelihood by exhibiting a monkey and a bear; he gained so much applause from his tricks with the monkey, that he was encouraged to practise some of them upon the bear; he was dreadfully lacerated, and on being rescued, with great difficulty, from the gripe of bruin, he exclaimed: "What a fool was I not to distinguish between a monkey and a bear: a bear, my friends, is a very grave kind of a personage, and, as you plainly see, does not understand a joke."

CCLXXXVI.

IT is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends.

CCLXXXVII.

IF men have been termed pilgrims, and life a journey, then we may add, that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others, in the following important particulars: in the goodness of the road—in the beauty of the prospects—in the excellence of the company—and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the Christian traveller, when he has finished his course.

CCLXXXVIII.

ALL who have been great and good without Christianity, would have been much greater and better with it. If there be, amongst the sons of men, a single exception to this maxim, the divine Socrates may be allowed to put in the strongest claim. It was his high ambition to deserve, by deeds, not by creeds, an *unrevealed* Heaven, and by works, not by faith, to enter an *unpromised* land.

CCLXXXIX.

THOUGH the Godhead were to reward and to ex-

alt, without limit, and without end, yet the object of his highest favours could never offend the brightness of his eternal majesty, by too near an approximation to it; for the difference between the Creator and the created must ever be infinite, and the barrier that divides them insurmountable.

CCXC.

OF all the marvellous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.

CCXCI.

VANITY finds in self-love so powerful an ally, that it storms as it were by a *coup de main*, the citadel of our heads, where, having *blinded the two watchmen*, it readily descends into the heart. A coxcomb begins by determining that his own profession is the first; and he finishes, by deciding that he is the first of his profession.

CCXCII.

A POOR nation that relaxes not from her attitude of defence, is less likely to be attacked, though surrounded by powerful neighbours, than another nation which possesses wealth, commerce, population, and all the sinews of war, in far greater abundance, but *unprepared*. For the more sleek the prey, the greater is the temptation; and no wolf will leave a sheep, to dine upon a porcupine.

CCXCIII.

MEMORY is the friend of wit, but the treacherous ally of invention; and there are many books that owe their success to two things, the good memory of those who write them, and the bad memory of those who read them.

CCXCIV.

SUICIDE sometimes proceeds from cowardice, but not always; for cowardice sometimes prevents it; since as many live because they are afraid to die, as die because they are afraid to live.

CCXCV.

WE submit to the society of those that can inform us, but we seek the society of those whom we can inform. And men of genius ought not to be chagrined if they see blockheads favoured with a heartier welcome than themselves. For, when we communicate knowledge, we are raised in our own estimation, but when we receive it, we are lowered. That, therefore, which has been observed of treason, may be said also of talent, we love instruction, but hate the instructor, and use the light, but abuse the lanthorn.

CCXCVI.

VICE stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

CCXCVII.

THERE are four classes of men in the world; first, those whom every one would wish to talk to, and whom every one does talk of;—these are that small minority that constitute the great. Secondly, those whom no one wishes to talk to, and whom no one does talk of;—these are that vast majority that constitute the little. The third class is made up of those whom every body talks of, but nobody talks to;—these constitute the knaves; and the fourth is composed of those whom every body talks to, but whom nobody talks of; and these constitute the fools.

CCXCVIII.

HE that, like the wife of Cæsar, is above suspicion,

he alone is the fittest person to undertake the noble and often adventurous task of diverting the shafts of calumny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without help. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may dare to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth and Time, those slow but steady friends, shall come up, to vindicate the protected, and to dignify the protector. A good character, therefore, is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others if possible, more than ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

CCXCIX.

COURAGE is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things. Our blood is nearer and dearer to us than our money, and our life than our estate. Women are more taken with courage than with generosity, for it has all the merits of its sister virtue, with the addition of the most disinterested devotedness, and most powerful protection. Generosity enters so much into the constitution of courage, that, with the exception of the great Duke of Marlborough*, we shall hardly find an instance of undaunted personal bravery, coexisting in the same breast, with great avarice. The self-denial of Christianity, the magnanimity of chivalry, all that is splendid in history, or captivating in romance, seems to have been made up of courage, or generosity, or of both. In fact, true courage, well directed, can neither be overpaid nor overpraised. An hero is not composed of common materials; his expence is hazard, his coin is blood, and out of the very

* At a certain diplomatic dinner, where there were many foreigners of distinction, the duke gave for a toast, "My queen." One of the party who sat next to Prince Eugene, enquired of him, in a whisper, "what queen his grace had given;" "I know of no queen that is his particular favourite," replied the prince, except it be "*regina pecunia*."

impossibilities of the coward, he cuts a perilous harvest, with his sword. We cannot aspire to so high a character, on cheaper terms, otherwise Falstaff's soldiers might be allowed their claim, since they were afraid of nothing but danger. It is unfortunate, however, that presence of mind is always most necessary, when absence of body would be most desirable; and there is this paradox in fear, he is most likely to inspire it in others, *who has none himself!*

CCC.

NATURAL good is so intimately connected with moral good, and natural evil with moral evil, that I am as certain as if I heard a voice from Heaven proclaim it, that God is on the side of virtue. He has learnt much, and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered that most strict and necessary connection, that does, and will ever exist, between vice and misery, and virtue and happiness. The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform, would be, to make a bad man happy, even in Heaven; he must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it. In its primary signification, all vice, *that is all excess*, brings its own punishment even here. By certain fixed, settled, and established laws of Him who is the God of Nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution that temperance would preserve. The debauchee, therefore, offers up his body a "*living sacrifice*" to sin.

CCCI.

TO know exactly how much mischief may be ventured upon with impunity, is knowledge sufficient for a *little* great man.

CCCII.

LOGIC is a large drawer, containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. But a wise man will look into it for two purposes, to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire

the ingenuity with which those that are not so, are assorted and arranged.

CCCIII.

SOME have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities; but, the fact is, that such disputes begin with personalities, for our opinions are a part of ourselves.

CCCIV.

MANY who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

CCCV.

AS he gives proof of a sound and vigorous body, that accidentally transgressing the line of demarcation, is confined to a pest-house, and, at the end of his quarantine, comes out without being infected by the plague, so he that can live in courts, those hospitals of intellectual disease, without being contaminated by folly or corruption, gives equal proof of a sound and vigorous mind. But, as no one thinks so meanly of a conjuror as his own Zany, so none so thoroughly despise a court, as those who are thoroughly acquainted with it, particularly if to that acquaintance they also add due knowledge of themselves; for many have retired in disgust from a court which they *felt* they despised, to a solitude which they merely *fancied* they could enjoy, only, like Charles the Fifth, to repent of their repentance. Such persons, sick of others, yet not satisfied with themselves, have closed each eventless day with an anxious wish to be liberated from so irksome a liberty, and to retire from so melancholy a retirement; for it requires less strength of mind to be dissatisfied with a court, than to be contented with a cloyster, since to be disgusted with a court, it is only necessary to be acquainted with courtiers, but to enjoy a cloyster, we must have a thorough knowledge of ourselves.

CCCVI.

OCEANS of ink, and reams of paper, and disputes infinite might have been spared, if wranglers had avoided lighting the torch of strife at the wrong end ; since a tenth part of the pains expended in attempting to prove the why, the where, and the when certain events have happened, would have been more than sufficient to prove that they never *happened at all*.

CCCVII.

THE most admired statues of the Pagan deities, were produced in an age of general infidelity ; and the Romans, when sincere believers in their mythology, had not a single god tolerably executed ; and yet Seneca observes, that these primitive "*fictiles dei*," these gods of clay, were much more propitious than those of marble, and were worshipped with an adoration more ardent and sincere. Something similar to what happened to the religion of imperial, has since happened to that of pontifical Rome. Formerly that altar was contented with utensils of wood, and of lead, but its rites were administered by an Austin and a Chrysostom—priests of gold ! Things are now reversed ; the altar of St. Peter, says Jortin, has golden utensils, but *leaden priests*.

CCCVIII.

IT rarely happens that the finest writers are the most capable of teaching others their art. If Shakespear, himself, had been condemned to write a system of metaphysics, explanatory of his magic influence over all the passions of the mind, it would have been a dull and unsatisfactory work ; a heavy task both to the reader, and to the writer. All preceptors, therefore, should have that kind of genius described by Tacitus, "equal to their business, but not above it ;" a patient industry, with competent erudition ; a mind depending more on its correctness than its originality, and on its memory, rather than on its invention. If we

wish to cut glass, we must have recourse to a diamond ; but if it be our task to sever iron or lead, we must make use of a much coarser instrument. To sentence a man of true genius to the drudgery of a school, is to put a race horse in a mill.

CCCIX.

HISTRIONIC talent is not so rare a gift as some imagine, it is both over-rated and over-paid. That the requisites for a first rate actor, demand a combination not easily to be found, is an erroneous assumption, ascribable, perhaps, to the following causes: The market for this kind of talent must always be *understocked*, because very few of those who are really qualified to gain theatrical fame, will condescend to start for it. To succeed, the candidate must be a gentleman by nature, and a scholar by education ; there are many who can justly boast of this union, but out of that many, how few are there that would seek or desire theatrical celebrity. The metropolitan theatre, therefore, can only be recruited from the best samples which the provincial theatres will afford, and this is a market, abundant as to quantity, but extremely deficient as to quality. Johnson told Garrick that he and his profession were mutually indebted to each other : “ Your profession,” said the doctor, “ has made you rich, and you have made your profession respectable.” Such men as Smith, Garrick, Kemble, and Young, might do honour to any profession, and would, perhaps, have succeeded in any ; but their attempting success in this department is much more extraordinary than their attaining it ; for, in general, those who possess the necessary qualifications for an actor, also feel that they deserve to be something better, and this feeling dictates a more respectable arena. Neither is the title to talent bestowed by the suffrages of a metropolitan audience, always unequivocal. Such an audience is, indeed, a tribunal from which an actor has no appeal ; but there are many causes which conspire to warp and to bias its judgment ; and it often happens that it is more difficult to

please a country audience, than a London one. In a country theatre, there is nothing to bribe our decisions ; the principal actor is badly supported, and must depend solely on himself. In a London Theatre, the blaze of light and beauty, the splendour of the scenery, the skill of the orchestra, are all adscititious attractions, acting as *avant* couriers for the performer, and predisposing us to be pleased. Add to this, that the extended magnificence of a metropolitan stage defends the actor from that microscopic scrutiny to which he must submit in the country. We should also remember, that at times it requires more courage to praise than to censure, and the metropolitan actor will always have *this* advantage over the provincial, if we are pleased, our taste is flattered in the one instance, but suspected in the other.

CCCX.

ENVY, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting *itself* to death.

CCCXI.

WE should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character, than to raise one.

CCCXII.

THERE are no two things so much talked of, and so seldom seen as virtue, and the funds.

CCCXIII.

THE depravity of human nature is a favourite topic with the priests, but they will not brook that the laity should descant upon it; in this respect they may be compared to those husbands who freely abuse their own wives, but are ready to cut the throat of any other man who does so.

CCCXIV.

IF you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blackguard, let your lawyer manage it, rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney sweeper, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade.

CCCXV.

IT is easier to pretend to be what you are not, than to hide what you really are ; but he that can accomplish both, has little to learn in hypocrisy.

CCCXVI.

IN any public scheme or project, it is advisable that the proposer or projector should not at first present himself to the public as the *sole* mover in the affair. His neighbours will not like his egotism if it be at all ambitious, nor will they willingly co-operate in any thing that may place an equal a single step above their own heads. Dr. Franklin was the first projector of many useful institutions in the infant state of America. He attained his object, and avoided envy, for he himself informs us, that his secret was to propose the measure at first, not as originating in himself alone, but as the joint recommendation of a few friends. The doctor was no stranger to the workings of the human heart ; for if his measures had failed, their failure would not be attributed to him alone, and if they succeeded, some one else would be forward enough to claim the merit of being the first planner of them. But whenever this happens, the original projector will be sure to gain from the envy of mankind, that justice which he must not expect from their gratitude ; for all the rest of the members will not patiently see another run away with the merit of that plan which originated in the first projector alone, who will, therefore, be sure to reap his full due of praise in the end, and with that interest which mankind will always cheerfully pay, not so

much for the justice of rewarding the diffident, as for the pleasure of lowering the vain.

CCCXVII.

SOME well meaning Christians tremble for their salvation, because they have never gone through that valley of tears and of sorrow, which they have been taught to consider as an ordeal that must be passed through, before they can arrive at regeneration ; to satisfy such minds, it may be observed, that the slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and that the greatest is insufficient, if it do not. Therefore, by their own fruits let them prove themselves ; for some soils will take the good seed, without being watered with tears, or harrowed up by affliction.

CCCXVIII.

SHAKESPEARE, Butler, and Bacon, have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them, to be sublime, witty, or profound.

CCCXIX.

IF you have cause to suspect the integrity of one with whom you *must* have dealings, take care to **have** no communication with him, if he has his friend, and you have not ; you are playing a dangerous game, in which the odds are two to one against you.

CCCXX.

WHEN the Methodists first decide on the doctrine they approve, and then chuse such pastors as they know before hand, will preach no other ; they act as wisely as a patient, who should send for a physician, and then prescribe to him what medicines he ought to advise.

CCCXXI.

A NECESSITOUS man who gives costly dinners, pays large sums to be laughed at.

CCCXXII.

EXAMINATIONS are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

CCCXXIII.

IT is better to have recourse to a quack, if he can cure our disorder, although he cannot explain it, than to a physician, if he can explain our disease, but cannot cure it. In a certain consultation of physicians in this kingdom, they all differed about the nature of an intermittent, and all of them were ready to define the disorder. The patient was a king; at length an empiric, who had been called in, thus interposed: Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent, permit me to explain it; an intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you cannot.

CCCXXIV.

IT is a serious doubt whether a wise man ought to accept of a thousand years of life, even provided that those three important advantages of health, youth, and riches, could be securely guaranteed unto him. But this is an offer than can never be refused, for it will never be made. Taking things as they really are, it must be confessed that life, after forty, is an anticlimax, gradual indeed, and progressive, with some, but steep and rapid with others. It would be well if old age diminished our perceptibilities to pain, in the same proportion that it does our sensibilities to pleasure; and if life has been termed a feast, those favoured few are the most fortunate guests, who are not compelled to sit at the table, when they can no longer partake of the banquet.

But the misfortune is, that body and mind, like man and wife, do not always agree to die together. It is bad when the mind survives the body; and worse still when the body survives the mind; but, when both these survive our spirits, our hopes, and our health, this is worst of all.

CCCXXV.

AS some consolation for the fears of the brave, and the follies of the wise, let us reflect on the magnanimity that has been displayed by the weak, and the disinterestedness that has been evinced by the mistaken; by those who have indeed grossly erred, but have nobly acted. And this reflection will increase our veneration for virtue, when even its shadow has produced substantial good and unconquerable heroism; since a phantom, when mistaken for *her*, has been pursued with an ardor that gathered force from opposition, constancy from persecution, and victory from death.

CCCXXVI.

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

CCCXXVII.

ARISTOTLE has said that man is by nature, *Σωὸν κοινωνικόν*, a social animal, and he might have added, a selfish one too. Heroism, self-denial, and magnanimity, in all instances, where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars on which we sacrifice one kind of self-love to another. I think it is Adam Smith who has observed, that if a man in Europe were to go to bed with the conviction that the hour of twelve, on the following morning, the whole empire of China would be swallowed up by an earthquake, it would not disturb his night's rest so much

as the certainty, that, at the same hour, he himself would be obliged to undergo the amputation of his little finger. It seems to be a law of our nature, intended, perhaps, for our preservation, that little evils coming home to ourselves, should affect us more than great evils at a distance, happening to others; but they must be evils that we cannot prevent, and over which we have no control; for, perhaps, there is no man that would not lose a little finger to save China. It has been also remarked, that if a state criminal were to be executed opposite to the doors of the theatre, at the moment of the performance of the deepest tragedy, that the emptiness of the house, and the sudden abandonment of the seats, would immediately testify how much more we are interested by witnessing real misery than artificial. But the result of such an experiment would probably be this, that the galleries would be wholly deserted, and the boxes in part, but that the far greater proportion of the audience in the pit would keep their stations; for the extremes of luxury* on the one hand, and of misery, on the other, have a decided tendency to harden the human mind; but the middle class, in as much as it is equally removed from both these extremes, seems to be that particular meridian, under which all the kindlier affections, and the finer sensibilities of our nature most readily flourish and abound. But, even if the theatre were wholly emptied on such an occasion as that which I have noticed above, it would not appear that we should be warranted in affirming, that we are creatures so constituted, as to derive happiness, not only from our own pleasures, but from another's pains. For sympathy, in some

* It was from the pavilion of pleasure and enjoyment that the Fourteenth Louis sent out his orders for the devastation of the whole palatinate; and it was from the bowl and the banquet, that Nero issued forth to fiddle to the flames of Rome; and, on the contrary, it was from the loathsome bed of a most foul and incurable disease, that Herod decreed the assassination of the Jewish nobility; and Tippoo Saib ordered the murder of a corps of Christian slaves, the most cruel act of his cruel life, at a moment when he justly anticipated his own death, and the conflagration of his capital.

temperaments, will produce the same conduct, with insensibility, in others, and the effects will be similar, although the causes that produce them will be opposite. The famous "*amateur Anglaise*," who crossed the channel to witness an execution at Paris, was never suspected of a want of feeling; but the servant girl, recorded by Swift, who walked seven miles in a torrent of rain, to see a criminal hanged, and returned crying and sobbing because the man was reprieved, may, without any breach of Christian charity, be accused of a total want of *compassion and benevolence*.

CCCXXVIII.

ANALOGY, although it is not infallible, is yet that telescope of the mind by which it is marvellously assisted in the discovery of both physical and moral truth. Analogy has much in store for *men*; but babes require milk, and there may be intellectual food which the present state of society is not fit to partake of; to lay such before it, would be as absurd as to give a quadrant to an Indian, or a loom to an Hottentot. There is a time for all things, and it was necessary that a certain state of civilization and refinement should precede, and, as it were, prepare the human mind for the reception even of the noblest gift it has ever received, the law of God revealed by Christianity. Socrates was termed a Christian, born some centuries before his time. A state of society like the present, obscured by selfishness, and disturbed by warfare, presents a medium almost impervious to the ray of moral truth; the muddy sediment must subside, and the tempest must cease, before the sun can illuminate the lake. But I foresee the period when some new and parent idea in morals, the matrix of a better order of things, shall reconcile us more completely to God, to nature, and to ourselves. In physics, there are many discoveries already made, too powerful to be safe, too unmanageable to be subservient. Like the Behemoth described by Job, who could neither be tamed to render sport for the maidens, nor

to bend his neck to the plough, so these discoveries in physics have not yet been subdued by any hand bold enough to apply them either to the elegancies or to the necessities of life. Let any man reflect on the revolution produced in society by two simple and common things, glass and gunpowder. What then? shall some discoveries in physics be so important as to produce a complete revolution in society, and others so powerful that the very inventors of them have not as yet dared to apply them, and shall not discoveries in *morals* be allowed a still more paramount and universal influence? an influence, the greater in proportion as *matter* is inferior to *mind*. For we must remember that analogy was that powerful engine that, in the mind of a Newton, discovered to us the laws of all *other* worlds; and in that of a Columbus, put us in full possession of our own.

CCCXXIX.

SOCIETY, like a shaded silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colours will deceive us. Goldsmith observed, that one man who travels through Europe on foot, and who, like Scriblerus, makes his legs his compasses, and another who is whisked through it in a chaise and four, will form very different conclusions at the end of their journey. The philosopher, therefore, will draw his estimate of human nature, by varying as much as possible his own situation, to multiply the points of view under which he observes her. Uncircumscribed by lines of latitude or of longitude, he will examine her “*buttoned up and laced in the forms and ceremonies of civilization, and at her ease, and unrestrained in the light and feathered costume of the savage.*” He will also associate with the highest, without servility, and with the lowest, without vulgarity. In short, in the grand theatre of human life, he will visit the pit and the gallery, as well as the boxes, but he will not inform the boxes that he comes amongst them from the pit, nor the pit that he visits them from the gallery.

CCCXXX.

A SECOND profession seldom succeeds, not because a man may not make himself fully equal to its duties, but because the world will not readily believe he is so. The world argue thus: he that has failed in his first profession, to which he dedicated the morning of his life, and the spring time of his exertions, is not the most likely person to master a second. But to this it may be replied, that a man's first profession is often chosen for him by others; his second he usually decides upon for himself; therefore, his failure in his first profession may, for what they know, be mainly owing to the secret but sincere attentions he was constantly paying to his second; and, in this case, he may be compared to those who having suffered others to prescribe to them a wife, have taken the liberty to consult themselves in the choice of a mistress.

CCCXXXI.

IT has been well observed, that the tongue discovers the state of the mind, no less than that of the body; but, in either case, before the philosopher or the physician can judge, the patient must *open his mouth*. Some men envelope themselves in such an impenetrable cloke of silence, that the tongue will afford us no symptoms of the temperament of the mind. Such taciturnity, indeed, is wise if they are fools, but foolish if they are wise, and the only method to form a judgment of these mutes, is narrowly to observe when, where, and how they smile. It shows much more stupidity to be grave at a good thing, than to be merry at a bad one; and of all ignorance, that which is silent, is the least productive, for praters may suggest an idea, if they cannot start one.

CCCXXXII.

THE labouring classes of the community, in the metropolis, are vastly inferior, in point of intellect, to the same order of society in the country. The mind of the city

artificer, is mechanized by his constant attention to one single object ; an attention into which he is of necessity drilled and disciplined, by the minute subdivision of labour, which improves, I admit, the art, but debilitates the artist, and converts the man into a mere breathing part of that machinery by which he works. The rustic, on the contrary, who is obliged to turn his hand to every thing, and must often *make* his tool before he can use it, is pregnant with invention, and fertile in resource. It is true, that by a combination of their different employments, the city artificers produce specimens in their respective vocations, far superior to the best efforts of the rustics. But, if from the effects of *systematic combination*, the city infer an *individual superiority*, they are woefully deceived.

CCCXXXIII.

THE society of dead authors has this advantage over that of the living, they never flatter us to our faces, nor slander us behind our backs, nor intrude upon our privacy, nor quit their shelves until we take them down. Besides, it is always easy to shut a book, but not quite so easy to get rid of a lettered coxcomb. Living authors, therefore, are usually bad companions ; if they have not gained a character, they seek to do so by methods often ridiculous, always disgusting ; and if they have established a character, they are silent, for fear of losing by their tongue what they have acquired by their pen ; for many authors converse much more foolishly than Goldsmith, who have never written half so well.

CCCXXXIV.

IF you would be known, and not know, *vegetate* in a village ; if you would know, and not be known, *live* in a city.

CCCXXXV.

THAT modes of government have much more to

do with the formation of national character, than soils, suns, and climates, is sufficiently evident from the present state of Greece and Rome, compared with the ancient. Give these nations back their former governments, and all their national energies would return, and enable them to accommodate themselves to any conceivable change of climate; but no conceivable change of climate would enable them to recover their former energies. In fact, so powerful are all those causes that are connected with changes in their governments, that they have sometimes made whole nations alter as suddenly and as capriciously as individuals. The Romans laid down their liberties at the feet of Nero, who would not even lend them to Cæsar; and we have lately seen the whole French nation, rush as one man from the very extremes of loyalty, to behead the mildest monarch that ever ruled them, and conclude a sanguinary career of plunder, by pardoning and rewarding a tyrant, to whom their blood was but water, and their groans but wind; thus they sacrificed one that died a martyr, to his clemency, and they rewarded another, who lives to boast of his murders.

CCCXXXVI.

HE that gives a portion of his time and talent to the investigation of mathematical truth, will come to all other questions, with a decided advantage over his opponents. He will be in argument what the ancient Romans were in the field; to them the day of battle was a day of comparative recreation, because they were ever accustomed to exercise with arms much heavier than they fought; and their reviews differed from a real battle in two respects, they encountered more fatigue, but the victory was bloodless.

CCCXXXVII.

A PEACE, for the making of which, the negociator has been the most liberally rewarded, is usually a bad peace. He is rewarded on the score of having overreached

his enemy, and for having made a peace, the advantages of which are clearly on his own side. But such a peace will not be kept; and that is the best peace which is most likely to be the firmest. Now, a peace where the advantages are balanced, and which consults the good of both parties, is the firmest, because both parties are interested in its preservation; for parchment bonds and seals of state will not restrain a discontented nation, that has arms in her hands, and knows how to use them.

CCCXXXVIII.

NO men despise physic so much as physicians, because no men so thoroughly understand how little it can perform. They have been tinkering the human constitution four thousand years, in order to cure about as many disorders. The result is, that mercury and brimstone are the only two specifics they have discovered. All the fatal maladies continue to be what they were in the days of Paracelsus, Hippocrates, and Galen, "*opprobria medicorum.*" It is true that each disorder has a thousand prescriptions, but not a single remedy. They pour a variety of salts and acids into a marble mortar, and expect similar results when these ingredients are poured into the human stomach; but what can be so groundless as reasonings built on such analogies *. For the marble mortar admits the agency of the atmospherical air, which cannot be said of the human stomach; and,

* It is more safe to imitate the conduct of the late Doctor Heberden; he paid the strictest attention to symptoms, and to temperaments, and having ascertained *these*, to the best of his judgment, he prescribed such remedies as he had always observed to be beneficial to others under *similar* circumstances; and what was of still greater consequence, he carefully avoided all that long experience had taught him would do harm; here he stopped, for he was not so presumptuous as to frame theories to explain the why and the wherefore this did harm, or that did good; he was too much occupied in things of greater importance, well knowing that the wisest of us know nothing of life, but *by its effects*, and that the consequences of every prescription are far more clear and apparent than the causes that produce them.

again, the human stomach possesses life *, and the gastric juice, which cannot be said of the marble mortar.

CCCXXXIX.

THERE are two metals, one of which is omnipotent in the cabinet, and the other in the camp,—gold and iron. He that knows how to apply them both, may indeed attain the highest station, but he must know something *more* to keep it. It has been doubted whether Cromwell, with all his pretended sanctity, and all his real courage, could have maintained his power one short year longer, even if he had not died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and on the anniversary of that very day, which he had always considered as the most fortunate of his life. For Cromwell had also his *high destinies*, and his lucky days.

CCCXL.

ANTITHESIS may be the blossom of wit, but it will never arrive at maturity, unless sound sense be the trunk, and truth the root.

CCCXLI.

POSTHUMOUS charities are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing. In Catholic countries there is no mortmain act, and those who, when dying, impoverish their relations, by leaving their fortunes to be expended in masses for themselves, have been shrewdly said to leave their own souls their heirs.

CCCXLII.

THE science of the mathematics performs *more* than it

* The gastric juice will not act upon a *living* stomach, although it will rapidly decompose a dead one.

promises, but the science of metaphysics promises more than *t performs*. The study of the mathematics, like the Nile, begins in minuteness, but ends in magnificence; but the study of metaphysics begins with a torrent of tropes, and a copious current of words, yet loses itself at last, in obscurity and conjecture, like the Niger in his barren deserts of sand.

CCCXLIII.

TO be continually subject to the breath of slander, will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the brightness of the finest gold; but, in either case, the real value of both continues the same, although the *currency* may be somewhat impeded.

CCCXLIV.

THE mob is a monster with the hands of Briareus, but the head of Polyphemus, strong to execute, but blind to perceive.

CCCXLV.

WHEN we apply to the conduct of the ancient Romans, the pure and unbending principles of Christianity, we try those noble delinquents unjustly, in as much as we condemn them by the severe sentence of an "*ex post facto*" law.

CCCXLVI.

STRONG as our passions are, they may be starved into submission, and conquered, without being killed.

CCCXLVII.

GREAT men, like great cities, have many crooked arts, and dark alleys in their hearts, whereby he that knows them may save himself much time and trouble.

CCCXLVIII

THERE are some men who are fortune's favourites, and who, like cats, light for ever upon their legs; Wilkes was one of these didappers, whom, if you had stripped naked, and thrown over Westminster bridge, you might have met on the very next day, with a bag wig on his head, a sword by his side, a laced coat upon his back, and money in his pocket.

CCCXLIX.

WE may doubt of the existence of matter, if we please, and, like Berkeley, even deny it, without subjecting ourselves to the shame of a very conclusive confutation; but there is this remarkable difference between matter and mind; he that doubts the existence of mind, by *doubting*, proves it.

CCCL.

THE policy of drawing a public revenue from the private vices of drinking, and of gaming, is as purblind as it is pernicious; for temperate men drink the most, because they drink the longest; and a gamester contributes much less to the revenue than the industrious, because he is much sooner ruined. When Mandeville maintained that private vices were public benefits, he did not calculate the widely destructive influence of bad example. To affirm that a vicious man is only his *own* enemy, is about as wise as to affirm that a virtuous man is only his *own* friend.

CCCLI.

RUSSIA, like the elephant, is rather unwieldy in attacking others, but most formidable in defending herself. She proposes this dilemma to all invaders,—a dilemma that Napoleon discovered too late. The horns of it are short and simple, but strong. *Come to me with few, and I will*

overwhelm you ; come to me with many, and you shall overwhelm yourselves.

CCCLII.

THE art of destruction seems to have proceeded geometrically, while the art of preservation cannot be said to have advanced even in a plain arithmetical progression ; for there are but *two* specifics known, which will infallibly cure their two respective diseases. But the modes of destroying life have increased so rapidly, that conquerors have not to consider how to murder men, but out of the numberless methods invented, are only puzzled which to chuse. If any nation should hereafter discover a new mode of more inevitable and universal destruction to its enemies, than is yet known, (and some late experiments in chemistry have made this supposition far from improbable), it would, in that case, become absolutely necessary for all neighbouring nations to attempt a similar discovery ; or that nation which continued in sole possession of so tremendous a secret, would, like the serpent of Aaron, swallow up all neighbouring nations, and ultimately subjugate the world. Let such a secret be once known by any particular nation, and by the awakened activity of all neighbouring states, by every possible effort of vigilant and sleepless espionage, and by the immense rewards proposed for information, mankind would soon perceive which of the two arts government considered of the greatest consequence—the art of preservation, or that of destruction. If, indeed, any new and salutary mode of preserving life were discovered, such a discovery would not awaken the jealousy, nor become, in any degree, such a stimulus to the inventive faculties of other nations, as the art of destruction ; princes and potentates would look on with indifference, and the progress of such discoveries has always been slow, and their salutary consequences remote and precarious. Inoculation was practised in Turkey, long before it was known in Europe ; and vaccination has, at this moment, many prejudices to contend with. The Chinese, who aspire to be

thought an enlightened nation, to this day are ignorant of the circulation of the blood ; and, even in England, the man who made that noble discovery, lost all his practice in consequence of his ingenuity ; and Hume informs us, that no physician in the united kingdoms, who had attained the age of forty, ever submitted to become a convert to Harvey's theory, but went on preferring *mumpsimus* to *sumpsimus* to the day of his death. So true is that line of the satyrist, "*a fool at forty, is a fool indeed ;*" and we may also add, on this occasion, another line from another satyrist :

"*Durum est,*
"*Quæ juvenes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.*"

CCCLIII.

THERE are two things which united, constitute the value of any acquisition, its difficulty and its utility. But the bulk of mankind, with Bayes in the Rehearsal, like what will astonish, rather than what will improve. Dazzled by the difficulty, they examine not the utility ; and he that benefits them by some mode which they can comprehend, is not so sure of their applause, as the political juggler who merely surprises them, they know not how.

CCCLIV.

GOD is on the side of virtue ; for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it, and whoever deserves it, dreads it.

CCCLV.

THE most disagreeable two legged animal I know, is a little great man, and the next, a little great man's factotum and friend.

CCCLVI

THERE are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their *friends* more.

CCCLVII.

CIVIL and religious freedom go hand in hand, and in no country can much of the one long exist, without producing a correspondent portion of the other. No despotism, therefore, is so complete as that which imposes ecclesiastical as well as political restrictions; and those tyrants in Christendom, who discourage popery, have learned but half their lesson. Provided tyrants will assist her in fettering the mind, she will most readily assist them in enslaving the body.

CCCLVIII.

THERE are some persons whose erudition so much outweighs their observation, and have read so much, but reflected so little, that they will not hazard the most familiar truism, or common place allegation, without bolstering up their rickety judgments in the swaddling bands of antiquity, their doting nurse and preceptress. Thus, they will not be satisfied to say that content is a blessing, that time is a treasure, or that self-knowledge is to be desired, without quoting Aristotle, Thales, or Cleobulus, and yet these very men, if they met another walking in noon day, by the smoky light of a lanthorn, would be the first to stop and ridicule such conduct, but the last to recognize in *his* folly their own.

CCCLIX.

MYSTERY magnifies danger as the fog the sun. The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a *body*; and death itself is not formidable in what we do know of it, but in what we do *not*.

CCCLX.

LEVITY is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.

CCCLXI.

REVENGE is a fever in our own blood, to be cured

only by letting the blood of another ; but the remedy too often produces a relapse, which is remorse—a malady far more dreadful than the first disease, because it is incurable.

CCCLXII.

AFFLICTIONS sent by Providence, melt the constancy of the noble minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold ; and in the strong manifestations of divine power, Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.

CCCLXIII.

WHEN young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes ; the ripe and fertile season of action, when alone, we can hope to find the head to contrive, united with the hand to execute.

CCCLXIV.

THE French nation despises all other nations, except the English ; we have the honour of her hate, only because she cannot despise us.

CCCLXV

THE firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

CCCLXVI.

NEUTRALITY is no favourite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.

CCCLXVII.

RELIGION, like its votaries, while it exists on earth, must have a body as well as a soul. A religion purely spiritual, might suit a being as pure, but men are compound animals ; and the body too often lords it over the mind.

CCCLXVIII.

SECRECY has been well termed the soul of all great designs ; perhaps more has been effected by concealing our own intentions, than by discovering those of our enemy. But great men succeed in both

CCCLXIX.

ALWAYS look at those whom you are talking *to*, never at those whom you are talking *of*.

CCCLXX.

THERE are some truths, the force and validity of which we readily admit, in all cases except our own ; and there are other truths so self-evident, that we dare not deny them, but so dreadful, that we dare not believe them.

CCCLXXI.

MANY speak the truth, when they say that they despise riches and preferment, but they mean the riches and preferment possessed by *other men*.

CCCLXXII.

IF the weakness of the head were an admissible excuse for the malevolence of the heart, the one-half of man kind would be occupied in aggression, and the other half in forgiveness ; but the interests of society peremptorily demand that things should not be so ; for a fool is often as

dangerous to deal with as a knave, and always more *incorrigible*.

CCCLXXIII.

THERE are prating coxcombs in the world, who would rather talk than listen, although Shakespeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme !

CCCLXXIV.

THE greatest professor and proficient in any science, loves it not so sincerely as to be fully pleased with any finer effort in it than he can *himself* produce. The feeling excited on such an occasion, is a mixed sensation of envy, delight, and despair ; but the bitters here are as two, the sweets but as one.

CCCLXXV.

GAMING is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.

CCCLXXVI.

NEVER join with your friend when he abuses his horse or his wife, unless the one is about to be *sold*, and the other to be *buried*.

CCCLXXVII.

HUSBANDS cannot be *principals* in their own cuckoldom, but they are *parties* to it much more often than they themselves imagine.

CCCLXXVIII.

PROFESSORS in every branch of the sciences, prefer their own theories to truth ; the reason is, that their theories are *private* property, but truth is *common stock*.

CCCLXXIX.

IT is dangerous to be much praised in private circles, before our reputation is fully established in the world.

CCCLXXX.

MANY designing men, by asking small favours, and evincing great gratitude, have eventually obtained the most important ones. There is something in the human mind (perhaps the force of habit,) which strongly inclines us to continue to oblige those whom we have begun to oblige, and to injure those whom we have begun to injure; “*eo injuriosior quia nocuerat.*”

CCCLXXXI.

LAW and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

CCCLXXXII.

IT is safer to be attacked by some men, than to be *protected* by them.

CCCLXXXIII.

PERSECUTING bigots may be compared to those burning lenses which Leuhenhoeck and others composed from ice; by their chilling apathy they freeze the suppliant; by their fiery zeal they burn the sufferer.

CCCLXXXIV.

AS the rays of the sun, notwithstanding their velocity, injure not the eye, by reason of their minuteness, so the attacks of envy, notwithstanding their number, ought not to wound our virtue, by reason of their insignificance.

CCCLXXXV

THERE is a holy love, and a holy rage; and our best virtues never glow so brightly as when our passions are excited in the cause. Sloth, if it has prevented many crimes, has also smothered many virtues*, and the best of us are better when roused. Passion is to virtue, what wine was to Æschylus and to Ennius†, under its inspiration their powers were at their height.

CCCLXXXVI.

FEAR debilitates and lowers, but hope animates and revives; therefore rulers and magistrates should attempt to operate on the minds of their respective subjects, if possible, by reward, rather than punishment. And this principle will be strengthened by another consideration; he that is punished or rewarded, while he falls or rises in the estimation of others, cannot fail to do so likewise in his own.

CCCLXXXVII.

MEN pursue riches under the idea that their possession will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant, finish by becoming themselves its slave; and independence without wealth, is at least as common as wealth without independence.

CCCLXXXVIII.

IF St. Paul were again to appear on earth, since all the multifarious denominations of Christians would claim him, which would he chuse? The apostle himself shall answer: "*Pure religion, and undefiled before God, and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*"

* "*Socordiâ innocens.*"

† "*———— Nunquam, nisi potus, ad arma
" Succurrit dicenda.*"

CCCLXXXIX.

GRANT graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

CCCXC.

THERE are politic friendships which knaves find it necessary to keep up with those whom they mean the more effectually to ruin; for most men may be led to their destruction, few can be driven. Had Talleyrand's enmity to Napoleon manifested itself in opposition, it would have been fatal, not to his master, but to himself; he maintained, therefore, a friendship that not only aggrandized himself, but opened a door for the communication of that advice that enabled him eventually to ruin his master.

CCCXCI.

THE martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

CCCXCII.

DEMAGOGUES, however fond they may affect to be of independence and liberty in their public speeches, are invariably tories in their private actions, and despots in their own families. The most violent of them have usually been formed like Wilkes, by the refusal of some unreasonable request; and their patriotism appears in a very questionable shape, when we see that they rejoice in just as much public calamity as introduces them into power, and supplants their rivals*.

* The real difference, therefore, between a tory and a whig would seem to be this: the one *has* power, the other *wants* it. Samuel Johnson was not a little disconcerted by an unexpected retort, made upon him before a large party at Oxford, by Doctor Crowe. The principles of

CCCXCIII.

RESTORATIONS disappoint the loyal ; if princes at such times have much to give, they have also much to gain ; and policy dictates the necessity of bestowing rather to conciliate enemies, than to reward friends †.

CCCXCIV.

IN our attempt to deceive the world, those are the most likely to detect us, *who are sailing on the same tack.*

CCCXCV.

NONE knew how to draw long bills on futurity, that never will be honoured, better than Mahomet. He possessed himself of a large stock of real and present pleasure and power here, by promising a visionary quantum of those good things to his followers hereafter ; and, like the maker of an almanack, made his fortune in this world, by telling absurd lies about another.

our lexicographer ran with too much violence in one way, not to foam a little when they met with a current running equally strong in another. The dispute happened to turn upon the origin of whiggism, for Johnson had triumphantly challenged Dr. Crowe to tell him who was the first whig ; the latter finding himself a little puzzled, Dr. Johnson tauntingly rejoined, “ I see, Sir, that you are even ignorant of the head of your own party, but I will tell you, Sir ; the devil was the first whig ; he was the first reformer ; he wanted to set up a reform even in Heaven ! ” Dr. Crowe calmly replied, “ I am much obliged to you for your information, and I certainly did not foresee that you would go so far back for your authority ; yet I rather fear that your argument makes against yourself ; for, if the devil was a whig, you have admitted that while he was a whig, he was in Heaven, but you have forgotten that the moment he got into Hell, he set up for a tory.”

† The amnesty act of Charles the Second was termed an act of oblivion to his friends, but of grateful remembrance to his foes. And on another occasion, the loyalty of the brave Crillon was not strengthened by any reward, only because it was considered too firm to be shaken by any neglect.

CCCXCVI.

THERE are three things that, well understood, and conscientiously practised, would save the three professions a vast deal of trouble ; but we must not expect that every member of the three professions would thank us for such a discovery, for some of them have too much time upon their hands ; and a philosopher would be more inclined to smile than to wonder, should he now and then hear a physician crying down *regimen*, a lawyer, *equity*, or a priest, *morality*.

CCCXCVII.

WE are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do ; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants, if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you ; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

CCCXCVIII.

NO two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is labouring eternally, but to no purpose, and in constant motion without getting on a jot ; like a turnstile, he is in every body's way, but stops nobody ; he talks a great deal, but says very little ; looks into every thing, but sees into nothing ; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them are hot, and with those few that are, he only burns his fingers.

CCCXCIX.

IF none were to reprove the vicious, excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world ; our master could love the criminal while he hated the crime, but we, his disciples, too often love the crime, but hate the criminal. A perfect knowledge of the depravity of the human heart, with perfect pity for

the infirmities of it, never co-existed but in one breast, and never will.

CCCC.

RATS and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.

CCCCI.

HESITATION is a sign of weakness, for in as much as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action about which we hesitate, are seldom equally balanced, a strong mind should perceive the slightest inclination of the beam, with the glance of an eagle, particularly as there are cases where the preponderance will be very *minute*, even although there should be *life* in one scale, and *death* in the other. It is recorded of the late Earl of Berkeley, that he was suddenly awakened at night, in his carriage, by a highwayman, who ramming a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time, that he had heard that his lordship had boasted that he never would be robbed by a *single* highwayman, but that he should now be taught the contrary. His lordship putting his hand into his pocket, replied, "neither would I now be robbed, if it was not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round his head, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket instead of a purse, shot him on the spot.

CCCCII.

SOME are so censorious as to advance that those who have discovered a thorough knowledge of all the depravities of the human heart, must be themselves depraved; but this is about as wise as to affirm that every physician who understands a disease, must be himself diseased.

CCCCIII.

THE learned have often amused themselves by publishing the follies of the dunces ; but if the dunces would retaliate by publishing the blunders of the learned, they might for once put forth a volume that would *not be dull*, although it would be *large*. Dr. Johnson, when publishing his dictionary, requested, through the medium of one of the journals, the etymology of *curmudgeon*. Some one shortly afterwards answered the doctor's advertisement, by observing that it was in all probability derived from *cœur mechant* ; these words he did not think it necessary to translate, but merely put as his signature, "*An unknown correspondent.*" A brother lexicographer, who was also preparing a dictionary, got to press before the doctor, and *ingeniously*, as he thought, forestalled him in the article of curmudgeon, where to the no small amusement of all etymologists, he had thus derived it, "*curmudgeon, from cœur mechant, an unknown correspondent!!*"

CCCCIV.

THE profoundly wise do not declaim against superficial * knowledge in others, so much as the profoundly ignorant ; on the contrary, they would rather assist it with their advice than overwhelm it with their contempt, for they know that there was a period when even a Bacon or a Newton were superficial, and that he who has a little know-

* Desperately wounded, and at a fearful distance from all surgical help, I owe my own life, under Providence, to a slight smattering in anatomy, by which I knew that the pressure of the finger close to the clavis would effectually stop the whole circulation of the arm ; but this served my purpose at *that time*, as well as if I had been sufficiently skilled in the science, to be the demonstrator to a Cline or a Brodie. I cannot express my gratitude better to those very able and skilful surgeons who attended me on that occasion, than by saying that their success has excited the astonishment of some of the most eminent practitioners in this metropolis, who have also expressed their doubts even as to the *attempt* of saving the limb, had such an accident occurred in London.

ledge is far *more* likely to get more than he that has none. When the great Harvey was whipped at school for an experiment upon a cat, his *Orbilius* could not foresee in the little urchin that he was flagellating, the future discoverer of the circulation of the blood. And the progress of mind in science, is not very unlike the progress of science herself in experiment. When the air balloon was first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it? The doctor answered this question by asking another: "*What is the use of a new born infant? It may become a man.*"

CCCCV.

WHEN I hear persons gravely affirm that they have made up their minds to forego this or that improper enjoyment, I often think in myself that it would be quite as prudent, if they could also make up their *bodies* as well. Falstaff would have been as abstemious at the banquet as a hermit, and as firm in the battle as a Hero, if he could but have gained over the consent of his belly, in the one case, and of his legs in the other. He that *strives for the mastery*, must join a well disciplined body to a well regulated mind; for with mind and body, as with man and wife, it often happens that the stronger vessel is ruled by the weaker, although in moral, as in domestic economy, matters are best conducted where neither parties are unreasonable, and where *both* are agreed.

CCCCVI.

THOSE who visit foreign nations, but who associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate, but not their customs "*cælum non animum mutant*;" they see new meridians, but the same men, and with heads as empty as their pockets, return home, with travelled bodies, but untravelled minds.

CCCCVII.

CONVERSATION is the music of the mind, an in-

tellectual orchestra where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together. Each of the performers should have a just appreciation of his own powers, otherwise an unskilful novice, who might usurp the first fiddle, would infallibly get into a *scrape*. To prevent these mistakes, a good master of the band will be very particular in the assortment of the performers, if too dissimilar there will be no harmony, if too few there will be no variety, and if too numerous, there will be no order, for the presumption of one prater * might silence the eloquence of a Burke, or the wit of a Sheridan, as a single kettledrum would drown the finest solo of a Gioniwich or a Jordini.

CCCCVIII.

MAN is an embodied paradox, a bundle of contradictions; and as some set off against the marvellous things that he has done, we might fairly adduce the monstrous things that he has believed. The more gross the fraud †, the more glibly will it go down, and the more greedily will it be swallowed, since folly will always find faith wherever impostors will find impudence.

CCCCIX.

ALTHOUGH the majority of the inhabitants of London will stop to gaze at the merest trifles, will be amused by the heaviest efforts of dulness, and will believe the

* Butler compared the tongues of these eternal talkers to race horses, which go the faster the less *weight* they carry; and Cumberland has observed, that they take possession of a subject as a highwayman does of a purse, without knowing its contents, or caring to whom it belongs.

† Who could have supposed that such a wretch as Joanna Southcote could have gained numerous and wealthy proselytes, in the nineteenth century, in an era of general illumination, and in the first metropolis of the world? I answer, none but philosophers, whose creed it is "*nil admirari*," when the folly of mankind is the subject.

grossest absurdities, though they are the dupes of all that is designing abroad, or contemptible at home, yet, by residing in this wonderful metropolis, let not the wisest man presume to think he shall *not* add to his wisdom, nor the most experienced man to his experience.

CCCCX.

HE that dies a martyr, proves that he was not a knave, but by no means that he was not a fool; since the most absurd doctrines are not without such evidence as martyrdom can produce. A martyr, therefore, by the *mere* act of suffering, can prove nothing but his own faith. If, as was the case of the primitive Christian martyrs, it should clearly appear that the sufferer could not have been himself deceived, then, indeed, the evidence rises high, because the act of martyrdom absolves him from the charge of wilfully deceiving others.

CCCCXI.

OF governments, that of the mob is the most sanguinary, that of soldiers the most expensive, and that of civilians the most vexatious.

CCCCXII.

WHEN a man has displayed talent in some particular path, and left all competitors behind him in it, the world are too apt to give him credit for an universality of genius, and to anticipate for him success in all that he undertakes. But to appear qualified to fill the department of another, is much more easy, than really to master our own; and those who have succeeded in one profession, have seldom been able to afford the time necessary to the fully understanding of a second. Cromwell could manage men, but when he attempted to manage horses*, he encountered more danger

* Nero made a similar mistake; but he proved himself as unequal to the task of governing horses as of men, and as unfit to hold the reins

than in all his battles, and narrowly escaped with his life. Neither can we admit that definition of genius that some would propose, "a power to accomplish all that we undertake," for we might multiply examples to prove that this definition of genius contains more than the thing defined, for Cicero failed in poetry, Pope in painting, Addison in oratory, yet it would be harsh to deny genius to these men. But, as a man cannot fairly be termed a poor man, who has a large property in the funds, but nothing in land, so we cannot deny genius to those who have discovered a rich vein in one province of literature, but poverty of talent in another. This tendency, however, to ascribe an universality of genius to great men, led Dryden to affirm, on the strength of two smart satirical lines, that Virgil could have written a satire equal to Juvenal. But, with all due deference to Dryden, I conceive it much more manifest, that Juvenal could have written a better epic than Virgil, than that Virgil could have written a satire equal to Juvenal. Juvenal has many passages of the moral sublime far superior to any that can be found in Virgil, who, indeed, seldom attempts a higher flight than the sublime of description. Had Lucan lived, he might have rivalled them both, as he has all the vigour of the one, and time might have furnished him with the taste and elegance of the other. ' .

CCCCXIII.

HORACE makes an awkward figure in his vain at-

of a chariot, as of a kingdom ; he made his appearance at the hippodrome of Olympia, in a chariot drawn by ten horses, although he himself had formerly censured Mithridates for the same temerity ; he was thrown from his seat, but *unfortunately* the fall was not fatal, although it prevented him from finishing the race ; nevertheless, the helladonics, or *stewards of the course*, proclaimed the emperor victor, and assigned him the Olympic crown, for which *upright* decision they were rewarded with a magnificent present. Galba, however, obliged them afterwards to refund it, and they themselves partly from shame, and partly from pique, erased that Olympiad out of the calendar.

tempt to unite his real character of sycophant, with the assumed one of the satyrist; he sometimes attempts to preach down vice, without virtue, sometimes to laugh it down without wit. His object was to be patronized by a court, without meanness, if possible, but, at all events, to be patronized. He served the times more perhaps, than the times served him, and instead of forming the manners of his superiors, he himself was, in great measure, formed by them. In fact, no two men who have handled the same subject, differ so completely, both in character, and in style, as Horace and Juvenal; to the latter may be applied what Seneca said of Cato, that he gained as complete a triumph over the vices of his country, as Scipio did over the enemies of it. Had Juvenal lived in the days of Horace, he would have written much better, because much bolder; but had Horace lived in the time of Juvenal, he would not have dared to have written satire at all; in attacking the false friends of his country, he would have manifested the same pusillanimity which he himself informs us he discovered, when he, on *one* occasion, ventured to attack her real foes.

CCCCXIV.

SHREWD and crafty politicians, when they wish to bring about an unpopular measure, must not go strait forward to work, if they do, they will certainly fail; and failures to men in power, are like defeats to a general, they shake their popularity. Therefore, since they cannot sail in the teeth of the wind, they must tack, and ultimately gain their object, by appearing at times to be departing from it. Mr. Pitt, at a moment when the greatest jealousy existed in the country, on the subject of the freedom of the press, inflicted a mortal blow on this guardian of our liberties, without seeming to touch, or even to aim at it; he doubled the tax upon *all* advertisements, and this single act immediately knocked up all the host of pamphleteers, who formed the sharp-shooters and tirailleurs of literature, and whose fire struck more terror into administration than the heaviest can-

nonade from bulky quartos or folios could produce ; the former were ready for the moment, but before the latter could be loaded and brought to bear, the object was either changed or removed, and had ceased to awaken the jealousies, or to excite the fears of the nation.

CCCCXV.

THAT extremes beget extremes, is an apothegm built on the most profound observation of the human mind ; and its truth is in nothing more apparent than in those moral phenomena, perceivable when a nation, inspired by one common sentiment, rushes at once from despotism to liberty. To suppose that a nation under such circumstances should confine herself precisely to that middle point, between the two extremes of licentiousness and slavery, in which true liberty consists, were as absurd as to suppose that a volcano nearly suppressed and smothered by the superincumbent weight of a mountain, will neither consume itself, nor destroy what is contiguous, when, by an earthquake, that pressure is suddenly removed ; for it must be remembered that despotism degrades and demoralizes the human mind ; and although she at length forces men on a just attempt to recover by violence, those rights that, by violence, were taken away yet that very depravation superinduced by despotism, renders men, for a season, unfit for the rational exercise of those civil rights, they have with so much hazard regained. At such a crisis to expect that a people should keep the strict unbending path of rectitude and reason, without deviating into private rapine, or public wrong, were as wise as to expect that a horse would walk in a strait line, immediately on being released from his trammels, after having been *blinded* by a long routine of drudgery in the circle of a mill.

CCCCXVI.

WHEN men in power profusely reward the intellectual efforts of individuals in their behalf, what are the pub.

lic to presume from this? They may generally presume that the cause so remunerated was a bad one, in the opinions of those who are so grateful for its defence. In private life, a client will hardly set any bounds to his generosity, should his counsel be ingenious enough to gain him a victory, not only over his antagonist, but even over the laws themselves; and, in public affairs, we may usually infer the weakness of the cause, by the excessive price that ministers have freely paid to those whose eloquence, or whose sophistry has enabled them to make that weakness triumph.

CCCCXVII.

MUCH may be done in those little shreds and patches of time, which every day produces, and which most men throw away, but which nevertheless will make at the end of it, no small deduction from the little life of man. Cicero has termed them *intercisiva tempora*, and the ancients were not ignorant of their value; nay, it was not unusual with them either to compose or to dictate, while under the operation of rubbing after the bath.

CCCCXVIII.

ARBITRATION has this advantage, there are some points of contest which it is better to *lose* by arbitration, than to win by law. But as a good general offers his terms before the action, rather than in the midst of it, so a wise man will not easily be persuaded to have recourse to a reference, when once his opponent has dragged him into a court.

CCCCXIX.

IN death itself there can be nothing terrible, for the act of death annihilates sensation; but there are many roads to death, and some of them justly formidable, even to the bravest; but so various are the modes of going out of the

world, that to be born may have been a more painful thing than to die, and to live may prove a more troublesome thing than either.

CCCCXX.

MORE have been ruined by their servants, than by their masters.

CCCCXXI.

LOVE, like the cold bath, is never negative, it seldom leaves us where it finds us; if once we plunge into it, it will either heighten our virtues, or inflame our vices.

CCCCXXII.

IF there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the deathbed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

CCCCXXIII.

PUBLIC charities and benevolent associations for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress, are peculiar to Christianity; no other system of civil or religious policy has *originated* them; they form its highest praise and characteristic feature; an order of benevolence so disinterested, and so exalted, looking before and after, could no more have *preceded* revelation, than light the sun.

CCCCXXIV.

APPLAUSE is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

CCCCXXV.

IN most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint, as well as a steel, either of them may hammer on wood for ever, no fire will follow

CCCCXXVI.

OUR wealth is often a snare to ourselves, and *always* a temptation to others.

CCCCXXVII.

TO know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures, we must go to those who are seeking it; the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.

CCCCXXVIII.

THOSE who are embarked in that greatest of all undertakings, the propagation of the gospel, and who do so from a thorough conviction of its superior utility and excellence, may indeed fail in saving others, but they are engaged in that labour of love, by which they are most likely to save themselves, particularly if they pray that through God's assistance *both* ends may be obtained.

CCCCXXIX.

TWO things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than things; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ, is worth contending about.

CCCCXXX.

FAITH and works are as necessary to our spiritual

life as Christians, as soul and body are to our natural life as men; for faith is the soul of religion, and works the body.

CCCCXXXI.

SOLOMON has said "there is nothing new under the sun;" and perhaps destruction has caused as much novelty as invention; for that is often only a revival which we think a discovery.

CCCCXXXII.

IT is an unfortunate thing for fools, that their pretensions should rise in an inverse ratio with their abilities, and their presumption with their weakness; and for the wise, that diffidence should be the companion of talent, and doubt the fruit of investigation.

CCCCXXXIII.

THERE are three kinds of praise, that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

CCCCXXXIV.

WE generally most covet that particular trust which we are least likely to keep. He that thoroughly knows his friends, might, perhaps, with safety, confide his wife to the care of one, his purse to another, and his secrets to a third, when to permit them to make their own choice would be his ruin.

CCCCXXXV.

ELOQUENCE is the language of nature, and cannot be learnt in the schools; the passions are powerful pleaders, and their very silence, like that of Garrick, goes

directly to the soul ; but rhetoric is the creature of art, which he who feels least, will most excel in ; it is the quackery of eloquence, and deals in nostrums, not in cures.

CCCCXXXVI.

WHEN honours come to us, rather than we to them ; when they meet us, as it were, in the vestibule of life, it is well if our enemies can say no more against us, than that we are too young for our dignities ; it would be much worse for us, if they could say that we are too old for them ; time will destroy the first objection, but confirm the second.

CCCCXXXVII.

PICKPOCKETS and beggars are the best practical physiognomists, without having read a line of Lavater, who, it is notorious, mistook a highwayman for a philosopher, and a philosopher for a highwayman.

CCCCXXXVIII.

FAULTS of the head are punished in this world, those of the heart in another ; but as most of our vices are compound, so also is their punishment.

CCCCXXXIX.

WE are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves ; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions, triumphs are defeats.

CCCCXL.

ATTEMPTS at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism ; as he that struggles, tightens those cords he does not succeed in breaking.

CCCCXLI.

A REVENGEFUL knave will do more than he will say; a grateful one will say more than he will do

CCCCXLII.

IN naval architecture, the rudder is first fitted in, and then the ballast is put on board, and, last of all, the cargo and the sails. It is far otherwise in the fitting up and forming of man; he is launched into life with the cargo of his faculties aboard, and all the sails of his passions set; but it is the long and painful work of his life, to acquire the ballast of experience, and to form the rudder of reason; hence, it too often happens that his frail vessel is shipwrecked before he has laid in the necessary quantity of ballast, or that he has been so long in completing the rudder, that the vessel is become too crazy to benefit by its application.

CCCCXLIII.

IT is with nations as with individuals, those who know, the least of others think the highest of themselves; for the whole family of pride and ignorance are incestuous, and mutually beget each other. The Chinese affect to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch; when it is out of order, they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one. The Persians think that all foreign merchants come to them from a small island in the northern waters, barren and desolate, which produces nothing good or beautiful; for why else, say they, do the Europeans fetch such things from us, if they are to be had at home. The Turk will not permit the sacred cities of Mecca or Medina to be polluted by the residence or even footstep of a single Christian; and as to the grand Dairo of Japan, he is so holy, that the sun is not permitted to have the honour of shining on his illustrious head. As to the king of Malacca, he styles himself lord of the winds, and the Mogul, to be

equal with him, titles himself conqueror of the world, and his grandees are denominated rulers of the thunder-storm, and steersmen of the whirlwind; even the pride of Xerxes, who fettered the sea, and wrote his commands to Mount Athos, or of Caligula, who boasted of an intrigue with the moon, are both surpassed by the petty sovereign of an insignificant tribe in North America, who every morning stalks out of his hovel, bids the sun good morrow, and points out to him with his finger, the course he is to take for the day; and to complete this climax of pride and ignorance, it is well known that the Khan of Tartary, who does not possess a single house under the canopy of heaven, has no sooner finished his repast of mare's milk and horse flesh, than he causes a herald proclaim from his seat, that all the princes and potentates of the earth have his permission to go to dinner. "The Arab," says Zimmerman, "in the conviction that his caliph is infallible, laughs at the stupid credulity of the Tartar, who holds his lama to be immortal." Those who inhabit Mount Bata, believe that whoever eats a roasted cuckoo before his death, is a saint, and firmly persuaded of the infallibility of this mode of sanctification, deride the Indians, who drag a cow to the bed of a dying person, and pinching her tail, are sure, if by that method they can make the creature void her urine in the face of the patient, he is immediately translated into the third Heaven. They scoff at the superstition of the Tartarian princes, who think that their beatification is secure, provided they can eat of the holy excrements of the lama; and the Tartars, in their turn, ridicule the Brahmins, who, for the better purification of their country, require them to eat cow dung for the space of six months, while these would, one and all, if they were told of the cuckoo method of salvation, as heartily despise and laugh at it. I have cited these ridiculous extravagancies to show that there are two things in which all sects agree, the hatred with which they pursue the errors of others, and the love with which they cling to their own.

CCCCXLIV.

WE must suit the flattery to the mind and taste of the recipient. We do not put essences into hogsheads, nor porter into phials. Delicate minds may be disgusted by compliments that would please a grosser intellect, as some fine ladies who would be shocked at the idea of a dram, will not refuse a liqueur. Some indeed there are who profess to despise all flattery, but even these are nevertheless to be flattered, by being told that they do despise it.

CCCCXLV.

EXPENCE of thought is the rarest prodigality, and to dare to live alone the rarest courage; since there are many who had rather meet their bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in their closet. He that has no resources of mind, is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessities for the body, and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.

CCCCXLVI.

SOME men of a secluded and studious life, have sent forth from their closet or their cloyster, rays of intellectual light that have agitated courts, and revolutionized kingdoms; like the moon which, though far removed from the ocean, and shining upon it with a serene and sober light, is the chief cause of all those ebbings and flowings which incessantly disturb that restless world of waters.

CCCCXLVII.

HAPPINESS is much more equally divided than some of us imagine. One man shall possess most of the materials, but little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing, but very few of the materials. In this parti-

cular view of it, happiness has been beautifully compared to the manna in the desert, *he that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack*; therefore, to diminish envy, let us consider not what others possess, but what they enjoy; mere riches may be the gift of lucky accident or blind chance, but happiness must be the result of prudent preference and rational design; the highest happiness then can have no other foundation than the 'deepest wisdom; and the happiest fool is only as happy as he knows how to be.

CCCCXLVIII.

AS there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the *safe* side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

CCCCXLIX.

ACCUSTOM yourself to submit on all and every occasion, and on the most minute, no less than on the most important circumstances of life, to a small present evil, to obtain a greater distant good. This will give decision, tone, and energy to the mind, which, thus disciplined, will often reap victory from defeat, and honour from repulse. Having acquired this invaluable habit of rational preference, and just appreciation, start for that *prize that endureth for ever*; you will have little left to learn. The advantages you will possess over common minds, will be those of the *Lanista* over the *T'yro*, and of the veteran over the recruit.

CCCCL.

TRUTH and reason, in this mixed state of good and evil, are not invariably triumphant over falsehood and error; but even when labouring under a *temporary* defeat,

the two former bear within them one stamp of superiority which plainly indicates that omnipotence is on their side; for their unworthy conquerors, from *such* a victory, universally retire abashed, enlightened, self-reproved, and exclaiming with Pyrrhus, *a few more such victories and we are undone.*

CCCCLI.

WERE a plain unlettered man, but endowed with common sense, and a certain *quantum* of observation and of reflection, to read over attentively the four gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, without any *note or comment*, I hugely doubt whether it would enter into his ears to hear, his eyes to see, or his heart to conceive, the purport of many ideas signified by many words ending in *ism*, which nevertheless have cost Christendom rivers of ink, and oceans of blood.

CCCCLII.

THE most cruel and revengeful measures, when once carried, have often been pushed to their utmost extremity, by those very men who, before their enactment, pretended to oppose them, in order to throw the odium on others. But this opposition has proceeded from the lip, not from the heart, and would not have been made, if the objector did not foresee that *his* opposition would be *fruitless*. Augustus, with his *usual* hypocrisy, pretended to be shocked with the idea of a proscription, and perceiving that Anthony and Lepidus were two to one against him, he knew that his single vote against the measure could not succeed; and that, by giving it, he should preserve his popularity, and not be prevented from glutting his revenge; but Suetonius informs us, that when the horrid work commenced, he carried it on with a severity more unrelenting than either of his colleagues; "*utroque acerbius exercuit,*" and that whenever Lepidus or Anthony were inclined to mercy, either from interest, intreaty, or bribes, he alone stoutly and lustily stood

out for blood; "*Solus magnopere contendit ne cui parceretur.*

CCCCLIII.

IT is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and to improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.

CCCCLIV.

THE seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

CCCCLV

RICHES may enable us to confer favours; but to confer them with propriety, and with grace, requires a something that riches cannot give; even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be trifles. The citizens of Megara offered the freedom of their city to Alexander; such an offer excited a smile in the countenance of him who had conquered the world; but he received this tribute of their respect with complacency, on being informed that they had never offered it to any but to Hercules and himself.

CCCCLVI.

THE worst thing that can be said of the most powerful is, that they can take your life; but the same thing can be said of the most weak.

CCCCLVII.

HE that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still.

CCCCLVIII.

WHEN the cruel fall into the hands of the cruel, we read their fate with horror, not with pity. Sylla commanded the bones of Marius to be broken, his eyes to be pulled out, his hands to be cut off, and his body to be torn in pieces with pinchers, and Catiline was the executioner. "A piece of cruelty," says Seneca, "only fit for Marius to suffer, Catiline to execute, and Sylla to command."

CCCCLIX.

INJURIES accompanied with insults are never forgiven; all men, on these occasions, are good haters, and lay out their revenge at compound interest; they never threaten until they can strike, and smile when they cannot. Caligula told Valerius *in public*, what kind of a bedfellow his wife was; and when the Tribune Chereus, who had an effeminate voice, came to him for the watchword, he would always give him Venus or Priapus. The first of these men was the principal instrument in the conspiracy against him, and the second cleft him down with his sword, to convince him of his manhood.

CCCCLX.

LET those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

CCCCLXI.

WE should have all our communications with men, as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men.

CCCCLXII.

A power above all human responsibility, ought to be above all human attainment; he that is unwilling *may do no harm*, but he that is unable *can not*.

CCCCLXIII.

WE cannot think too highly of our nature, nor too humbly of our ourselves. When we see the martyr to virtue, subject as he is to the infirmities of a man, yet suffering the tortures of a demon, and bearing them with the magnanimity of a god, do we not behold an heroism that angels may indeed surpass, but which they cannot imitate, and must admire.

CCCCLXIV.

IT is dangerous to take liberties with great men, unless we know them thoroughly ; the keeper will hardly put his head into the lion's mouth, upon a *short* acquaintance.

CCCCLXV.

LOVE is an alliance of friendship and of lust ; if the former predominate, it is a passion exalted and refined, but if the latter, gross and sensual.

CCCCLXVI.

THAT virtue which depends on opinion, looks to secrecy alone, and could not be trusted in a desert.

CCCCLXVII.

IF patrons were more *disinterested*, ingratitude would be more rare. A person receiving a favour is apt to consider that he is, in some degree, discharged from the obligation, if he that confers it, derives from it some visible advantage, by which he may be said *to repay himself*. Ingratitude has, therefore, been termed a nice perception of the causes that induced the obligation ; and Alexander made a shrewd distinction between his two friends, when he said that Hephæstion loved Alexander, but Craterus the *king*. Rochefacault has some ill-natured maxims on this subject ;

he observes, "that we are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged, than those who have obliged us; that we confer benefits more from compassion to ourselves than to others; that gratitude is only a nice calculation whereby we repay small favours, in the hope of receiving greater, and more of the like." By a certain mode of reasoning indeed, there are very few human actions which might not be resolved into self-love. It has been said that we assist a distressed object, to get rid of the unpleasant sympathy excited by misery unrelieved; and it might, with equal plausibility, be said that we repay a benefactor to get rid of the unpleasant burthen imposed by an obligation. Butler has well rallied this kind of reasoning, when he observes, "That he alone is *ungrateful*, who makes returns of obligations, because he does it merely to free himself from owing so much as thanks." In common natures, perhaps, an active gratitude may be traced to this; the pride that scorns to owe, has triumphed over that self-love that hates to pay.

CCCCLXVIII.

DESPOTISM can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.

CCCCLXIX.

GOVERNMENTS connive at many things which they ought to correct, and correct many things at which they ought to connive. But there is a mode of correcting so as to endear, and of conniving so as to reprove.

CCCCLXX.

HE that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head, or a very short creed. Many gain a false credit for liberality of sentiment in religious matters, not from any tenderness they may have to the

opinions or consciences of other men, but because they happen to have no opinion or conscience of their own.

CCCCLXXI.

AS all who frequent any place of public worship, however they may differ from the doctrines there delivered, are expected to comport themselves with seriousness and gravity, so in religious controversies, ridicule ought never to be resorted to on either side; whenever a jest is introduced on such a subject, it is indisputably out of its place, and ridicule thus employed, so far from being a test of truth, is the surest test of error, in those who, on such an occasion, can stoop to have recourse unto it.

CCCCLXXII.

IT is a doubt whether mankind are most indebted to those who, like Bacon and Butler, dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who, like Paley, purify it, stamp it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a schoolman, and those who release her from her cobwebbed shelf, and teach her to live with men, have the merit of *liberating*, if not of *discovering*, her.

CCCCLXXIII.

MEN of strong minds, and who think for themselves, should not be discouraged on finding occasionally that some of their best ideas have been anticipated by former writers; they will neither anathematize others with a *percant qui ante nos nostra dixerint*, nor despair themselves. They will rather go on in science, like John Hunter in physics, discovering things before discovered, until, like him, they are rewarded with a *terra hitherto incognita* in the sciences, an empire indisputably their own, both by right of conquest and of discovery.

CCCCLXXIV.

THE most consistent men are not more unlike to others than they are at times to themselves ; therefore, it is ridiculous to see character-mongers drawing a full length likeness of some great man, and perplexing themselves and their readers by making every feature of his conduct strictly conform to those lines and lineaments which they have laid down ; they generally find or make for him some ruling passion the rudder of his course ; but with all this pother about ruling passions, the fact is, that all men, and all women have but one *apparent good*. Those, indeed, are the strongest minds, and are capable of the greatest actions, who possess a telescopic power of intellectual vision, enabling them to ascertain the real magnitude and importance of distant goods, and to despise those which are indebted for all their grandeur solely to their contiguity.

CCCCLXXV.

IF a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends. Theodore and others, who gravely defend the monkish miracles, and the luminous cross of Constantine, by their zeal without knowledge, and devotion without discretion, have hurt the cause of Christianity more by such friendship, than the apostate Julian by his hostility, notwithstanding all the wit and vigour with which it was conducted.

CCCCLXXVI.

HE that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater, and the latter less.

CCCCLXXVII.

CRUEL men are the greatest lovers of mercy—ava-

ricious men of generosity—and proud men of humility,—that is to say, in others, not in themselves.

CCCCLXXVIII.

THERE is this difference between hatred and pity ; pity is a thing often avowed, seldom felt ; hatred is a thing often felt, seldom avowed.

CCCCLXXIX.

THERE is an elasticity in the human mind, capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself, until a certain weight of affliction be put upon it ; its powers may be compared to those vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt confoundedly when they have *nothing to bear*.

CCCCLXXX.

WERE the life of man prolonged, he would become such a proficient in villainy, that it would be necessary again to drown or to burn the world. Earth would become an hell ; for future rewards, when put off to a great distance, would cease to encourage, and future punishments to alarm.

CCCCLXXXI.

HE that is contented with obscurity, if he acquire no fame, will suffer no persecution ; and he that is determined to be silent, may laugh securely at the whole corps of critics, although they should exclaim as vainly as the patriarch Job, “ *O that our enemy had written a book.*”

CCCCLXXXII.

PHYSICIANS must discover the weaknesses of the

human mind, and even condescend to humour them, or they will never be called in to cure the infirmities of the body.

CCCCLXXXIII.

ENVY ought, in strict truth, to have no place whatever allowed it in the heart of man; for the goods of this present world are so vile and low, that they are beneath it; and those of the future world are so vast and exalted, that they are above it.

CCCCLXXXIV.

IF the devil ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites: they are the greatest dupes he has; they serve him better than any others, and receive no wages; nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell, than the sincerest Christian to go to Heaven.

CCCCLXXXV.

THE schisms in the church of Christ are deeply to be lamented, on many accounts, by those who have any regard for all that is valuable and worth preserving amongst men; and, although we are willing to hope and to believe with Paley, that the rent has not reached the foundation, yet are these differences (though not in essentials) most particularly to be lamented, because they prevent the full extension of the glorious light of the gospel throughout the world. These differences amongst ourselves, furnish those whom we would attempt to convert, with this plausible, and to them I fear unanswerable argument;—with what face can you Christians attempt to make us converts to your faith, when you have not yet decided amongst yourselves what Christianity is? Surely it will be time enough to make proselytes of others, when you yourselves are agreed. For Calvin damns the Pope, and the Pope damns Calvin; and the *only* thing in which they agree, is in damning Socinus; while Socinus, in his turn, laughs at both, and believes neither.

CCCCLXXXVI.

THE mob, like the ocean, is very seldom agitated, without some cause superior and exterior to itself; but (to continue the simile) both are capable of doing the *greatest* mischief, after the cause which *first* set them in motion has ceased to act.

CCCCLXXXVII.

THE victims of ennui paralyse all the grosser feelings by excess, and torpify all the finer by disuse and inactivity. Disgusted with this world, and indifferent about another, they at last lay violent hands upon themselves, and assume no small credit for the *sang froid* with which they meet death. But, alas, such beings can scarcely be said to die, for they have never *truly lived*.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

A DULL author just *delivered*, and a plain woman about to be so, are two very important animals.

CCCCLXXXIX.

THERE are moments of despondency, when Shakspeare thought himself no poet, and Raphael no painter; when the greatest wits have doubted the excellence of their happiest efforts.

CCCCXC.

IT has been observed, that a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant, will see farther than the giant himself; and the moderns, standing as they do on the vantage ground of former discoveries, and uniting all the fruits of the experience of their forefathers, with their own actual observation, may be admitted to enjoy a more enlarged and comprehensive view of things than the ancients themselves; for

that alone is *true antiquity* *, which embraces the antiquity of the *world*, and not that which would refer us back to a period when the *world was young*. But by whom is this *true antiquity* enjoyed? Not by the ancients who did live in the infancy, but by the moderns who *do* live in the maturity of things. Therefore, as regards the age of the world, we may lay a juster claim to the title of being the *ancients*, even than our very forefathers themselves, for they inhabited the world when it was young, but we occupy it, now that it is old; therefore, that precedent may not exert too despotic a rule over experience, and that the dead may not too strictly govern the living, may I be pardoned in taking a brief and cursory view of the claims of the *ancients* to our veneration, so far as they are built on the only proper foundation,—superiority of mind. But it is by no means my object to lessen our esteem for those great men who have lived before us, and who have accomplished such wonders, considering the scantiness of their means; my intention is merely to suggest that the veneration due to times that are past, is a blind veneration, the moment it is paid at the expence of times that are present; for as these very ancients themselves were once the moderns, so we moderns must also become the ancients in our turn. What I would principally contend for, is, that the moderns enjoy a much more extended and comprehensive view of science, than the ancients; not because we have greater capacities, but simply because we enjoy far greater *capabilities*; for that which is perfect in science, is most commonly the elaborate result of successive improvements, and of various judgments exercised in the rejection of what was wrong, no less than in the adoption of what was right. We, therefore, are profiting not only by the knowledge, but also by the ignorance, not only by the discoveries, but also by the errors of our forefathers; for the march of science, like that of time, has been progressing in the darkness, no less than in the light. Now, the great chart of antiquity is

* *Mundi enim senium pro antiquitate vere habendum est; quod temporibus nostris tribui debet, non juniori ætati mundi, qualis apud antiquos fuit.*

chronology; and so sensible of its value was Scaliger, that his celebrated invocation to the Olympiads, is as full of passion and admiration, as the warmest address of a lover to his mistress, with this difference, that our literary Colossus sought for wrinkles rather than dimples, and his idol would have had more charms for him, if she had numbered more ages upon her head. But, it is admitted, that previously to the establishment of the Olympiads, there was much error and confusion in the historical records of Greece and Rome, neither, if their dates had been accurately calculated did they possess the means which we enjoy, of multiplying the recordances of them, so as to put them beyond the reach either of accidental or intentional destruction; and, hence, it happens that on the greatest work of antiquity, the pyramids, chronology has nothing to depose; one thing is apparent, that the builders of them were not totally ignorant either of geometry, or of astronomy, since they are all built with their respective faces precisely opposite the four cardinal points. It is well known that a modern "*nulli veterum virtute secundus*," has detected an enormous error in ancient chronology, and has proved that the argonautic expedition, and the Trojan war, are nearer to the birth of Christ by six hundred years, than all former calculators had placed them; for Hipparchus, who first discovered the precession of the equinoxes, fancied they retrograded one degree in one hundred years, whereas Sir Isaac Newton * has determined that they go back one degree in seventy-two years.

* We know that the fixed stars, which were formerly in Aries, are now in Taurus; and the point proposed by Sir Isaac Newton was, to ascertain from the Greek astronomy, what was the position of the colures with respect to the fixed stars, in the time of Chiron; and as Sir Isaac had proved that the fixed stars have a motion in longitude of one degree in seventy-two years, not in one hundred years, as Hipparchus had affirmed, the problem was to calculate the distance between those stars through which the colure now passes, and those through which it passed in the time of Chiron. And, as Chiron was one of the argonauts, this would give us the number of years that have elapsed since that famous expedition, and would consequently fix the true date of the Trojan war; and these two events form the cardinal

As geographers, their knowledge is still more limited, since they were ignorant of the *polarity* of the magnet, although they were acquainted with its powers of attraction; many of them fancied the earth was motionless and flat; that the pillars of Hercules were its boundaries; and that the sun set in the sea, was believed by graver persons than the poets; and with a timidity proportionate to their ignorance, in all their voyages they seldom dared to lose sight of the coast, since a needle and a quadrant would have been as useless a present to Palinurus, the helmsman of Æneas, as to the chief of an Indian canoe. As historians, it is almost superfluous to say, that their credibility is much shaken, by that proneness to believe in prodigies, auguries, omens, and the interposition of their gods; which credulity the very soberest of them have by no means escaped. As moralists, their want of confidence in a future state of existence, was a source of the greatest error and confusion. They could not sincerely approve of virtue, as a principle of action always to be depended on, since without a future state, virtue is not always its own reward. Nor did the noblest of them, as Brutus and Cato, succeed in finding it to be so. Their *το καλον* and their *το περιωρον*, their honestum, and their decorum, were phantoms that fed on the air of opinion, and, like theameleon, changed as often as their food; yet, these visionary objects, though undefined, were perpetually explained, and though ungrasped, were constantly pursued*. As warriors, their

points of ancient chronology, so far, at least, as the Greeks and the Romans are concerned. A something similar attempt to correct the ancient chronology, has also been undertaken, by a retro-calculation of the eclipses.

* Carneades was a philosopher, whose eloquence Cicero dreaded so much, that he deprecated an attack from him, in the humblest manner, in the following words: "*Perturbatricem autem harum omnium rerum academiam hanc ab Arcesila et Carneade recentem, exoremus ut sileat; nam si invaserit in has quæ satis scite nobis instructæ et compositæ videntur rationes, nimias edet ruinas, quam quidem ego placare cupio, sub-movere non audeo.*" Now, this Carneades whom Cicero so much dreaded, maintained that there was no so such thing as justice! and he supported his theory by such sophisms as these: that the condition of men is such

ignorance of chemistry must render their campaigns very tame and uninteresting to those who reflect that a single piece of ordnance would have secured to Pompey the battle of Pharsalia, and that a single frigate at Actium, would have given Anthony the empire of the world. In the useful arts, their ignorance of the powers of steam, and of that property of water by which it rises to its level, has rendered all their efforts proofs of their perseverance, rather than of their knowledge, and evidence of the powers of their hands rather than of their heads. The most stupendous remains of antiquity, the aqueducts themselves, are rather monuments of a strength like that of Sampson, blind to contrive, but powerful to execute, than of a skill sharp-sighted to avoid difficulties, rather than to overcome them. But, with all these defects, we must admit that the ancients were a wonderful order of men, and a contemplation of all their actions will richly repay the philosopher. The ancients are fully rescued from all imputation of imbecility, for they were denied those ample means of an advancement in knowledge, to which we have access; and it is highly probable that some *future modern* will have hereafter to make the very same apology for us. If I have cited some of their deficiencies, I have done it, not to diminish that respect we owe to them, but to

that if they have a mind to be just, they must act imprudently; and that if they have a mind to act prudently, they must be unjust; and that, it follows, there can be no such thing as justice, because a virtue inseparable from a folly cannot be just. Lactantius is correct when he affirms that the *heathens* could not answer this sophism, and that Cicero dared not undertake it. The error was this, the restricting of the value of justice to *temporal* things; for to those who disbelieve a future state, or even have doubts about it, "honesty is not *always* the best policy;" and it is reserved for *Christians*, who take into their consideration the *whole* existence of man, to argue clearly and consequentially on the sterling value of justice. It is well known that Mr. Hume himself was never so much puzzled as when peremptorily asked, by a lady at Bath, to declare, upon his honour as a gentleman, whether he would chuse his *own* confidential domestics from such as held his *own* principles, or from those who conscientiously believed the eternal truths of Revelation. *He frankly decided in favour of the latter!*

give somewhat more of solidity to that which we owe to ourselves. We willingly submit to the authority and attestation of the dead ; but when it would triumph over all the improvement and experience of the living, it is no longer submission, but slavery. We would then rather be right with one single companion, *truth*, than wrong, with all the celebrated names of antiquity. We freely admit that the ancients effected *all* that could be accomplished by men who lived in the *infancy* of time ; but the eagle of science herself could not soar *until* her wings were grown. In sculpture, and in poetry, two sciences where they *had* the means, our forefathers have fully equalled, perhaps exceeded their children. In sculpture, the image worship of their temples held out the highest encouragement to the artist ; and in the battle, no less than in the palæstra, statues were the principal rewards of conquerors. We know that Pindar was refused the price he had set upon an ode in celebration of one who had been crowned at the Olympic games, because the victor had calculated that a much less sum would purchase a statue of brass. But, on the following day, he determined to employ the poet rather than the sculptor, under the conviction that an ode of Pindar would outlive a statute of far more indestructible materials than marble or brass. We might also add, that the games of Greece enabled the sculptor to study the human form, not only naked, but in all its various attitudes of muscular exertion ; and while the genial climate of Greece supplied the sculptor with the finest models, the soil furnished him with the best materials. If the ancients are *more* than our rivals in poetry, it may be observed, that their mythology was eminently calculated for poetical machinery, and also that the scenery of nature, that laboratory of the poet, neither wants nor waits for its full improvement, from the progressive hand of time. We must also remember, that the great merit of this art is originality, and its peculiar province invention. The ancients, therefore, being in the order of precedence the *first* discoverers of the *poetical* mine, took care to help themselves to the largest diamonds.

CCCCXCI.

SUCCESS too often sanctions the worst and the wildest schemes of human ambition. That such a man as Cromwell should have been enabled, under any circumstances, to seize the reigns of a mighty empire, is matter of surprise to some, of indignation to all. Could we call him up from the dead, he is the very last man that could rationally explain his own success, which no doubt at the time excited as much astonishment in himself as in beholders; but he owed as much to the folly, timidity, and fanaticism of others, as to his own sagacity, courage, and craftiness. In fact, the times made him, not he the times. If a civil war raged at this moment, and the sacred names of king and parliament were again arrayed against each other in the field, such a man as Cromwell, at present, would never arrive at any station higher than an adjutant of dragoons. He might preach and pray, and write and fight, and bluster and harangue, but not one step higher would he get. If every thing in his character had not been artificial, except *his courage*, he had been nobody; and if he had not carried his hypocrisy so far as at times to deceive himself, he had been ruined. When he cleared the house of commons, and exclaimed, "you are an adulterer, you are an extortioner, you are a glutton, and you are no longer a parliament;" suppose a single member had rejoined, and you are a hypocrite, and by this illegal act have forfeited your commission, and are no longer an officer; soldiers, at your peril proceed! Such a speech might have turned the whole tide of affairs, and have sent back Oliver to the Tower, instead of to Whitehall, never again to quit it, except to lay his head upon the block.

CCCCXCII.

IT was observed of the Jesuits, that they constantly inculcated a thorough contempt of worldly things in their doctrines, but eagerly grasped at them in their lives. They

were “*wise in their generation,*” for they cried down worldly things, because they wanted to obtain them, and cried up spiritual things, because they wanted to dispose of them.

CCCCXCIII.

HUMAN foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

CCCCXCIV.

“THE fowler,” saith Solomon, “*spreadeth not his net in the sight of the bird ;*” and if rulers open the eyes of a nation, they must expect that they will see. A government that is corrupt, can no more consist with a population that is enlightened, than the night can continue when the sun is up. But the most laudable efforts are now making by those that are in power, for the intellectual improvement of the labouring classes of society. It would be invidious to affirm, with some, that our rulers have done so much, only because they were afraid that *others* would do more, if they themselves did nothing. There are good grounds to believe that they have been influenced by higher motives ; but, at all events, every public measure for the intellectual improvement of the governed, is the surest pledge and guarantee for the integrity of those who govern, because all that are in power are well aware that a corresponding purity in those who rule, must ever keep a proportionate pace with the progression of knowledge in those who obey. Some would maintain that the rays of truth, like those of the sun, if too abundant, dazzle the multitude, rather than enlighten them ; but this analogy is false, for truth has no such effect, although the *ignus fatuus* of error may ; and although truth is brighter than the sun, yet the mind is stronger than the body, and the intellectual eye can look at the essence of moral truth, with far less uneasiness than the corporeal eye at the concentration of material.

CCCCXCV.

SOME demagogues, like Catiline, can raise a storm, who cannot, like Cromwell, rule it ; thus, the Gracchi wishing to make the Agrarian law the ladder of their ascent, found it the instrument of their fall ; “ *fracta compage ruebant.*”

CCCCXCVI.

DREAMS ought to produce no conviction whatever on philosophical minds. If we consider how many dreams are dreamt every night, and how many events occur every day, we shall no longer wonder at those accidental coincidences which ignorance mistakes for verifications. There are also numberless instances on record, where dreams have brought about their own fulfilment, owing to the weakness and credulity of mankind. The mother of Abbott, who filled the Archi-episcopal throne of Canterbury, in the reign of James the First, had a dream, that if she could eat a pike, the child with which she was then pregnant, would be a son, and rise to great preferment. Not long after this, in taking a pail of water out of the river Wey, which ran near her house, she accidentally caught a pike, and thus had an opportunity of fulfilling the first part of her dream. This story being much noised about, and coming to the ears of some persons of distinction, they became sponsors to the child, and his future patrons. But I suspect, after all, that this marvellous pike swallowed by the mother, was not so instrumental to the archbishop's preferment as the story of Earl Gowrie's conspiracy against the life of the king, swallowed by the son. It would seem that there are occasions where even churchmen may carry the doctrine of divine right so far as to displease even kings, for thus writeth King James, with his own hand, to Doctor Abbott, then a dean, “you have dipped too deep into what all kings reserve among the *arcana imperii* ; and whatever aversion you may profess against God's being the author of sin, you have stumbled even on the threshold of that opinion, in saying, upon the matter, that even tyranny is God's authority, and

ought to be remembered as such. But, if the King of Spain should return to claim his old pontifical right to my kingdom, you leave me to seek for others to fight for it, for you tell us, upon the matter, before hand, that his authority is God's authority, if he prevail." A man who could go such lengths, was not likely to continue long in a deanery, under the reign of James, nor need we call in the assistance of a dream to account for his promotion.

CCCCXCVII.

AT the restoration of Charles the Second, the tide of opinion set so strong in favour of loyalty, that the principal annalist of that day pauses to express his wonder where all the men came from, who had done all the mischief; but this was the surprise of ignorance; for it is in politics as in religion, that none run into such extremes as renegadoes, or so ridiculously overact their parts. The passions, on these occasions, take their full swing, and react like the pendulum, whose oscillations on one side, will always be regulated by the height of the arc it has subtended on the other.

CCCCXCVIII.

HE that from small beginnings has *deservedly* raised himself to the highest stations, may not always find that full satisfaction in the possession of his object, that he anticipated in the pursuit of it. But although the individual may be disappointed, the community are benefited, first, by his exertions, and, secondly, by his example; for, it has been well observed, that the public are served, not by what the lord mayor feels, who rides in his coach, but by what the apprentice boy feels who looks at him.

CCCCXCIX.

AS in public life, that minister that makes war with parsimony, must make peace with prodigality, so in private

life, those hostile but feeble measures which only serve to irritate our enemies, not to intimidate them, are by all means to be avoided; for he that has recourse to them, only imposes upon himself the ultimate necessity of purchasing a reconciliation often expensive, always humiliating.

D.

A NOBLE income nobly expended, is no common sight; it is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave, than to expend it, like a gentleman. If we exhaust our income in schemes of ambition, we shall purchase disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease. What we lend we shall most probably lose; what we spend rationally, we shall enjoy; what we distribute to the deserving, we shall both enjoy and *retain**.

DI.

THE inexhaustible resources of Great Britain, were always an inexplicable mystery to Napoleon, and he was taught their reality only by their effects; there *was* a period when, to the defence of the noblest cause, England brought the highest valour, while all that were oppressed, *drew at sight* on her treasure, and on her blood. It would have been glorious if she had evinced a magnanimity that calculated not on return; if she had continued to sow benefits, although she might reap ingratitude. Alas! she found it more easy to conquer others than herself. But her safety requires not the compromise of her honour; for although her prosperity will draw envy †, her power may despise it; she is beset

* If there be any truth in the old epitaph,

“What we lent we lost;

“What we spent, we have;

“What we gave, we had.”

† Envy, as is generally the case, is both purblind and impolitic; it is for the general and the true interests of the world, that Great Britain should hold the sceptre of the seas; for if she ceased to wield it, it must of necessity devolve to France; and, on the fatal consequences of

with difficulties, but it is her own fault if they become dangers ; and, although she may suffer somewhat if compared with her former self, she is still gigantic if compared with others. She may command peace, since she has not relinquished the sinews of war ; a paradox to all other nations, she will say to America, territory is not power ; to India, population is not force ; and, to Spain, money is not wealth.

DII.

TO judge by the event, is an error all abuse, and all commit ; for, in every instance, courage, if crowned with success, is heroism ; if clouded by defeat, temerity. When Nelson fought his battle in the Sound, it was the result *alone* that decided whether he was to kiss a *hand* at a court, or a *rod* at a court-martial.

DIII.

PRINCES rule the people ; and their own passions rule princes ; but Providence can overrule the whole, and draw the instruments of his inscrutable purposes from the vices, no less than from the virtues of kings. Thus, the Reformation, which was planted by the lust of Henry the Eighth of England, was preserved by the ambition of Philip the Second of Spain. Queen Mary would have sacrificed Elizabeth to the full establishing of the Catholic faith, if she had not been prevented by Philip the Second, her husband, who foresaw, in the death of Elizabeth, the succession of Mary Stewart, who was then married to Francis the Second ; and, in that succession, he anticipated the certain union of Great Britain and France ; an event that would have dispersed to the winds his own ambitious dream of uni-

such a calamity, to the best interests of the civilized world ; there can be no necessity to enlarge ; not that France would make a worse use of such power than some other nations, but because such an accumulation of it ought not to be vested in any, that are already so powerful by land.

versal monarchy. The consequence was, the life of Elizabeth was preserved, and the Protestant cause prevailed.

DIV.

THE great estate of a dull book maker is biography; but we should read the lives of great men, if written by themselves, for two reasons; to find out what others really were, and what they themselves would *appear* to be.

DV.

TO quell the pride, even of the greatest, we should reflect how much we owe to others, and how little to ourselves. Philip having made himself master of Potidœa, received three messengers in one day; the first brought him an account of a great victory, gained over the Illyrians, by his general Parmenio; the second told him, that he was proclaimed victor at the Olympic games; and the third informed him of the birth of Alexander. But there was nothing in all these events that ought to have fed the vanity, or that would have justified the pride of Philip, since, as an elegant writer * remarks, “for the first he was indebted to his general; for the second, to his horse; and his wife is shrewdly suspected of having helped him to the *third*.”

DVI.

SHOULD the world applaud, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for, if the most deserving of us appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid. The world, it has been said, does as much justice to our merits as to our defects, and I believe it; but, after all, none of us are so much praised or censured as we think; and most men would be thoroughly cured of their self-importance, if they would only *rehearse their own funeral*, and walk abroad *incognito*

* See Lee's Pindar.

the very day after that on which they were *supposed* to have been buried.

DVII.

FOR one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success.

DVIII.

SUBTRACT from many modern poets, all that may be found in Shakespeare, and trash will remain.

DIX.

HE that likes a hot dinner, a warm welcome, *new* ideas, and *old* wine, will not often dine with the great.

DX.

THOSE who bequeath unto themselves a pompous funeral, are at just so much expence to inform the world of something that had much better have been concealed ; namely, that their vanity has survived themselves.

DXI.

IN reading the life of any great man, you will always, in the course of his history, chance upon some obscure individual, who, on some particular occasion, was greater than him whose life you are reading.

DXII.

IN cases of doubtful morality, it is usual to say, is there any harm in doing this ? This question may sometimes be best answered by asking ourselves another ; is there any harm in letting it alone ?

DXIII.

HE that has never known adversity, is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shews us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

DXIV.

WHEN men of sense approve, the million are sure to follow ; to be pleased, is to pay a compliment to their own taste.

DXV.

THE death of Judas is as strong a confirmation of Christianity as the life of Paul.

DXVI.

WOMEN generally consider consequences in love, seldom in resentment.

DXVII.

MOST of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

DXVIII.

WE should embrace Christianity, even on prudential motives ; for a just and benevolent God will not punish an intellectual being for believing what there is so much reason to believe ; therefore we run no risk by receiving Christianity, if it be false, but a dreadful one, by rejecting it, if it be true.

DXIX.

THE great designs that have been digested and

matured, and the great literary works that have been begun and finished in prisons, fully prove that tyrants have not yet discovered any chains that can fetter the mind.

DXX.

HE that knows himself, knows others; and he that is ignorant of himself, could not write a very profound lecture on other men's heads.

DXXI.

WE ought not to be over anxious to encourage innovation, in cases of *doubtful* improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one; it is established, and it is understood.

DXXII.

POWER will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power; for, whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for him, because he can no longer answer for himself.

DXXIII.

THERE are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory; the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.

DXXIV

NO metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

DXXV.

MOST men know what they hate, few what they love

DXXVI.

ALL great cities abound with little men, whose object it is to be the stars of the dinner table, and grand purveyors of all the stray jokes of the town; so long as these *turnspits* confine themselves to fetch and carry for their *masters*, they succeed tolerably well; but the moment they set up for originality, and commence manufacturers instead of retailers, they are ruined. Like the hind wheel of the carriage, which is in constant pursuit of the fore one, without ever overtaking it, so these become the *doubles* of a Selwyn or a Sheridan, but without ever coming up to them. They are constantly near wit, without being witty, as his valet is always near a great man, without being great.

DXXVII.

FAME is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

DXXVIII.

THE British constitution, as it is to be found in "*Magna Charta*," and the "*Bill of Rights*," has so much that is good, and worthy of preservation, that a lover of true liberty would rather live under it, than under any other mode of government, ancient or modern, barbarous or refined. Its destruction, at the present moment, would be the most melancholy thing that could happen both to Englishmen, and to the world. Such an event would retrograde the march of improvement many centuries of years; and he that could coolly set about to

effect it, must unite the frenzy of the maniac, with the malignity of the demon. The financial difficulties which this mighty empire has at present to contend with, as they arise from the most honourable causes, throw a greater lustre upon her, in the eyes of surrounding nations, than the most brilliant prosperity could possibly do, if obtained by the slightest dereliction of public principle and faith. The *fiscal* embarrassments of the nation ought not, and must not endanger the *constitution*. The sincere lovers of the constitution tremble not at *these* things, but they do tremble, when they see the possibility of a violation of the laws with impunity, whether that violation be attempted by the *highest*, or by the *lowest*. For, if we trace the history of most revolutions, we shall find that the first inroads upon the laws have been made by the governors, as often as by the governed. The after excesses committed by the people, have usually been the result of that common principle of our nature, which incites us to follow the example of our betters, however ridiculous the consequences may be on some occasions, or deplorable on others. The laws are a restraint submitted to by both parties, the ruler and the subject, for the general good. Each aggression from the ruler produces fresh retaliation from the subject, until the fences on both sides, being completely broken down and destroyed, the two parties meet in the adverse shock of mutual hostility, and force becomes, for a season, the sole legislator of the land. In this country, the king has been justly termed *the speaking law; the law, the silent king*. We have a monarch not at all inclined to strain his prerogative, which forbearance ought to render the people equally cautious of stretching their privilege; let them beware of those demagogues who tell them that they feel for them, but who would be the last to *feel with them*, when the consequences of their own doctrine shall arrive. The truth is, that no atrocity nor aggression of the people, will ever vitally affect the solid safety of our commonwealth, *until* our rulers are intimidated to compromise that security, by resorting to il-

legal modes of defending the laws, or unconstitutional measures to preserve the constitution; knowing this, that the moment any government usurps a power superior to the laws, it then usurps a power, which, like the convulsive strength of the madman, springs from *disease*, and will infallibly terminate in *weakness*.

DXIX.

THE science of legislation, is like that of medicine; in one respect, that it is far more easy to point out what will do harm, than what will do good. "*Ne quid nimis*," therefore, is perhaps quite as safe a maxim for a Solon, as for an Hippocrates, because it unfortunately happens that a good law cannot operate so strongly for the amendment, as a bad law for the depravation of the people; for it is necessary, from the very nature of things, that laws should be prohibitory, rather than remunerative, and act upon our fears, rather than upon our hopes. Pains and penalties are far more cheap and feasible modes of influencing the community, than rewards and encouragements; therefore, if a law should strongly recommend habits of justice, industry, and sobriety, such a law would be feebly obeyed, because it has little to offer, but very much to oppose; it has to oppose all the vicious propensities of our nature; but, if through oversight or indiscretion, a law should happen to connive at, or to tempt the subject to habits of fraud, idleness, or inebriety, such a law, in as much as it falls in with all the vicious propensities of our nature, would meet with a *practical* attention, even beyond its own enactments, and produce *works of supererrogation*, on the side of delinquency; for the road to virtue is a rugged ascent, to vice a smooth declivity, "*facilis descensus averni*." To strengthen the above positions, all the bearings of the Poor Laws upon society might be fairly adduced; most of their enactments operate as a bounty upon idleness, and as a draw-back upon exertion; they take from independence its proper pride, from mendicity, its salutary

shame; they deprive foresight of its fair reward, and improvidence of its just responsibility. They act as a constant and *indiscriminating* invitation to the marriage feast, crowding it with guests, without putting a single dish upon the table; we might even affirm that these laws *now indicate* a quite contrary tendency, and are beginning to *remove* the dishes, although they still continue to invite the guests; for there are numerous instances where the paralyzing pressure of the poor rates has already begun to produce its own *necessary* and final consummation — *the non-cultivation of the soil* *!

* Before a committee of the house of commons, some fearful evidence was lately adduced, which went to prove the alarming fact that, in some cases, particularly in the neighbourhood of large manufacturing towns, estates had not been cultivated, as being utterly unequal to meet the double demand of rates, and of rent. Our late political *Hercules*, Mr. Pitt, felt the necessity, but shrunk from the difficulty of cleansing the *Augæan* stable of the poor laws. The most effectual mode of assisting the poor, must be the devising of some source of employment, that shall enable them to *assist themselves*. But, it unfortunately happens that unless this employment be profitable to those who find the capital, it will not *long* be serviceable to those who find the industry; and how to devise adequate employment for the labourer, that shall at the same time repay the capitalist, is the grand arcanum we want to get hold of, "*hic labor, hoc opus est.*" Our inexhaustible treasures of coal, and of iron, have made the steam power so available, and so accessible, that there seems to be no assignable limit to the improvement of our machinery. But, to permit our own machinery to be exported, is about as wise as to hammer swords upon our own anvils, to be employed against ourselves; "*in nostros fabricata est machina muros.*" It is impossible to deprive Englishmen of their spirit of enterprize, and of invention, nor of the power of their ingenuity, and their habits of industry; but our machinery is the embodied result of all these things put together, and, in this point, the exportation of our machinery, is to deprive us of much of the benefit of those high qualifications stated above; thus it is that the powers of our *own* heads, may ultimately paralyze the labours of our *own* hands. The gigantic and formidable dilemma of the present day is this: three orders of men are vitally necessary to the existence of the state, for our national independence is *triune*, resting upon the welfare of the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the merchant. But the misfortune is, that the agriculturist wants one state of things opposite to, and destructive of the interests of the other two, for the agriculturist must have high prices, or he can no longer meet the heavy demands

The code of the poor laws, has at length grown up into a tree, which, like the fabulous Upas, overshadows and poisons the land; unwholesome expedients *were* the bud, dilemmas and depravities *have been* the blossom, and danger and despair *are* the bitter fruit; “*radice ad tartara et tendit.*”

DXXX.

IT is best, if possible, to deceive no one; for he that, like Mahomet or Cromwell, begins by deceiving others, will end, like these, by deceiving himself; but should it be absolutely necessary to deceive our enemies, there may be times when this cannot be effectually accomplished without deceiving, at the same time, our friends; for that which is known to our friends, will not be long concealed from our enemies. Lord Peterborough persuaded Sir Robert Walpole that Swift had seen the folly of his old political principles, and had come over to those of the administration; that he found himself buried alive in Ireland, and wished to pass the remainder of his days with English preferment, and on English ground. After frequent importunities from his Lordship, Sir Robert consented to see Swift; he came over

upon the land; but the merchant and the manufacturer are equally anxious for low prices at home, to enable them to compete with the foreigner abroad. Now, inasmuch as it is chiefly from our superiority in *machinery*, that we are still able to command a preference of our articles in foreign markets, notwithstanding the state of high prices at home, it follows, that the means by which that superiority is preserved, should be most jealously guarded, and, like a productive patent, *kept as far as possible*, exclusively to ourselves. So unbounded is the power of machinery, that I have been informed that raw cotton is brought by a long and expensive voyage to England, wrought into yarn, and carried out to India, to supply the poor Hindoo with the staple commodity for his muslins of the finest fabric; and this yarn, after having performed two voyages, we can supply him with at a cheaper rate than the Hindoo himself can spin it, although he is contented with a diet of rice and water, and a remuneration of about one penny per day. And I have heard a lace manufacturer in the west of England affirm, that one pound of raw cotton has been spun by machinery into yarn so fine, that it would reach from London to Edinburgh.

from Ireland, and was brought by Lord Peterborough to dine with Sir Robert at Chelsea. His manner was very captivating, full of respect to Sir Robert, and completely imposing on Lord Peterborough; but we shall see, in the sequel, that Swift had ruined himself, by not attending to the maxim that it is necessary, at times, to deceive our friends, as well as our enemies. Some time after dinner, Sir Robert retired to his closet, and sent for Lord Peterborough, who entered full of joy at Swift's demeanour; but all this was soon done away; "You see, my, Lord," said Sir Robert, "how highly I stand in Swift's favour;" "Yes," replied Lord Peterborough, "and I am confident he means all that he says;" Sir Robert proceeded, "In my situation, assailed as I am by false friends, and real enemies, I hold it my duty, and for the king's benefit, to watch correspondence; this letter I caused to be stopped at the post office—read it." It was a letter from Swift to Doctor Arbuthnot, saying, that Sir Robert had consented to see him at last; that he knew no flattery was too gross for Sir Robert, and that he should receive plenty, and added, that he hoped very soon to have the old fox in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was in astonishment; Sir Robert never saw Swift again. He speedily returned to Ireland, became a complete misanthrope*, and died without a friend

DXXXI.

IN the superstitious ritual of the church of Rome, the pope has not the poor merit of inventing that mummary

* He did not open his lips, except on one occasion, for seven years. It would seem, that he had a melancholy foreboding of his fate, for on seeing an old oak, the head of which was withered, he feelingly exclaimed, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top." The following lines in Hypocrisy allude to this circumstance:

"Then ask not length of days, that giftless gift,
More pleased like Wolfe to die, than live like Swift;
He, with prophetic plaint, his doom divin'd;
The *body* made the living tomb of *mind*,
Rudder and compass gone, of thought and speech,
He lay, a mighty wreck on Wisdom's beach!"

by which he reigns. The Roman church professes to have a Christian object of adoration, but she worships him with Pagan forms *. She retains the ancient custom of building temples, with a position to the east. And what are her statues, her incense, her pictures, her image worship, her holy water, her processions, her prodigies, and her legerdemain, but religious customs which have survived the policy of imperial Rome, but which caused that metropolis, when she became pontifical, to receive Popery as an *ally*, not to submit to it as a sovereign.

DXXXII.

MATRIMONY is an engagement which must last the life of one of the parties, and there is no retracting, "*vestigia nulla retrorsum*;" therefore, to avoid all the horror of a repentance that comes too late, men should thoroughly know the real causes that induce them to take so important a step, before they venture upon it; do they stand in need of a wife, an heiress, or a nurse; is it their passions, their wants, or their infirmities, that solicit them to wed? Are they candidates for that happy state, "*propter opus, opes, or opem*?" according to the epigram. These are questions much more proper to be proposed before men go to the altar, than after it; they are points which, well ascer-

* I shall quote the following remarks from the learned author of the Dissertation on the Olympic Games: "Thus were the two most powerful and martial states of Greece subjected in their turn, to the authority of a petty and unwarlike people; this possibly we should have some difficulty to believe, were there not many modern examples of mightier, if not wiser nations, than either of the two above mentioned, having been awed into a submission to a power still more significant than that of Ælis, by the same edgeless arms, the same *brutum fulmen*. Whether the thunders of the Vatican were forged in imitation of those of the Olympian Jupiter, I will not determine, though I must take notice that many of the customs and ordinances of the Roman church allude most evidently to many practised in the Olympic stadium, as extreme unction, the palm, the crown of martyrs, and others, as may be seen at large in Faber's *Agonisticæ*."

tained, would prevent many disappointments, often deplorable, often ridiculous, always remediless. We should not then see young spendthrifts allying themselves to females who are *not* so, only because they have had nothing to expend; nor old debauchees taking a blooming beauty to their bosom, when an additional flannel waistcoat would have been a bedfellow much more salutary and appropriate.

DXXXIII.

VILLAINY that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for virtue, if she slumber on her post; and hence it is that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good one; for the partizans of the former, knowing that their cause will do nothing for them, have done every thing for their cause; whereas, the friends of the latter are too apt to expect every thing from their cause, and to do nothing for themselves.

DXXXIV.

WAR is a game in which princes seldom win, the people never. To be *defended* is almost as great an evil as to be attacked; and the peasant has often found the shield of a protector an instrument not less oppressive than the sword of an invader. Wars of opinion, as they have been the most destructive, are also the most disgraceful of conflicts; being appeals from right to might, and from argument to artillery; the fomentors of them have considered the *raw material* man, to have been formed for no worthier purposes than to fill up gazettes at home, with their names, and ditches abroad with their bodies. But let us hope that true philosophy, the joint offspring of a religion that is pure, and of a reason that is enlightened, will gradually prepare a better order of things, when mankind will no longer be insulted by seeing bad pens mended by good swords, and weak heads exalted by strong hands.

DXXXV.

POWERFUL friends, and first-rate connections, do often assist a man's rise, and contribute to his promotion; but there are many instances wherein all these things have acted as impediments against him, "*ipsa sibi obstat magnitudo*;" for our very greatness may prevent its own aggrandizement, and may be kept down by its own weight, "*mole ruit sua*." It is well known that the conclave of cardinals were extremely jealous of permitting a jesuit to fill the apostolic chair, because that body was already too powerful and overbearing; and *dignus sed jesuita* est*, was a common maxim of the Vatican; the fact is, that men like to retain some little power and influence even over those whom they aggrandize and advance; and hence it happens that great talents, supported by great connections, are not unfrequently passed over, for those that are less powerful, but more *practicable*, and less exalted, but more manageable and subservient.

DXXXVI.

ON reflecting on all the frauds and deceptions that have succeeded in duping mankind, it is really astonishing upon how very small a foundation an immense superstructure may be raised. The solution of this may, perhaps, be found in that axiom of the atomists: That there must ever be a much greater distance between nothing, and that which is least, than between that which is least, and the greatest.

DXXXVII.

MATCHES wherein one party is all passion, and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire. It is possible that the fire will dissolve the ice, but it is most probable that will be extinguished in the attempt.

* The talent for intrigue, which distinguished that society, became at length so brilliant, as to consume itself. Of this most extraordinary offspring of Loyola, many will be inclined to repeat, "*urit enim fulgore suo*;" but few will be ready to add, "*extinctus amabitur idem*."

DXXXVIII.

IT is only when the rich are sick, that they fully feel the impotence of wealth

DXXXIX.

THE keenest abuse of our enemies, will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

DXL.

THIS world cannot explain its own difficulties, without the assistance of another.

DXLI.

IN the constitution both of our mind and of our body, every thing must go on right, and harmonize well together to make us happy ; but should *one* thing go wrong, that is quite enough to make us miserable ; and, although the joys of this world are vain and short, yet its sorrows are real and lasting ; for I will show you a ton of perfect pain, with greater ease than one ounce of perfect pleasure ; and he knows little of himself, or of the world, who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow ; therefore, give a *wise* man health, and he will give himself every other thing. I say, give him health, for it often happens that the most ignorant empiric can do us the greatest harm, although the most skilful physician knows not how to do us the slightest good.

DXLII.

THE advocate for torture would wish to see the strongest hand joined to the basest heart, and the weakest head. Engendered in intellectual, and carried on in *artificial* darkness, torture is a trial, not of guilt, but of nerve, not of innocence, but of endurance ; it perverts the whole order of things, for it compels the weak to affirm that which

is false, and determines the strong to deny that which is true ; it converts the criminal into the evidence, the judge into the executioner, and makes a direr punishment than would *follow* guilt, *precede* it. When under the cloke of religion, and the garb of an ecclesiastic, torture is made an instrument of accomplishing the foulest schemes of worldly ambition, it then becomes an atrocity that can be described or imagined, only where it has been seen and felt. It is consolatory to the best sympathies of our nature, that the hydra head of this monster has been broken, and a triumph over her as bright as it is bloodless obtained, in that very country whose aggravated wrongs had well nigh made vengeance a virtue, and clemency a crime.

DXLIII.

A SEMI-CIVILIZED state of society, equally removed from the extremes of barbarity, and of refinement, seems to be that particular meridian under which all the reciprocities and gratuities of hospitality, do most readily flourish and abound. For it so happens that the ease, the luxury, and the abundance of the *highest* state of civilization, are as productive of *selfishness*, as the difficulties, the privations, and the sterilities of the *lowest*. In a community just emerging from the natural state to the artificial, and from the rude to the civilized, the wants and the struggles of the individual, will compel the most liberal propensities of our nature to begin at home, and too often to end where they began ; and the history of our own country will justify these conclusions ; for as civilization proceeded, and property became legalized, and extended, the civil and ecclesiastical impropiators of the soil, set an example of an hospitality, coarse indeed, and indiscriminating, but of unrivalled magnificence, from the extent of its scale, if not from the elegance of its arrangements. The possessor had no other mode of spending his vast revenues. The dissipations, the amusements, and the facilities of intercourse to be met with in large towns and cities, were unknown. He that wanted

society, and who that can have it, wants it not, cheerfully opened his cellars, his stables; and his halls; the retinue became as necessary to the lord, as the lord to the retinue; and the parade and splendour of the chace, were equalled only by the prodigality and the profusion of the banquet. But as the arts and sciences advanced, and commerce and manufactures improved, a new state of things arose. The refinements of luxury enabled the individual to expend the whole of his income, however vast, upon *himself*; and hospitality immediately yielded to parsimony, and magnificence to meanness. The Cræsus of civilization, can now wear a whole forest in his pocket, in the shape of a watch, and can carry the produce of a whole estate upon his little finger, in the form of ring; he can gormandize a whole ox at a meal, metamorphosed into a turtle, and wash it down with a whole butt of October, *condensed* into a flaggon of tokay; and he can conclude these feats by selling the whole interests of a kingdom for a bribe, and by putting the costly price of his delinquency in a snuff-box.

DXLIV.

MODERN criticism discloses that which it would fain conceal, but conceals that which it professes to disclose; it is, therefore, read by the discerning, not to discover the merits of an author, but the motives of his critic.

DXLV.

LIVING kings receive more flattery than they deserve, but less praise. They are flattered by sycophants, who, as they have their own interest at heart, much more than that of their master, are far more anxious to say what will be profitable to themselves, than salutary to him. But the high-minded and independent, although they will be the first to perceive, and the fittest to appreciate the sterling qualities of a sovereign, will be the last to applaud them, while he fills a throne. The reasons are obvious; their praises would

neither be advantageous to the monarch, nor creditable to themselves. Not advantageous to the monarch, because however pure may be the principles of their admiration, the world will give them no such credit, but will mix up the praises of the most disinterested, with the flatteries of the most designing, wherever a living king be the theme; neither will such praises be creditable to those who bestow them, for they will be sure to incur the obloquy of flattery, without the wages of adulation, and will share in the punishment, without participating in the spoil, or concurring in the criminality. None, therefore, but those who have established the highest character for magnanimity and independence, may safely venture to praise living merit, when in the person of a king*, it gives far more lustre to a crown, than it receives.

 DXLVI.

IF we steal thoughts from the moderns, it will be cried down as plagiarism; if, from the ancients, it will be cried as erudition. But, in this respect, every author is a *Spartan*, being more ashamed of the discovery, than of the depredation. Yet, the offence itself may not be so heinous as the manner of committing it; for some, as Voltaire †, not only steal, but, like the harpies, befoul and bespatter those whom they have plundered. Others, again, give us the mere carcase of another man's thoughts, but deprived of all their life and spirit, and this is to add murder to robbery. I have somewhere seen it observed, that we should make the same use of a book, that the bee does of a flower; she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it; and those sweets she

* What has been said of happiness, with regard to men, may be said of praise with respect to monarchs, with a slight alteration;

“*Dicique celebris,*

“*Ante obitum, nemo, supremaque funera debet.*”

† He robbed Shakespeare, and then abused him, comparing him, amongst other things, to a dunghill. It was in allusion to these plagiarisms, that Mrs. Montague retorted on Voltaire, that if Shakespeare was a dunghill, he had enriched a very ungrateful soil.

herself improves and concocts into honey. But most plagiarists, like the *drone*, have neither taste to select, nor industry to acquire, nor skill to improve, but impudently pilfer the honey ready prepared from the hive.

DXLVII.

CUSTOM is the law of one description of fools, and fashion of another; but the two parties often clash; for precedent is the legislator of the first, and novelty of the last. Custom, therefore, looks to things that are past, and fashion to things that are present, but both of them are somewhat purblind *as to things that are to come*; but, of the two, fashion imposes the heaviest burthen; for she cheats her votaries of their time, their fortune, and their comforts, and she repays them only with the celebrity of being ridiculed and despised; a very paradoxical mode of remuneration, *yet always most thankfully received*! Fashion is the veriest goddess of semblance, and of shade; to be happy, is of far less consequence to her worshippers, than to appear so; and even pleasure itself they sacrifice to parade, and enjoyment to ostentation. She requires the most passive and implicit obedience, at the same time that she imposes a most grievous load of ceremonies, and the slightest murmurings would only cause the recusant to be laughed at by all other classes, and excommunicated by his own. Fashion builds her temple in the capitol of some mighty empire, and having selected four or five hundred of the silliest people it contains, she dubs them with the magnificent and imposing title of **THE WORLD**! But the marvel and the misfortune is, that this arrogant title is as universally accredited by the many who *abjure*, as by the few who adore her; and this creed of fashion requires not only the weakest folly, but the strongest faith, since it would maintain that the minority are the whole, and the majority nothing! Her smile has given wit to dulness, and grace to deformity, and has brought every thing into vogue, by turns, but virtue. Yet she is most capricious in her favours, often running from

those that pursue her, and coming round to those that stand still. It were mad to follow her, and rash to oppose her, but neither rash nor mad to despise her.

DXLVIII.

LOGIC and metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the sciences put together, and do the least work. A modern metaphysician had been declaiming before a large party, on the excellence of his favourite pursuit; an old gentleman who had been listening to him with the most voracious attention, at length ventured humbly to enquire of him, whether it was his opinion that the metaphysics would ever be reduced to the same certainty and demonstration as the mathematics? "Oh ' most assuredly," replied our oracle, "there cannot be the slightest doubt of that!" The author of this notable discovery must have known *more* of metaphysics than any other man, or *less* of mathematics; and I leave my readers to decide whether his confidence was built on a profound knowledge of the one, or a profound ignorance of the other.

DXLIX.

THAT which we acquire with the most difficulty, we retain the longest, as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one. It is recorded of Professor Porson *, that he talked his Greek fluently, when he could no longer articulate in English.

* The professor was remarkable for a strong memory, which was not so puzzling as the great perfection of his *other* faculties; for, to the utter confusion of all craniologists, on examination after death, it turned out that this great scholar was gifted with the thickest skull that ever was dissected. How his vast erudition could get into such a receptacle, was the only difficulty to be explained; but, when once in, it seems there were very *solid* and *substantial* reasons to prevent its getting out again.

DL

FALSHOOD is often rocked by truth, but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

DLI.

THE straits of Thermopylæ were defended by only three hundred men, but they were all *Spartans*; and, in advocating our own cause, we ought to trust rather to the force, than to the number of our arguments, and to care not how few they be, should that few be incontrovertible; when we hear one argument refuted, we are apt to suspect that the others are weak; and a cause that is well supported, may be compared to an arch that is well built—nothing can be taken away without endangering the whole.

DLII.

LITERATURE has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes; those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility, without depth; we shall get second-hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.

DLIII.

IT is common to say, that a liar will not be believed, although he should speak the truth; but the converse of this proposition is equally true, but more unfortunate; that a man who has gained a reputation for veracity, will not be discredited, although he should utter that which is *false*; but he that would make use of a reputation for veracity to establish a lie, would set fire to the temple of truth, with a faggot stolen from her altar.

DLIV.

SOME read to think—these are rare; some to write,

these are common; and some read to talk, and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said, that they treat books as some do lords; they inform themselves of their *titles*, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

DLV.

THE two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.

DLVI.

HE that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility; and few things are more disgusting, than that *arrogant* affability of the great, which only serves to show others the sense they entertain of their inferiority, since they consider it necessary to stoop so low to meet it. A certain prelate, now no more, happened to meet, at a large party, his old collegiate acquaintance, the celebrated Dr. G., of coursing and classical notoriety. Having oppressed the doctor with a plentiful dose of distressing condescension, his lordship, with a familiarity evidently affected, enquired of the doctor, how long it might be since they had last the pleasure of seeing one another; "the last time I had the honour of seeing your lordship," said the doctor, "happened to be when you was walking to serve your curacy at Trumpington, and I was riding to serve my church at Chesterford; and as the rain happened to be particularly heavy, your lordship most graciously condescended to mount my servant's horse, The animal not having been used to carry double, was a little unruly, and when your lordship dismounted, it was at the expence of no small num-

ber of stitches in your small-clothes ; I felt not a little embarrassed for your lordship, as you had not then an apron to cover them, but I remember that you soon set me at ease, by informing me that a sermon, inclosing some black thread and a needle, were three articles which you never travelled without ; on hearing which, I ventured to congratulate your lordship on the happy expedient you had hit upon, for giving a connected *thread* to your discourse, and some *polish*, no less than *point* to your arguments." His lordship was never afterwards known to ask an old friend how long it was since he had last the pleasure of seeing him.

DLVII.

MOST females will forgive a liberty, rather than a slight, and if any woman were to hang a man for stealing her picture, although it were set in gold, it would be a new case in law ; but, if he carried off the setting, and left the portrait, I would not answer for his safety, even if Alley were his pleader, and a Middlesex jury his peers. The felon would be doomed to feel experimentally, the force of two lines of the poet, which, on this occasion, I shall unite :

“ *Fœmina quid possit,
Spretæque injuria formæ.*”

DLVIII.

HABIT will reconcile us to every thing but change, and even to change, if it recur not too quickly. Milton, therefore, makes his hell an ice-house, as well as an oven, and freezes his devils, at one period, but bakes them at another. The late Sir George Staunton informed me, that he had visited a man in India, who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed ; this was, that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead, without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so

sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous; at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "*bed of thorns*," and remarked, that at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

DLIX.

THOSE who have a thorough knowledge of the human heart, will often produce all the best effects of the virtues, by a subtle appeal to the vanities of those with whom they have to do; and can cause the very weaknesses of our minds, indirectly to contribute to the furtherance of measures, from whose strength the powers of our minds would perhaps recoil, as unequal and inefficient. A preacher in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, not undeservedly popular, had just finished an exhortation strongly recommending the liberal support of a certain very meritorious institution. The congregation was numerous, and the chapel crowded to excess. The discourse being finished, the plate was about to be handed round to the respective pews, when the preacher made this short address to the congregation; "from the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honoured me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of; that some of you may feel inclined to *give too much*; now it is my duty to inform you, that justice though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will all immediately be waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no persons will think of putting any thing into the plate, *who cannot pay their debts*." I need not add, that this advice produced a most overflowing collection.

DLX.

LITTLE errors ought to be pardoned, if committed

by those who ere great, in things that are greatest. Paley once made a false quantity in the church of St. Mary's ; and Bishop Watson most feelingly laments the valuable time he was obliged to squander away, in attending to such *minutiae*. Nothing, however, is more disgusting than the triumphant crowings of learned dunces, if by any chance they can fasten a slip or peccadillo of this kind, upon an illustrious name. But these spots in the sun, they should remember, will be exposed only by those who have made use of the smoky glass of envy, or of prejudice ; and it is to be expected that these trifles should have great importance attached to them, by *such* men, for they constitute the little intellectual all of weak minds, and if they had not them, they would have nothing. But he, that, like Paley, has accurately measured *living men*, may be allowed the privilege of an occasional false quantity in *dead languages* ; and even a false concord in *words*, may be pardoned in *him*, who has produced a true, concord, between such momentous *things* as the purest faith, and the profoundest reason.

DLXI.

NOBILITY is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current directly into the great Pacific Ocean of Time ; but, unlike all other rivers, it is more grand at its *source*, than at its termination.

DLXII.

THE great difficulty in pulpit eloquence is, to give the subject all the dignity it so fully deserves, without attaching any importance to ourselves ; some preachers reverse the thing ; they give so much importance to themselves, that they have none left for the subject.

DLXIII.

INGRATITUDE in a superior, is very often no-

thing more than the refusal of some unreasonable request ; and if the patron does too little, it is not unfrequently because the dependent expects too much. A certain pope who had been raised from an obscure situation, to the apostolic chair, was immediately waited upon by a deputation sent from a small district, in which he had formerly officiated as *cure* ; it seems that he had promised the inhabitants that he would do something for them, if it should ever be in his power ; and some of them now appeared before him, to remind him of his promise, and also to request that he would fulfil it, by granting them *two harvests in every year* ! He acceded to this *modest* request, on condition that they should go home immediately, and so adjust the Almanack of their own particular district, as to make every year of *their Register* consist of twenty-four calendar months.

DLXIV.

THOSE traitors who know that they have sinned beyond forgiveness, have not the courage to be true to those who, they presume, are perfectly acquainted with the full extent of their treachery. It is conjectured that Cromwell would have proposed terms of reconciliation to Charles the Second, could he but have harboured the hope that he would forgive his father's blood ; and it was the height of wisdom in Cesar, to *refuse* to be as wise as he might have been, if he had not immediately burnt the cabinet of Pompey, which he took at Pharsalia.

DLXV.

“ *NOSCITUR a Sociis*,” is a proverb that does not invariably apply ; for men of the highest talent have not always culled their familiar society from minds of a similar calibre with their own. There are moments of relaxation, when they prefer friendship to philosophy, and comfort to counsel. Fatigued by confuting the coxcombs, or exhausted by coping with the giants of literature, there are moments

when the brightest minds prefer the soothing of sympathy to all the brilliance of wit, as he that is in need of repose, selects a bed of feathers, rather than of flints.

DLXVI.

POLITICS and personalities will give a *temporary* interest to authors, but they must possess something more, if they would wish to render that interest permanent. I question whether Junius himself had not been long since forgotten, if we could but have ascertained whom to forget; but our reminiscences were kept from slumbering, chiefly because it was undetermined *where* they should rest. The Letters of Junius * are a splendid monument, an unappro-

* In my humble opinion the talents of Junius have been overrated; Horne Tooke gained a decisive victory over him; but Horne was a host, and I have heard one who knew him well, observe, that he was a man who felt nothing, and feared nothing; the person alluded to above, also informed me that Horne Tooke on one occasion wrote a challenge to Wilkes, who was then *high sheriff* for the county of Middlesex. Wilkes had signalled himself in a most determined affair with Martin, on account of No. forty-five in the True Briton, and he wrote Horne Tooke the following laconic reply to the challenge. "SIR, I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present *High Sheriff* for the City of London, it may happen that I may shortly have an opportunity of attending *you* in my *official capacity*, in which case I will answer for it, that you shall *have no ground* to complain of my endeavours to serve you." Probably it was about this time that Horne Tooke, on being asked by a foreigner of distinction, how much treason an Englishman might venture to write, without being hanged, replied, that he could not inform him just yet, but that he was trying. But to return to Junius, I have always suspected that those letters were written by some one who had either afterwards apostatised from the principles they contain, or who had been induced from mercenary and personal motives, to advocate them with so much asperity; and that they were not avowed by the writer, merely because such an avowal would have detracted more from his reputation as a man, than it would have added to his fame as an author. This supposition has been considerably strengthened by a late very conclusive and well reasoned volume, entitled *Junius identified*, published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey.

priated cenotaph, which, like the pyramids of Egypt, derives much of its importance from the mystery in which the hand that reared it is involved.

DLXVII.

NO men deserve the title of infidels, so little as those to whom it has been usually applied; let any of those who renounce Christianity, write fairly down in a book, all the absurdities that they believe instead of it, and they will find that it requires more faith to reject Christianity, than to embrace it.

DLXVIII.

THE temple of truth is built indeed of stones of chrystal, but, in as much as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that truth herself will attract little attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect; unmixed and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency, as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed, that he that follows truth too closely, must take care that she does not strike out his teeth; but he that follows truth too closely, has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from the pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles, and to all the frowns of the living, alone is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times, worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

DLXIX.

GENIUS, when employed in works whose tendency it is to demoralize and to degrade us, should be contemplated with abhorrence, rather than with admiration; such a monument of its power may indeed be stamped with immortality, but like the Colisæum at Rome, we *deplore* its magnificence, because we detest the purposes for which it was designed.

DLXX.

ANGUISH of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

DLXXI.

INTRIGUES of state, like games of whist, require a partner, and in both, success is the joint effect of chance, and of skill; but the former, differ from the latter, in one particular—the knaves rule the kings. Count Stackelberg was sent on a particular embassy by Catharine of Russia, into Poland; on the same occasion, Thurgut was dispatched by the Emperor of Germany. Both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for an audience arrived, Thurgut was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, seeing a dignified looking man seated and attended by several Polish noblemen, who were standing most respectfully before him, the German ambassador (Thurgut) concluded it was the king, and addressed him as such, with the accustomed formalities. This dignified looking character turned out to be Stackelberg, who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after the king entered the presence chamber, and Thurgut, perceiving his mistake, retired, much mortified and ashamed. In the evening, it so happened, that both these ambassadors were playing cards, at the same table with his majesty. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, “The king of clubs!!” “A mistake!” said the monarch, “It is the knave!” “Pardon me, Sire,” exclaimed Thurgut, casting a significant glance at Stackelberg, “this is the second time to-day, I have mistaken a knave for a king!!!” Stackelberg, though very prompt at repartee, bit his lips, and was silent.

DLXXII.

AS it is far more difficult to be just, than to be ge-

nerous, so also those will often find it a much harder task to *punish* than to pardon, who have both in their power. There is no one quality of the mind, that requires more resolution, and receives a less reward, than that prospective but ultimately *merciful* severity, which strikes the individual, for the good of the community. The popular voice,—the tears of relatives,—the influence of rank,—the eloquence of talent, may all conspire to recommend an act of clemency, in itself most grateful to the sympathies of Him whose high situation has privileged Him to exert it. What shall we put into the opposite scale? The public good; but it *may* happen that the public themselves have signified their willingness to waive this high consideration. Here, then, the supreme head of the state is forced upon a trial almost too great for humanity; He is called upon to sink the feelings of the man, in the firmness of the magistrate, to sacrifice the finest sensibilities of the heart, to the sternest dictates of the head, and to exhibit an integrity more pure than the ice of Zembla, but as repulsive and as cold. Those who can envy a sovereign so painful a prerogative, know little of others, and less of themselves. Had Doctor Dodd*

* Many thinking persons lament that forgery should be punished with death. If we consider forgery as confined to the notes of the Bank of England, it has been universally objected to them that they have *hitherto* been executed in so slovenly a manner, as to have become temptations to the crime. But this circumstance has been attended with another evil not quite so obvious;—it has given ground for a false and cruel mode of reasoning; for it has been argued, that an offence holding out such facilities, can *only* be prevented by making the severest possible example of the offender; but surely it would be more humane, and *much* more in the true spirit of legislation, to prevent the crime rather by removing those facilities which act as temptations to it, than by passing a law for the punishment of it, so severe, that the very prosecutors shrink from the task of going the full extent of its enactments, by perpetually permitting the delinquents to plead guilty to the minor offence. In the particular case of Dr. Dodd, these observations will not fully apply: and the observation of Thurlow to his sovereign was in this correct, that all partial exceptions should be scrupulously avoided; I have however heard the late Honourable Daines Barrington give another reason for Dodd's execution. This gentleman also informed me

been pardoned, who shall say how many men of similar talents that cruel pardon might have fatally ensnared. Eloquent as he was, and exemplary as perhaps he *would*

that he was present at the attempt to recover Dodd, which would have succeeded, if a room had been fixed upon nearer the place of execution, as the vital spark was not entirely extinguished when the measures for resuscitation commenced ; but they ultimately failed, owing to the immense crowd which prevented the arrival of the hearse in proper time. A very feasible scheme had also been devised for the Doctor's escape from Newgate. The outline of it, as I have had it from the gentleman mentioned above, was this ;—There was a certain woman in the lower walk of life, who happened to be in features remarkably like the Doctor. Money was not wanting, and she was engaged to wait upon Dodd in Newgate. Mr. Kirby, at that time the governor of the prison, was inclined to shew the Doctor every civility compatible with his melancholy situation ; amongst other indulgences, books, paper, pens, and a reading desk had been permitted to be brought to him ; and it was not unusual for the Doctor to be found by his friends, sitting at his reading-desk, and dressed in the habiliments of his profession. The woman above alluded to, was, in the character of a domestic, in the constant habit of coming in and out of the prison, to bring books, paper, linen, or other necessaries. The party who had planned the scheme of his escape, soon after the introduction of this female had been established, met together in a room near the prison, and requested the woman to permit herself to be dressed in the Doctor's wig, gown, and canonicals ; she consented ; and in this disguise the resemblance was so striking, that it astonished all who were in the secret, and would have deceived any who were not. She was then sounded as to her willingness to assist in the Doctor's escape, if she were well rewarded ; after some consideration, she assented to play her part in the scheme, which was simply this, that on a day agreed upon, the Doctor's irons having been previously filed, she should exchange dresses, put on the Doctor's gown and wig, and occupy his seat at the reading desk ; while the Doctor, suddenly metamorphosed into his own female domestic, was to have put a bonnet on his head, to have taken a bundle under his arm, and to have walked coolly and quietly out of the prison. It was thought that this plan would have been crowned with success, if the Doctor himself could have been persuaded to accede unto it ; but he had all along buoyed himself up with the hope of a reprieve, and like that ancient general who disdained to owe a victory to a stratagem, so neither would the Doctor be indebted for his life to a trick. The event proved that it was unfortunate that he should have had so many scruples on *this* occasion, and so few on *another*.

have been, an *enlarged* view of his case authorises this irrefragable inference ; *that the most undeviating rectitude, and the longest life of such a man, could not have conferred so great and so permanent a benefit on society, as that single sacrifice, his death.* On this memorable occasion, Europe saw the greatest monarch she contained, acknowledging a *sovereign*, within his own dominions, *greater than himself ; a sovereign* that triumphed not only over his power, but over his pity.—*The Supremacy of the Laws.*

 DLXXIII.

THE praise of the *envious*, is far less creditable than their *censure* ; they praise only that which they can surpass,* but that which surpasses them—they *censure*.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds had as few faults as most men, but jealousy is the *besetting sin* of his profession, and Sir Joshua did not altogether escape the contagion. From some private pique or other, he was too apt to take every opportunity of depreciating the merits of Wilson, perhaps the first landscape painter of his day. On a certain occasion, when some members of the profession were discussing the respective merits of their brother artists, Sir Joshua, in the presence of Wilson, more pointedly than politely remarked, that Gainsborough was indisputably, and beyond all comparison, the first landscape painter of the day ; now it will be recollected, that Gainsborough was very far from a contemptible painter of portraits as well ; and Wilson immediately followed up the remark of Sir Joshua by saying, that whether Gainsborough was the first landscape painter or not of the day, yet there was one thing in which all present, not excepting Sir Joshua himself, would agree, that Gainsborough was the first portrait painter of the day, without any probability of a rival. Here we see two men respectively eminent in the departments of their art, giving an *undeserved* superiority to a third in both ; but a superiority only given to gratify the pique of each, at the expence of the feelings of the other. The late Mr. West was perfectly free from this *nigræ succus loliginis*. This freedom from all envy was not lost upon the discriminating head, and benevolent heart of our late sovereign. Sir William Beachy having just returned from Windsor, where he had enjoyed an interview with his late majesty, called on West in London. He was out, but he drank tea with Mrs. West, and took an opportunity of informing her how very high Mr. West stood in the good opinion of his sovereign, who had particularly dwelt on Mr.

DLXXIV.

MEN are more readily contented with no intellectual light, than with a little; and wherever they have been taught to acquire *some* knowledge in order to please others, they have most generally gone on, to acquire *more*, to please themselves. “*So far shalt thou go, but no farther,*” is as inapplicable to wisdom as to the wave. The fruit of the tree of knowledge may stand in the garden, *undesired*, only so long as it be *untouched*; but the moment it is tasted, all prohibition will be vain. The present is an age of enquiry, and truth is the *real* object of many—the avowed object of all. But as truth *can* neither be divided against herself, nor rendered destructive of herself, as she courts investigation, and solicits enquiry, it follows that her worshippers must grow with the growth, strengthen with the strength, and improve with the advancement of knowledge. “*Quieta ne movete,*” is a *sound* maxim for a *rotten* cause. But there is a nobler maxim from a higher source, which enjoins *us to try all things, but to hold fast that which is good*. The day is past when custom could procure acquiescence, antiquity, reverence, or power, obedience to error; and, although error, and that of the most bold and dangerous kind, has her worshippers in the very midst of us, yet it is simply and solely because they mistake error for *truth*. Show them their error, and the same power that would in vain compel them *now* to abjure it, would then as vainly be exerted in compelling them to adore it. But as nothing is more turbulent and unmanageable than a half enlightened population, it is the duty no less than the interest of those who have begun to teach the people to reason, to see that they use that reason aright; for understanding, like happiness, is far more generally diffused than the sequestered scholar would either

West’s entire freedom from jealousy or envy, and who had remarked to Sir William, that in the numerous interviews he had permitted to Mr. West, he had never heard him utter a single word detractory or depreciative of the talents or merits of any one human being whatsoever. Mrs. West, on hearing this, replied with somewhat of plain and sectarian bluntness,—*Go thou and do likewise!*

concede or imagine. I have often observed *this*, in the uneducated, that when once another can give them true premises, they will then draw tolerably fair conclusions for themselves. But as nothing is more mischievous than a man that is half intoxicated, so nothing is more dangerous than a mind that is half informed. It is this semi-scientific description of intellect, that has organized those bold attacks made, and still making upon Christianity. The extent and sale of infidel publications is beyond all example and belief. This intellectual poison * is circulating through the lowest ramifi-

* Mr. Bellamy, in a very conclusive performance, the *Anti-deist*, does not attempt to parry the weapon, so much as to disarm the hand that wields it ; for he does not explain away the objections that have been advanced by the deist, but he labours rather to extirpate them, and to show that they have no other root but misconception or mistake. Mr. Bellamy's endeavours have had for their object the manifestation of the unimpeachable character and attributes of the great Jehovah, and the inviolable purity of the Hebrew text. Every Christian will wish success to such labours, and every Hebrew scholar will examine if they deserve it. I do not pretend or presume to be a competent judge of this most important question ; it is well worthy the attention of the profoundest Hebrew scholars in the kingdom. The Rabbi Meldolah, whose proficiency in the Hebrew language will give his opinions some weight, admitted, in my presence, one very material point, that Mr. Bellamy had not perverted the signification of the sacred *Ketib*, or Hebrew text, as far as he was able to decide. Should this author's emendations *turn out to be correct*, they should be adopted, as no time and no authority can consecrate error. Mr. Bellamy has met with patronage in the very highest quarter—a patronage liberal in every sense of the word ; and as honourable to the patron as to the author. His alterations, I admit, are extremely numerous, important, and consequential ; but they are supported by a mass of erudition, authority, and argument that does indeed demand our most serious attention, and many, in common with myself, will lament that they drank have at the stream more freely than at the fountain. Mr. Bellamy contends, that he has not altered the signification of a single word in the original Hebrew text ; and he defends this position by various citations from numerous other passages, wherein he maintains that the same word carries the meaning he has given it in his new version, but a meaning very often totally different from that of the version now in use. And it is worthy of remark, that the new signification he would establish, while it rectifies that which was absurd, and reconciles that which was ontradiictory, is

cations of society ; for it is presumed, that if the roots can be rendered rotten, the towering tree must fall. The manufacture is well suited for the market, and the wares to the wants. These publications are put forth with a degree of flippant vivacity that prevents them from being dull, at the same time that they profess to be didactic, while their grand and all pervading error lies too deep to be detected by superficial observers ; for they draw somewhat plausible con-

borne out by a similar meaning of the same word in various other passages which he adduces, that are neither absurd nor contradictory. But, if we would retain the word that he would alter, and apply it to the passages he has cited, but in the *same* sense that it carries in the disputed passage in the old version, what will then be the consequence ? All the passages which before were plain and rational, became unintelligible ; and the passage under consideration, which was before absurd or contradictory, will still remain so. The points which Mr. Bellamy chiefly labours to establish are the following : That the original Hebrew text is, at this moment, as pure as at the time of David : That Christ and his apostles invariably quote from the original Hebrew : That the original Septuagint, finished under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about three hundred and fifty years before Christ, was burnt in the Alexandrian library : That the spurious Septuagint is a bad translation ; and, therefore, that all translations from it must partake of its imperfections : That the first Christian churches, about one hundred and fifty years after the dispersion of the Jews, had recourse to the Greek translation made by Aquila. In confirmation of these positions, Mr. Bellamy quotes Michaelis, Buxtorf, Lowth, Kennicott, Archbishops Newcome, Secker, and Usher, all profound Hebrew scholars, the latter of whom affirms, in one of his letters, " that this spurious Septuagint of Aquila continually takes from, adds to, and changes the Hebrew text at pleasure ; that the original Septuagint was lost long ago ; and that what has ever since gone under that name, is a spurious copy, abounding with omissions, additions, and alterations of the Hebrew text. Mr. Bellamy's very arduous undertaking, has excited the greatest sensation, both at home and abroad, and he must expect that a question involving such high and awful interests, will be most strictly scrutinized. In as much as all his emendations have for their object the depriving of the champion of infidelity of all just ground of cavil and objection, every Christian will sincerely wish him success, until it be clearly proved by competent Hebrew scholars, that he has touched the ark of God with unhallowed hands, either by misrepresenting the signification, or by violating the purity of the Hebrew text, "*Sub judice lis est.*"

clusions, from premises that are false, and they have to do with a class of readers that concede to them the "*petitio principii*," without even knowing that it has been asked. It would seem that even the writers themselves are not *always* aware of the baseless and hollow ground upon which the foundation of their reasoning rests. If indeed their conduct did always arise from ignorance, rather than from insincerity, we, as Christians, must feel more inclined to persuade than to provoke them, and to hold the torch of truth to their minds, rather than the torch of persecution to their bodies. In the *nineteenth* century, we would not recommend the vindictive and dogmatic spirit of a Calvin, nor the overbearing and violent temper of a Luther, but that charity "*which is not easily provoked*," shining forth in the mild and accessible demeanour of an Erasmus, that would convince, in order to conciliate, rather than convict, in order to condemn. It is for those who thrive by the darkness, to hurl their anathemas against the diffusion of light; but wisdom, like a pure and bright conductor, can render harmless the "*brutum fulmen*" of the Vatican. We hail the march of intellect, because we know that a reason that is cultivated, is the best support of a worship that is pure. The temple of truth, like the indestructible pillar of Smeaton, is founded on a rock; it triumphs over the tempest, and enlightens those very billows that impetuously but impotently rush on to overwhelm it.

DLXXV.

THOSE illustrious men, who, like torches, have consumed themselves, in order to enlighten others, have often lived unrewarded, and died unlamented. But the tongues of aftertimes have done them justice in one sense, but injustice in another. They have honoured them with their praise, but they have disgraced them with their pity. They pity them forsooth, because they missed of present praise, and temporal emolument; things great indeed to the little, but little to the great. Shall we pity a hero, because, on

the day of victory, he had sacrificed a meal? And those mighty minds, whom these pigmies presume to commiserate, but whom they cannot comprehend, were contending for a far nobler prize than any, which those who pity them, could either give or withhold. Wisdom was *their* object, and *that* object they attained; she was their “*exceeding great reward.*” Let us therefore honour such men, if we can, and emulate them, if we dare; but let us bestow our pity, not on them, but on ourselves, who have neither the merit to deserve renown, nor the magnanimity to despise it.

DLXXVI.

TO pervert the talents we have improved under the tuition of a party, to the destruction of that very party by whom they were improved, this is an offence that generous and noble minds find it almost as difficult to pardon in others, as to commit in themselves. It is true that we are enjoined to forgive our enemies, but I remember no text that enforces a similar conduct with regard to our *friends*. David, we may remember, exclaimed, that if it had been his enemy who had injured him, he could have borne it, but it was his own familiar friend. “*We took,* says he, *sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.*” Therefore to employ the powers of our mind, to injure those to whom we are mainly indebted for the perfection of those powers, is an act of ingratitude as monstrous as if Patroclus had attacked Achilles, in the very armour in which he had invested him for the destruction of Hector:

“*Non hos quæsitum munus in usus;*”

It is well known that Mr. Burke on his first debut in life improved himself not a little, under the banners and the patronage of the opposition; for which purpose he was a constant frequenter of the various debates and disputations held at the house of one Jeacocke, a *baker*, but who, notwithstanding his situation in life, was gifted with such a vein of eloquence, that he was unanimously constituted perpetual

president of the famous disputing society held at the Robin Hood, near Temple-Bar. On a certain memorable occasion, in the House of Commons, Mr. Burke exclaiming, “ *I quit the camp,*” suddenly left the opposition benches, and going over to the *treasury* side of the house, thundered a violent philippic against his former friends and associates. Mr. Sheridan concluded a spirited reply to that unlooked-for attack, nearly in the following words.—“ That gentleman, to use his own expression, has quitted the camp ; but he will recollect that he has quitted it as a deserter, and I sincerely hope he will never return as a spy. But I, for one,” he continued, “ cannot sympathise in the astonishment with which so flagrant an act of apostacy has electrified the house ; for neither I, nor that gentleman, have forgotten from whom he has borrowed those weapons which he now uses against us. So far, therefore, from being astonished at that gentleman’s present tergiversation, I consider it to be not only characteristic, but consistent ; for it is but natural, that he who on his first starting in life, could commit so gross a blunder as to go to the *baker’s* for his *eloquence*, should conclude such a career, by coming to the *House of Commons* for his *bread*.”

DLXXVII.

AS there are some sermons that would have been sermons upon every thing, if the preachers had only touched upon *religion* in their variety, so there are some men who would know a little of every thing, if they did but know a little of their *own* profession. And yet these men often succeed in life ; for, as they are voluble and fluent, upon subjects that every body understands, the world gives them credit for knowledge in their own profession, although it happens to be the only thing on which they are totally ignorant. And yet, if we chose to be sophistical, we might affirm that it requires more talent to succeed in a profession that we do *not* understand, than in one that we do ; but the plain truth is, that it does not require more talent, but more impudence ; and we have but little reason to pride ourselves upon a suc-

ness that is indebted much more to the weakness of others, than to any strength of our own.

DLXXVIII.

EVIDENCE * has often been termed the eye of the law, and has been too generally considered to be that which

* I have said that evidence seldom deceives, or is deceived. In fact its very etymology *evidéo*, would seem to indicate a something clearly perceived and ascertained, through the medium of the senses. And herein evidence, I must repeat, differs most materially from testimony, which, as its derivation also clearly shows us, can be nothing more than the deposition of a witness, which deposition may be *true* or *false*, according to the will of him who testifies. But *no man can will* that his own mind should receive one impression, while his senses give him another; But *any man may will* that his tongue should communicate a different impression to the senses of others, from that which he has received from his own. And, hence, it happens that a sagacious and penetrating judge has often got a very high kind of moral conviction, more satisfactory, perhaps, and conclusive than the unsupported, though positive oath of any one individual whosoever; I mean a connected chain of circumstances, all pointing one way, and leading the mind to one object; a chain by which truth has often been pumped up from her well, notwithstanding all the efforts of *testimony*, to keep her at the bottom of it. Thus, in the case of Donnellan, who was executed for poisoning Sir Theodosius Boughton, with distilled laurel water, some circumstances were elicited that would have weighed more strongly in the judgment of reflecting minds, than any positive but single affidavit which might have been brought to contradict them. A still that had been recently used, was discovered on the premises. Donnellan was so bad a chymist, that on being asked for what purposes he had procured this machine, he replied, "that he had used it to *make lime water*! to kill the fleas; not knowing that lime-water can only be made by saturating water with lime, and that a still never was, and never can be applied to such a purpose. But, in his library, there happened to be a single number of the Philosophical Transactions, and of this single number the leaves had been cut only in one place, and this place happened to contain an account of the mode of making laurel-water by distillation. But the greatest discretion and shrewdness is necessary wherever circumstances point one way, and testimony another, since probable falsehood will always be more readily accredited than improbable truth; and it unfortunately happens that there are occasions, where the strongest circumstances have misled, as in that famous case of the murdered

regulates the decisions of all courts of justice, that are conducted with impartiality. But the term evidence, so applied, is a misnomer, since, from the very nature of things,

farmer, recorded by Judge Hale. I have heard the late Daines Barrington mention a very extraordinary circumstance, of a similar kind, that took place, if I remember right, at Oxford, but it was prior even to his time, and I have forgotten the names of the parties. As the story may be new to some of my readers, I shall relate it as nearly as my memory serves. A country gentleman was travelling from Berkshire, on horseback, to London; he had a friend with him, and a servant, and they supped at the inn, and ordered beds for the night. At supper, his friend happened to observe to the gentleman, that it would be advisable to start early on the next morning, as it would be dangerous to go over Hounslow Heath after sunset, as he had so much property about him. This conversation was overheard by the landlord, who assisted the gentleman's servant in waiting at the table. About the middle of the night, the gentleman's companion thought he heard a noise in his friend's apartment, but it passed over, and he thought no more of it. Some little time afterwards, he was again disturbed by a similar noise, when he determined on entering the apartment. He did so, and the first object he saw, was the landlord with a lanthorn in his hand, and with a countenance of the greatest consternation, standing over the still bleeding, and murdered body of his friend. On a further search, it appeared that the gentleman had been robbed of all his property, and a knife was discovered on the bed, which was proved to be the property of the landlord. He was tried, condemned, and executed, and what was very remarkable, he admitted that he most justly deserved to suffer, although he persisted to the last moment, in his entire innocence of the crime for which he was condemned. This mysterious affair was not explained, until some years afterwards, when the gentleman's servant, on his death-bed, confessed that *he* was the man who had robbed and murdered his master. It would seem that *both* the landlord and the servant had nearly at the same time made up their minds to commit this dreadful deed, but without communicating their intentions to each other; and that the one had anticipated the other by a few minutes. The consternation visible in the countenance of the landlord, his confused and embarrassed account of his intrusion into the chamber, and of the cause that brought him there at such an hour, were all natural consequences of that alarm produced by finding a fellow-creature whom he had sallied forth at the dead of night to destroy, weltering in blood, and already murdered to his hands; and the knife had involuntarily dropped from his arm, uplifted to strike, but unstrung as it were, and paralysed by the terror excited by so unexpected and horrifying a discovery.

evidence rarely, if ever, either can or does appear in a court of justice. We do not mean to quibble about words, nor to split distinctions where there are no differences. The eye of the law, however, happens unfortunately to be composed of something very different from evidence ; for evidence seldom deceives, nor is itself deceived. But the law is compelled to make use of an eye that is far more imperfect ; an eye that sometimes sees too little, and sometimes too much ; this eye is *testimony*. If a man comes into a court of justice covered with wounds and with bruises, I admit that the whole court has evidence before it that the man has been beaten and mangled ; but the question of law is, *by whom* has he been so beaten or mangled ? and this is matter of *testimony* not of *evidence*. For evidence is the impression made upon a man's *own* mind, through his *own* senses ; but *testimony* is the impression that he may *chuse* that his *tongue* should make upon the senses of others ; and here we have a very serious distinction, not without a difference. Thus, for instance, if I see A murdered by B, I am satisfied of that fact, and this is *evidence* ; but I may think fit to swear that he was murdered by C, and then the court are bound to be satisfied of *that fact*, and this is *testimony*.

DLXXIX.

THERE is a spot in Birmingham, where the steam power is concentrated on a very large scale, in order to be let out in small parts and parcels to those who may stand in need of it ; and something similar to this may be observed of the power of mind in London. It is concentrated and brought together here into one focus, so as to be at the service of all who may wish to avail themselves of it. And Doctor Johnson was not far from the truth, when he observed, that he could sit in the smoky corner of Bolt Court, and draw a circle round himself, of one mile in diameter, that should comprise and embrace more energy, ability, and intellect, than could be found in the whole island besides. The circumstance of talent of every kind being so accessible,

in consequence of its being so contiguous, this it is that designates London as the real university of England. If we wish indeed to collate *manuscripts*, we may repair to Oxford or to Cambridge, but we must come to London* if we would collate *men*.

DLXXX.

MEN of enterprising and energetic minds, when buried alive in the gloomy walls of a prison, may be considered as called upon to endure a trial that will put all their strength of mind and fortitude to the test, far more than all the hazards, the dilemmas, and the broils of the camp, the cabinet, or the cabal. I have often considered that the cardinal de Retz was never so great as on one occasion, which occurred at the castle of Vincennes. He was shut up in that fortress by his implacable enemy Mazarin;† and on looking out of his grated window, to fan the burning fever of hope delayed, he saw some labourers busy in preparing a small plot of ground opposite to his apartment. When the person commissioned to attend him, brought in his breakfast, he ventured to enquire of him what those labourers

* These observations do not all interfere with some former remarks on the state of the *labouring classes* of the community in the metropolis; but the *scientific assortment*, is of the highest order, and he that is great in London, will not be little any where.

† This same minister had shut up some other person in the Bastille for a few years, owing to a *trifling mistake in his name*. He was at last turned out, with as little ceremony as he was clapped in. The mistake was explained to him, on his dismissal; but he received a gentle hint to beware of a very dangerous spirit of curiosity which he had evinced during his confinement. Not being over anxious again to trespass on the hospitalities of the Bastille, he ventured to ask what involuntary proof he could have given of this very dangerous spirit of curiosity, in order that he might carefully avoid such an offence in future; he was then gravely told that he had on one occasion made use of these words to an attendant: "I always thought myself the most insignificant fellow upon the face of the earth, and should be most particularly obliged to you if you could inform me by what possible means I ever became of sufficient consequence to be shut up in this place."

were about whom he saw from his window ; he replied they are preparing the ground for the reception of the *seed of some asparagus*, a vegetable of which we have heard that your Excellency is particularly fond. The cardinal received this appalling intelligence with a smile.

DLXXXI.

SOME have wondered how it happens that those who have shone so conspicuously at the bar, should have been eclipsed in the senate, and that the giants of Westminster Hall should have been mere pigmies * at St. Steven's. But that a successful forensic pleader should be a poor diplomatic orator, is no more to be wondered at, than that a good microscope should make a bad telescope. The mind of the pleader is occupied in scrutinizing minutiae, that of the statesman in grasping of magnitudes. The one deals in particulars, and the other in generals. The well defined rights of individuals are the province of the pleader; but the enlarged and undetermined claims of communities are the *arena* of the statesman. Forensic eloquence may be said to lose in comprehension, what it gains in acuteness, as an eye so formed as to perceive the motion of the hour hand, would be unable to discover the time of the day. We might also add, that a mind long hackneyed in anatomizing the nice distinctions of words, must be the less equal to grapple with the more extended bearings of things ; and that he that regulates most of his conclusions by precedent, that is past, will be somewhat embarrassed, when he has to do with power that is present.

DLXXXII.

IT has been urged that it is dangerous to enlighten

* Such men as Dunning and Sir Samuel Romilly, and Lord Erskine, form splendid exceptions to this general rule, and only serve to show the wonderful elasticity of the powers of the human mind. Wedderburn was not always so successful in the *House* as in the *Hall* ; and "*Ille ac jactet in aula Æolus*," was a quotation not unhappily applied.

the lower orders, because it is impossible to enlighten them sufficiently; and that it is far more easy to give them knowledge enough to make them discontented, than wisdom enough to make them resigned; since a smatterer in philosophy can see the evils of life, but it requires an adept in it to support them. To all such specious reasonings, two incontrovertible axioms might be opposed, that truth and wisdom are the firmest friends of virtue, ignorance and falsehood of vice. It will, therefore, be as hazardous, as unadvisable for any rulers of a nation to undertake to enlighten it, unless they themselves are prepared to bring their own example up to the standard of their own instructions, and to take especial care that their *practice* shall precede their *precepts*; for a people that is enlightened may *follow*, but they can no longer be *led*.

DLXXXIII.

TRUE greatness is that alone which is allowed to be so, by the *most great*; and the difficulty of attaining perfection is best understood, only by those who stand nearest themselves unto it. For as he that is placed at a great distance from an object, is a bad judge of the relative space that separates other objects from it, that are comparatively contiguous unto it, so also those that are a great way off from excellence, are equally liable to be misled, as to the respective advances that those who have nearly reached it, have made. The combination of research, of deduction, and of design, developing itself at last in the discovery of the safety lamp for the miner, and muzzling, as it were, in a metallic net, as fine as gossamer, the most powerful and destructive of the elements, was an effort of mind that can be fully appreciated only by those who are thoroughly aware of the vast difficulty of the end, and of the beautiful simplicity of the means. Sir Humphry Davy will receive the *eternal gratitude* of the most ignorant, but the *civic crown* he has so nobly earned, will be placed upon his head by the admiration and the suffrages of the most wise. The truly

great, indeed, are few in number, and slow to admit superiority ; but, when once admitted, they do more homage to the greatness that overtops them, even than minds that are inferior and subordinate. In a former publication, I have related that I once went to see an exhibition of a giant ; he was particularly tall and well proportioned. I was much interested by a groupe of children, who were brought into the room, and I promised myself much amusement from the effect that the entrance of a giant would produce upon them. But I was disappointed, for this Brobdignag seemed to excite a much less sensation than I had anticipated in this young coterie of Lilliputians. I took a subsequent opportunity to express my astonishment on this subject, to the giant himself, who informed me that he had invariably made the same remark, and that children and persons of diminutive stature never expressed half the surprise or gratification on seeing him, that was evinced by those who were tall. The reason of this puzzled me a little, until at last I began to reflect that children and persons of small stature, are in the constant habit of looking up at others, and, therefore, it costs them no trouble to look a little higher at a giant ; but those who are comparatively tall, in as much as they are in the constant habit of looking *down* upon all others, are beyond measure astonished, when they meet with one whose very superior stature obliges them to look up ; and so it is with minds, for the truly great meet their equals rarely, their inferiors, constantly, but when they meet with a superior, the novelty of such an intellectual phenomenon, serves only to increase its brilliance, and to give a more ardent adoration to that homage which it commands.

DLXXXIV.

NOTHING is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and flowing style ; those graces which, from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt an imitation of them, are usually the most inimitable.

DLXXXV.

THE inhabitants of all country towns will respectively inform you, that their own is the most scandalizing little spot in the universe; but the plain fact is, that *all* country towns are liable to this imputation, but that each individual has seen the most of this spirit, in that particular one in which he himself has most resided; and just so it is with historians; they all descant upon the superlative depravity of their own particular age; but the plain fact is, that every age has had its depravity; but historians have only heard and read of the depravity of other ages, but they have *seen* and *felt* that of their own;

*“ Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.”*

DLXXXVI.

THERE is an idiosyncrasy * in *mind*, no less than in body, for some individuals have a peculiar constitution both of head and heart, that sets all analogy, and all calculation at defiance. There is an occult disturbing force within them, that designates them as unclassed anomalies and hybrids; they form the “*corps particulier*” of exceptions to all general rules, being at times full as unlike to themselves, as to others. No maxim, therefore, aphorism or apothegm can be so propounded, as to suit all descriptions and classes of men; and the moralist can advance such propositions *only* as will be found to be generally true, for none are so universally; those, therefore, that are inclined to cavil, might object to the clearest truisms, for “that all *men must die*,” or, “that all *men must be born*,” are affirmations not wholly without their exceptions. Rochefaucault has written one maxim, which, in my humble opinion, is worth all the

* I request all candid readers to accept of the above Reflections as a general apology for all apparent deviations from correct remark in this work, until they have fully considered whether my general rule be not right, although, in some cases, the exceptions to it may be numerous.

rest that he has given us ; he says, that, “ *hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue* ; but even this fine maxim is not universally true ; on the contrary, its very reverse sometimes has happened ; for there are instances where, to please a profligate superior, men have affected some vices to which they were not inclined, and thus have made *their* hypocrisy an homage paid by *virtue* to *vice*.

DLXXXVII.

THERE is no chasm in the operations of nature ; the mineral world joins the vegetable, the vegetable the animal, and the animal the intellectual, by mutual but almost imperceptible gradations. The adaptations that each system makes to its neighbour are reciprocal, the highest parts of the lower, ascending a little out of their order, to fill the receding parts of that which is higher, until the whole universe, like the maps that are made of it, for the amusement of children, becomes one well arranged and connected whole, dove-tailed as it were, and compacted together, by the advancement of some parts, and the retrocession of others. But although each system *appears* to be assimilated, yet is each essentially distinct ; producing, as their whole, the grand discordant harmony of things. Man is that compound Being, created to fill that wide hiatus, that must otherwise have remained unoccupied, between the natural world, and the spiritual ; and He sympathises with the one in his death, and will be associated with the other by his resurrection. Without another state, it would be utterly impossible for Him to explain the difficulties of this : possessing earth, but destined for Heaven, He forms the link between two orders of being, and partakes much of the grossness of the one, and somewhat of the refinement of the other. Reason*, like the magnetic influence

* No sound philosopher will confound instinct with reason, because an ouran outang has used a walking stick, or a trained elephant a lever. Reason imparts powers that are progressive, and that, in many cases, without any assignable limit ; instinct only measures out faculties that arrive at a certain point, and then invariably stand still. Five thousand

imparted to iron, gives to matter properties and powers which it possessed not before, but without extending its bulk, augmenting its weight, or altering its organization; like that to which I have compared it, it is visible only by its effects, and perceptible only by its operations. Reason, superadded to man, gives him peculiar and characteristic views, responsibilities, and destinations, exalting him above all existences that are visible, but which perish, and associating Him with those that are invisible, but which remain. Reason is that Homeric, and golden chain descending from the throne of God even unto man, uniting Heaven with Earth, and Earth with Heaven. For all is connected, and without a chasm; from an angel to an atom, all is proportion, harmony, and strength. But here we stop ;—There is an awful gulf, that must be for ever impassable, infinite, and insurmountable; *The distance between the created, and the Creator*; and this order of things is as fit as it is necessary; it enables the Supreme* to exalt without limit, to reward without exhaustion,

years have added no improvement to the hive of the bee, nor to the house of the beaver; but look at the habitations and the achievements of man; observe reflection, experience, judgment, at one time enabling the head to save the hand, at another dictating a wise and prospective œconomy, exemplified in the most *lavish* expenditure of means, but to be repaid with the most usurious interest, by the final accomplishment of ends. We might also add another distinction peculiar, I conceive, to reason: *the deliberate choice of a small present evil to obtain a greater distant good*: he, that on all *necessary* occasions can act upon this single principle, is as superior to other men, as other men to the brutes. And as the exercise of this principle is the perfection of reason, it happens also, as might have been anticipated, to form the chief task assigned to us by religion, and this task is in great measure accomplished from the moment our lives exhibit a *practical* assent to one eternal and immutable truth, αὐτίκ᾽ αὖν. *The necessary and final connection between happiness and virtue, and misery and vice.*

* The antient sculptors and painters always designated their Jupiter with an aspect of placid and tranquil majesty, but with an attitude slightly bending and inclining forwards, as in the act of *looking down* upon the whole created universe of things. This circumstance perhaps suggested to Milton those noble lines :—

“ Now had the Almighty Father, from above,

without a possibility of endangering the safety of his throne by rivalry, or tarnishing its lustre, by approximation.

DLXXXVII.

TIME is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires.—Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had *. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and

From the bright Empyrean where he sits
High throned, above all height, cast down his eye,
His own works, and man's works at once to view."

* If we stand in the middle of a dark vista, but with a luminous object at one end of it, and none at the other, the former will appear to be short, and the latter long. And so perhaps it is with time; if we look back upon time that is past, we naturally fix our attention upon some event with the circumstances of which we are acquainted, because they have happened, and this is that luminous object which apparently shortens one end of the vista; but if we look forward into time that is to come, we have no luminous object on which to fix our attention, but all is uncertainty, conjecture, and darkness. As to time without an end, and space without a limit, these are two things that finite beings cannot clearly comprehend. But if we examine more minutely into the operations of our own minds, we shall find that there are two things much *more incomprehensible*, and these are time that *has* an end, and space that *has* a limit. For whatever limits these two things, must be itself unlimited, and I am at a loss to conceive where it can exist, but in space and in time. But this involves a contradiction, for that which limits, cannot be contained in that which is limited. We know that in the awful name of Jehovah, the Hebrews combined the past, the present, and the future, and St. John is obliged to make use of a periphrasis, by the expressions of ὁ ὢν, καὶ ὁ ἦν, καὶ ὁ ἐρχόμενος, *Who is, and was, and is to come*; and Sir Isaac Newton considers infinity of space on the one hand, and eternity of duration on the other, to be the grand sensorium of the Deity: it is indeed a sphere that alone is worthy of Him who directs all the movements of nature, and who is determined by his own unalterable perfections, eventually to produce the highest happiness, by the *best means*; *summam felicitatem, optimis modis.*

in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs Beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

NOTES, &c. &c.

Article 10.

THERE were two tyrants of this name, the last of whom ruled with such tyranny, that his people grew weary of his government. He, hearing that an old woman prayed for his life, asked her why she did so; she answered, "I have seen the death of several tyrants, and the successor was always worse than the former, then camest thou, worse than all the rest; and if thou wert gone, I fear what would become of us, if we should have a worse still."

Article 107.

THAT the wicked prosper in the world, that they come into no misfortune like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men, is a doctrine that divines should not broach too frequently in the present day. For there are some so completely absorbed in present things, that they would gladly subscribe to that blind and blasphemous wish of the marshal and duke of Biron, who, on hearing an ecclesiastic observe, that those whom God had forsaken, and deserted as incorrigible, were permitted their full swing of worldly pleasures, the gratification of all their passions, and a long life of sensuality, affluence, and indulgence, immediately replied, "That he should be most happy to be so forsaken."

Article 138.

I AM not so hardy as to affirm, that the French revolution produced little, in the *absolute* sense of the word. I mean that it produced little if compared with the expectations of mankind, and the probabilities that its first developement afforded of its final establishment. The papal power, the dynasty of the Bourbons, the freedom of the press, and purity of representation, are resolving themselves very much into the "*statu quo ante bellum*." It is far from improbable that the results of a "*reformation*" now going on in Spain, with an aspect far less assuming than the late revolution in France, will be more beneficial both to the present and future times than that gigantic event, which destroyed so much, but which repaired so little, and which began in civil anarchy, but ended in military despotism.

Article 352.

ANDREW CÆSALPHINUS, chief physician to pope Clement the 8th. published a book at Pisa on the 1st of June 1569, intitled, *Questionum Peripateticarum, Libri V.*, in which there is this passage, which evidently shows that he was thoroughly acquainted with the circulation of the blood: “Idcirco Pulmo per venam arteriis similem, ex dextro cordis ventriculo, fervidum hauriens sanguinem, eumque per anastomosis arteriæ venali reddens, quæ in sinistrum cordis ventriculum tendit, transmisso interim aere frigido per asperæ arteriæ canales, qui juxta arteriam venalem protenduntur, non tamen oculis communicantes, ut putavit Galenus, solo tactu temperat. Huic sanguinis circulationi ex dextro cordis ventriculo, per pulmones, in sinistrum ejusdem ventriculum, optime respondent ea quæ ex dissectione apparent. Nam duo sunt vasa in dextrum ventriculum desinentia, duo etiam in sinistrum. Duorum autem, unum intromittit tantum, alterum educit, membranis eo ingenio compositis.” As I have a remark on inoculation in the article to which this note refers, I shall quote an ingenious writer, who says, “When it was observed that the inoculation produced fewer pustules and did not disfigure the countenance like the natural small pox, the practice was immediately adopted in those countries, where the beauty of the females constituted an important source of wealth; as for example in Georgia, and Circassia. “The Indians and the Chinese,” says the same writer, “have practised inoculation for many ages, in all the empire of the Burmahs, in the island of Ceylon, in Siam, and in Cambodiaa.

Article 576.

BURKE was one of the most splendid specimens of Irish talent; but his imagination too often ran away with his judgment, and his interest with both

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

I KNOW not that I should have attempted a Second Volume of *LACON*, if the first had not met with some encouragement; Its reception has proved that my book has been purchased at least, by the many, and I have testimonies far more gratifying, that it has not been disapproved of by the few. He that aspires to produce a work that shall instruct and amuse the unlearned, without displeasing or disgusting the scholar, proposes to himself an object more attainable perhaps on any *other* theme, than on that which I have adopted; for on *this* subject all men are critics, although very few are connoisseurs; the man of the world is indignant at being supposed to stand in need of information, and the philosopher feels that he is above it; the old will not quit the school of their own experience, and hope is the only moralist that has any weight with the young. There are many things on which even a coxcomb will receive instruction with gratitude, as for instance a knowledge of the languages, or of the mathematics,

because his pride is not wounded by an admission of his ignorance, as to those sciences to which he has never been introduced. But if you propose to teach him any thing new concerning *himself* the *world*, and those who live in it, the case is widely altered. He finds that he has been conversant all his life with these things, suspects that *here* he knows at least as much as his master, becomes quite impatient of information, and often finishes by attempting to instruct his instructor. It is true that he has made very laudable use of his eyes, since his opera glass has given him an insight into others, and his looking glass has helped him to some knowledge of himself. His ears indeed have had a very easy time of it, but their inactivity has been dearly purchased, at the expense of his tongue; he feels, however, from his experience, that he has had the opportunities at least of observing, and he fancies from his vanity, that he has improved them. Can one (says he) be ignorant of those things that are so constantly and so closely around us, and about us; he that runs, he thinks, may read that lucid volume whose pages are days, whose characters are men. But too close a contiguity is as inimical to distinct vision, as too great a distance; and hence it happens that a man often knows the least of that which is most near to him, —even his own heart; but if we are ignorant of ourselves, a knowledge of others is built upon the sand. On this subject, however, nothing is more easy than to talk plausibly, and few things more

difficult than to write profoundly; thoroughly to succeed, requires far more experience than I possess, or ever shall. I am however fully satisfied of the utility of a work similar to that in which I am engaged, and hope that what little encouragement I have met with, may stimulate those to attempt something better, who are deeply conversant, not only with the living, but with the dead, not only with books, but with men, not only with the hearts of others, but with their own. But the moral world will by no means repay our researches, with such rich discoveries as the natural; yet where we cannot invent, we may at least improve; we may give somewhat of novelty to that which was old, condensation to that which was diffuse, perspicuity to that which was obscure, and currency to that which was recondite. A Hume may soar indeed somewhat higher than a Davy, but he will meet with more disappointments; with wings that could reach the clouds, but not with strength of pennon that could pierce them, Hume was at times as incomprehensible to himself, as invisible to others, lost in regions where he could not penetrate, nor we pursue; for it is as rare for experiment to give us nothing but conjecture, as for speculation to give us nothing but truth. In this walk of science, however, if we know but little, upon that little we are becoming gradually more agreed; perhaps we have discovered that the prize is not worth the contention. Hence there is a kind of alphabet of first principles, now established in the

moral world, which is not very likely to be overturned by any new discoveries. But principles, however correct, may sometimes be wrongly, and however true, may sometimes be falsely applied; and none are so likely to be so, as those that from having been found capable of effecting so much, are expected to perform all. An Indian has very few tools, and it is astonishing how much he accomplishes with them; but he sometimes fails, for although his instruments are of general, they are not of universal application. There are two principles however of established acceptance in morals; first that self-interest is the main spring of all our actions, and secondly, that utility is the test of their value. Now there are some cases where these maxims are not tenable, because they are not true; for some of the noblest energies of gratitude, of affection, of courage, and of benevolence, are not resolvable into the first. If it be said indeed that these estimable qualities, may after all be traced to self-interest, because all the duties that flow from them, are a source of the highest gratification to those that perform them, this I presume savours rather too much of an identical proposition, and is only a round-about mode of informing us that virtuous men will act virtuously. Take care of *number one*, says the worldling, and the christian says so too; for he has taken the best care of number one, who takes care that number one shall go to heaven; that blessed place is full of those same selfish beings who by having con-

stantly done good to others, have as constantly gratified themselves. I humbly conceive therefore that it is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest. As to the standard of utility, this is a mode of examining human actions, that looks too much to the event, for there are occasions where a man may effect the greatest general good, by the smallest individual sacrifice; and there are others where he may make the greatest individual sacrifice, and yet produce but little general good. If indeed the moral philosopher is determined to do all his work with the smallest possible quantity of tools, and would wish to cope with the natural philosopher, who has explained such wonders from the two simple causes of impulse, and of gravity, in this case he must look out for maxims as universal as those occasions to which he would apply them. Perhaps he might begin by affirming with me that—*men are the same*, and this will naturally lead him to another conclusion, that if men are the same, they can have but one common principle of action, *The attainment of apparent good*; those two simple truisms contain the whole of my philosophy, and as they have not been worn out in the performance of one undertaking, I trust they will not fail me in the execution of another.



REFLECTIONS

&c. &c.

I.

WE are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.* I have

* As this volume opens with a *double* antithesis, I hope I may be permitted to offer a few remarks on this subject, in a note. In the first volume I observed, that with respect to the style I proposed to adopt in these pages, I should attempt to make it vary with the subject. I now find that I have succeeded, *so far at least* in this attempt, that some have doubted whether all the articles came from the same pen. I can however assure my readers, that whatever faults LACON may possess belong to me *alone*, and having said thus much, I believe I shall not have made a very good bargain, by claiming also whatever trifling merits may be found in the book. To those therefore that are disgusted with the abundance of the one, or dissatisfied from the scarcity of the other, I can only reply in the words of Euryalus,

"Adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum."

As to the frequent recurrence of *antithesis*, I admit that wherever *this* figure presents itself to my imagination, I *never* reject it, if the deductions proposed to be drawn from it, appear to me to be just. I have consulted authors ancient and modern on this subject, and they seem to be all agreed that the sententious, short and apothegmatic style, so highly requisite in a book of maxims or aphorisms, is a style, to the force and spirit of which, antithesis is not only particularly advantageous, but even absolutely necessary. A maxim, if it be worth any thing, is worth remembering, and nothing is so likely to rivet it on the memory, as antithesis; deprived of this powerful auxiliary, all works of the nature of that in which I am engaged, must droop and be dull.

If indeed I have blundered on some antitheses that lead to *false* conclusions, I admit that no mercy ought to be shown to these, and I consign them, without benefit of *clergy* to the severest sentence of criticism

observed elsewhere, that no swindler has assumed so many names as self-love, nor is so much ashamed of his own; self-love can gild the most nauseous pill, and can make the

No candid reader I presume will accuse an author of adopting the antithetical style from laziness, and to those who would ask whether it be an easy style of writing, I would say with the celebrated Painter, "try." That I *can* abandon antithesis, on subjects where it is not required, will, I think be allowed, by those who have read the notes to Hypocrisy, and my remarks on Don Juan. But to extirpate antithesis from literature altogether, would be to destroy at one stroke about eight-tenths of all the wit, ancient and modern, now existing in the world; and I fancy we shall never have the same excuse for such a measure, that the Dutch had for destroying their spices—the *fear of a glut*. Dunces, indeed, give antithesis no quarter, and to say the truth, it gives them none; if indeed it be a fault, it is one of the very few which such persons may exclaim against with *some* justice, because they were never yet found capable of committing it. Let any man try to recall to his memory all the pointed, epigrammatic, brief or severe things which he may have read or heard either at the Senate, the Bar, or the Stage, and he will see that I have not overrated the share which antithesis will be found to have had in their production. It is a figure capable not only of the greatest wit, but sometimes of the greatest beauty, and sometimes of the greatest sublimity. Milton, in his *moral* description of hell, says that it was a place which God "created evil, for evil only good; where all life dies, death lives." That it is capable of the greatest beauty, will be seen by the following translation from an Arabic poet, on the birth of a child:

"When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
 "While thine assembled friends around
 "With smiles their joy confest.
 "So live, that at thy parting hour,
 "They may the flood of *sorrow* pour,
 "And thou in *smiles* be drest."

If these lines will not put my readers in good humour with antithesis, I must either give them up as incorrigible, or prescribe to them a regular course of reading discipline, administered by such writers as Herder or Gisborne, restricting them also most straightly from all such authors as Butler and Swift, where they will be often *shocked* with such lines as the following:

"'Tis said that Cæsar's horse would stoop
 "To take his noble Rider *up*,
 "So Hudibras's, 'tis well known,
 "Would often do to set him *down*."

grossest venality, when tinselled over with the semblance of gratitude, sit easy on the weakest stomach. There is an anecdote of Sir Robert Walpole, so much to my present purpose, that I cannot refrain from relating it, as I conceive that it will be considered apposite by all my readers, and may perhaps be new to some. Sir Robert wished to carry a favourite measure in the House of Commons. None understood better than this minister, two grand secrets of state,—the great power of *principal*, and the great weakness of *principle*. A day or two previous to the agitation of the measure alluded to, he chanced upon a county member, who sometimes looked to the *weight* and *value* of an argument, rather than to its justice, or its truth. Sir Robert took him aside, and rather unceremoniously put a thousand pound bank note into his hand, saying I must have your vote and influence on such a day. Our Aristides from the country thus replied: Sir Robert, you have shown yourself my friend on many occasions, and on points where both my honour and my interest were nearly and dearly concerned; I am also informed that it was owing to your good offices, that my wife lately met with so distinguished and flattering a reception at court; I should think myself therefore, continued he, putting however the note very carefully into his *own* pocket, I should think myself, Sir Robert, a perfect monster of ingratitude, if on this occasion I refused you my vote and influence. They parted: Sir Robert not a little surprized at having discovered a new page in the volume of man, and the other scarcely more pleased with the *valuable* reasoning of Sir Robert, than with his own specious rhetoric, which had so suddenly metamorphosed an act of the foulest corruption, into one of the sincerest gratitude.

II.

AS that gallant can best affect a pretended passion for one woman, who has no true love for another, so he that has no real esteem for any of the virtues, can best assume the appearance of them all.

III.

TRUE friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

IV.

WE are all greater dupes to our own weakness than to the skill of others ; and the successes gained over us by the designing, are usually nothing more than the prey taken from those very snares we have laid ourselves. One man falls by his ambition, another by his perfidy, a third by his avarice, and a fourth by his lust ; what are these ? but so many nets, watched indeed by the fowler, but woven by the victim.

V.

THE plainest man that can convince a woman that he is really in love with her, has done more to make her in love with him than the handsomest man, if he can produce no such conviction. For the love of woman is a shoot, not a seed, and flourishes most vigorously only when ingrafted on that love which is rooted in the breast of another.

VI.

CORRUPTION is like a ball of snow, when once set a rolling it must increase. It gives momentum to the activity of the knave, but it chills the honest man, and makes him almost weary of his calling : and all that corruption attracts, it also retains, for it is easier not to fall, than only to fall once, and not to yield a single inch than having yielded to regain it.

VII.

WORKS of true merit are seldom very popular in their own day ; for knowledge is on the march, and men of genius are the *Præstolatores* or *Videttes* that are far in

advance of their comrades. They are not with them, but before them; not in the camp, but beyond it. The works of Sciolists and Dullards are still more unpopular, but from a different cause; and theirs is an unpopularity that will remain, because they are not before the main body but behind it; and as it proceeds, every moment increases the distance of those sluggards that are sleeping in the rear, but diminishes the distance of those heroes that have taken post in the van. Who then stands the best chance of that paltry prize, contemporaneous approbation? He whose mediocrity of progress distances not his comrades, and whose equality of merit affords a level on which friendship may be built; Who is not so dull but that he has something to teach, and not so wise as to have nothing to learn; Who is not so far before his companions as to be unperceived, nor so far behind them as to be unregarded.

VIII.

A TOWN, before it can be plundered and deserted, must first be taken; and in this particular Venus has borrowed a law from her consort Mars. A woman that wishes to retain her suitor, must keep him in the trenches; for this is a siege which the besieger never raises for want of supplies, since a feast is more fatal to love than a fast, and a surfeit than a starvation. Inanition may cause it to die a slow death, but repletion always destroys it by a sudden one. We should have as many Petrarchs as Antonies, were not Lauras much more scarce than Cleopatras.

IX.

THOSE orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of Nature; she often gives us the lightning

even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

X.

LET us so employ our youth that the very old age, which will deprive us of attention from the eyes of the women, shall enable us to replace what we have lost with something better, from the ears of the men.

XI.

THE reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversity, would seem to be this. The friends of a great man were made by his fortunes, his enemies by himself, and revenge is a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude. Those whom a great man has marred, rejoice at his ruin, and those whom he has made, look on with indifference; because, with common minds, the destruction of the creditor is considered as equivalent to the payment of the debt.

XII.

OUR achievements and our productions are our intellectual progeny, and he who is engaged in providing that those immortal children of his mind shall inherit fame, is far more nobly occupied than he who is industrious in order that the perishable children of his body should inherit wealth. This reflection will help us to a solution of that question that has been so often and so triumphantly proposed, "*What has posterity ever done for us?*" This sophism may be replied to thus. Who is it that proposes the question? one of the present generation of that particular moment when it is proposed: but to such it is evident that posterity can exist only in *idea*. And if it be asked, what the idea of posterity has done for us? we may safely reply that it has done, and is doing two most important things; it increases the energy of virtue and diminishes the excesses of vice; it makes the best of us more good, and the worst of us less bad.

XIII.

NO improvement that takes place in either of the sexes can possibly be confined to itself; each is an universal mirror to each; and the respective refinement of the one, will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.

XIV.

THOSE who at the commencement of their career meet with less *cotemporaneous* applause than they deserve, are not unfrequently recompensed by gaining more than they deserve at the end of it: and although at the earlier part of their progress such persons had ground to fear that they were born to be starved, yet have they often lived long enough to die of a surfeit. But this applies not to posterity, which decides without any regard to this inequality. Contemporaries are anxious to redeem a defect of penetration, by a subsequent excess of praise; but from the very nature of things it is impossible for posterity to commit either the one fault or the other. Doctor Johnson is a remarkable instance of the truth of what has been advanced; he was considered less than he really was in his morn of life, and greater than he really was in its meridian. Posterity has calmly placed him where he ought to be,—between the two extremes. He was fortunate in having not only the most interesting, but also the most disinterested of biographers, for he is constantly raising his hero at the expense of himself. He now and then proposes some very silly questions to his oracle. He once asked him, pray, Doctor, do you think you could make any part of the Rambler better than it is? Yes, sir, said the Doctor, I could make the best parts better. But posterity, were she to cite the Doctor before her, might perhaps propose a more perplexing question,—Pray, Doctor, do you think you could make the worst parts worse?

XV.

THE testimony of those who doubt the least is not,

unusually, that very testimony that ought most to be doubted.

XVI.

IT is curious that intellectual darkness creates some authors, whom physical darkness would destroy ; such would be totally silent if they were absolutely blind, and their ability to write would instantly cease with their ability to read. They could neither draw, like Shakspeare, on imagination ; like Bacon, on reflection ; like Ben Jonson, on memory ; nor, like Milton, on all. These traffickers in literature are like bankers in one respect, and like bakers in another. Like bankers, because they carry on business with a small capital of their own, and a very large one of other men's, and a *run* would be equally fatal to both. They are like bakers, because while the one manufactures his bread and the other his book, neither of them has had any hand in the production of that which forms the staple of his respective commodity.

XVII.

WITH the offspring of genius, the law of parturition is reversed ; the throes are in the conception, the pleasure in the birth.

XVIII.

AS no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

XIX.

WHEN dunces call us fools without proving us to be so, our best retort is to prove them to be fools without condescending to call them so.

XX.

PEDANTRY crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

XXI.

HE that pleases himself without injuring his neighbour, is quite as likely to please half the world, as he who vainly strives to please the whole of it; he also stands a far better chance of a majority in his favour, since upon all equal divisions he will be fairly entitled to his own casting vote.

XXII.

I HAVE often heard it canvassed how far it would be beneficial that written speeches should be permitted to be read in our Houses of Parliament. Madame De Stael, who in the infancy of the French revolution, saw the consequences of written speeches developed before her eyes, has, with her usual discernment, set the question at rest, by deciding in favour of the system that excludes them. In the British Senate, she observes, it is a rule not to read a written speech, it must be spoken, so that the number of persons capable of addressing the House with effect is of necessity very small. But, she adds, as soon as permission is given to read either what we have written for ourselves, or what others have written for us, men of eminence are no longer the permanent leaders of an assembly, and thus we lose the great advantages of a free government, that of giving talent its place, and consequently of prompting all men to the improvement of their faculties.

XXIII.

WOMEN will pardon any offence rather than a neglect of their charms, and rejected love re-enters the female bosom with a hatred more implacable than that of Coriolanus, when he returned to Rome. In good truth we should have many Potiphars, were it not that Josephs are scarce. All Addison's address and integrity were found necessary to extricate him from a dilemma of this kind. The Marquiss Des Vardes fared not so well. Madame the Duchess of Orleans fell in love with him, although she knew

he was the gallant of Madame Soissons, her most intimate friend. She even went so far as to make a confidante of Madame Soissons, who not only agreed to give him up, but carried her extravagance so far as to send for the Marquis, and to release him, in the presence of Madame, from all his obligations, and to make him formally over to her. The Marquis Des Vardes deeming this to be only an artifice of gallantry to try how faithful he was in his amours, thought it most prudent to declare himself incapable of change, but in terms full of respect for Madame, but of passion for the Duchess. His ruin was determined upon from that moment, nor could his fidelity to the one, save him from the effects of that hatred his indifference had excited in the breast of the other. As a policiser, the marquis reasoned badly; for had he been right in his conclusion, it would have been no difficult matter for him, on the ladies discovering their plot, to have persuaded his first favourite that his heart was not in the thing, and that he had fallen into the snare, only from a deference to her commands; and if he were wrong in his conclusion, which was the case, women do not like a man the worse for having many favourites if he deserts them all for her; she fancies that she herself has the power of fixing the wanderer; that other women conquer like the Parthians, but that she herself, like the Romans, cannot only make conquests, but retain them.*

XXIV.

IN civil jurisprudence† it too often happens that there is so much law that there is no room for justice, and that the

* It follows upon the same principle that the converse of what has been offered above will also be true, and that women will pardon almost any extravagancies in the men, if they appear to have been the uncontrollable effects of an inordinate love and admiration. It is well known from the confession of Catharine herself, that Alexis Orloff, though at that time a common soldier in the guards, had the *hardiesse* to make the *first* advances to the Autocratrix of all the Russias.

† Grievances of this kind are not likely to be speedily redressed, on many accounts, some of which I have elsewhere enumerated. There is

claimant expires of wrong, in the midst of right, as mariners die of thirst, in the midst of water.

XXV.

TOO high an appreciation of our own talents is the chief cause why experience preaches to us all in vain. Hence it happens, that both in public and in private life, we so constantly see men playing that very game at which they know that others have been ruined ; but they flatter themselves that they shall play it with more skill. The powerful are more deaf to the voice of experience, than their inferiors, from the very circumstances in which they are placed. Power multiplies flatterers, and flatterers multiply our delusions, by hiding us from ourselves. It is on this principle only, that we can account for such a reign as that of the Second Charles, treading so quickly upon that of the First. The former was restored to a throne that might be said to have been built out of the very materials that composed the scaffold of his father ! He converted it into an Altar of Bacchanalians, where he himself officiated as high priest of the orgies, while every principle of purity and of honour, were the costly victims that bedewed with libations, and bedizened with flowers, were led in disgusting splendour to the sacrifice.

an *esprit du corps* amongst lawyers which is carried to a greater height than in any other profession ; its force *here* is more prominent, because it is more effectual. Lawyers are the only civil delinquents whose judges must of necessity be chosen from themselves. Therefore the "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes ?*" is a more perplexing question with regard to them, than any other body of men. The fact is, that the whole Civil Code is now become a most unwieldy machine, without the least chance of being improved, for to those who manage its movements, its value rises in precise proportion to its complication, and to *them* it is most profitable, when it performs the least. This machine devours an immensity of paper in the shape of bank notes, and returns to its customers other paper in the shape of legal instruments and documents, from which on examination nothing can be learnt, except that the parties have been regularly ruined according to law.

XXVI.

HE that would thoroughly accomplish himself for the government of human affairs, should have a wisdom that can look forward into things that are present, and a learning that can look back into things that are past.* But the poring pedant, who will slake his thirst *only* from antiquity, will find that it abounds with wells so deep, that some of them were not worth the digging, and now so dark that they are not worth the descending; yet so dry withal, that he will come up more thirsty than he went down, with eyes blinded by the dust of time, and with lips unquenched by the living waters of truth. Wisdom, however, and learning, should go hand in hand, they are so beautifully qualified for mutual assistance. But it is better to have wisdom without learning, than learning without wisdom; just as it is better to be rich without being the possessor of a mine, than to be the possessor of a mine without being rich.

XXVII.

WHEN we have lost a favourite horse or a dog, we usually endeavour to console ourselves, by the recollection of some bad qualities they happened to possess; and we are very apt to tranquillize our minds by similar reminiscences, on the death of those friends who have left us *nothing*.

XXVIII.

WHEN certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters it is that they admire; we shall often find this a very consolatory question.

XXIX.

WHY is it that we so constantly hear men complain-

* Some contend that the moderns have less strength than the ancients, but it would be nearer the truth, to insist that the moderns have less weakness; the muscularity of their mind on some points is not enfeebled by any ricketty conformation on others, and this enables us to ascend the ladder of science, high enough to be on a level with the wisdom of our forefathers at some times, and above their errors at all times.

ing of their memory,* but none of their judgment; is it that they are less ashamed of a short memory, because they have heard that this is a failing of great wits, or is it because nothing is more common than a fool, with a strong memory, nor more rare than a man of sense with a weak judgment.

XXX.

AS the mean have a calculating avarice, that sometimes inclines them to give, so the magnanimous have a condescending generosity, than sometimes inclines them to receive.

XXXI.

PHILOSOPHY is to Poetry, what old age is to youth; and the stern truths of Philosophy are as fatal to the fictions of the one, as the chilling testimonies of experience are to the hopes of the other.

XXXII.

NO reformation is so hazardous as that of retrenchment; it forces the corrupt to give a practical assent to a system which they outwardly extol, but inwardly execrate. Even the bright talent and still brighter integrity of M. Necker,† were not equal to the host of enemies which his inflexible adherence to economy had created around him. I was placed, says he, in a situation, where I was under the constant necessity of disobliging all those whom I knew, in

* Of all the faculties of the mind, memory is the first that flourishes, and the first that dies. Quintilian has said "*Quantum memoria tantum ingenii*;" but if this maxim were either true, or believed to be so, all men would be as satisfied with their memory, as they at present are with their judgment.

† So firm was the confidence reposed in this great man by the whole nation of France, that on his re-assumption of office, the French funds rose thirty per cent in one day. Had M. Necker had plenitude of power, or M. Mirabeau purity of principle, could the former have done what he would, or the latter what he could, in either case the French revolution had been prevented.

order to secure the interests of those whom I knew not. Even the ladies at court would demand pensions, says Madame De Stael, with as much confidence, as a Marshal of France would complain of being superseded. What, they would say, is three thousand livres to the king: three thousand livres, replied M. Necker, are the taxation of a village.

XXXIII.

SELFLOVE, in a well regulated breast, is as the steward of the household, superintending the expenditure, and seeing that benevolence herself should be prudential, in order to be permanent, by providing that the reservoir which feeds, should also be fed.

XXXIV.

SOME authors write nonsense in a clear style, and others sense in an obscure one; some can reason without being able to persuade, others can persuade without being able to reason; some dive so deep that they descend into darkness, and others soar so high that they give us no light; and some in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only that which is cut and dried. We should labour therefore, to treat with ease, of things that are difficult; with familiarity, of things that are novel; and with perspicacity, of things that are profound.

XXXV.

WHAT we conceive to be failings in others, are not unfrequently owing to some deficiencies in ourselves; thus plain men think handsome women want passion, and plain women think young men want politeness; dull writers think all readers devoid of taste, and dull readers think witty writers devoid of brilliance; old men can see nothing to admire in the present days; and yet former days were not better, but it is they themselves that have become worse.

XXXVI.

A THOROUGH paced Antiquarian not only remembers what all other people have thought proper to forget, but he also forgets what all other people think it proper to remember.

XXXVII.

SPEAKING, says Lord Bacon, makes a ready man, reading a full man, and writing a correct man. The first position perhaps is true: for those are often the most *ready* to speak, who have the least to say. But reading will not always make a full man, for the memories of some men are like the buckets of the daughters of Danae, and retain nothing; others have recollections like the bolters of a mill, that retain the chaff and let the flour escape; these men will have fulness, but it will be with the drawback of dulness. Neither will writing always accomplish what his Lordship has declared, otherwise some of our most voluminous writers, would put in their claim for correctness, to whom their readers would more justly award correction. But if we may be allowed to compare intellectual wealth to current, we may say that from a man's speaking, we may guess how much ready money he has; from his reading what legacies have been left him; and from his writing, how much he can sit down and draw for, on his banker.

XXXVIII.

DRUNKENNESS is the vice of a good constitution, or of a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good, that it never bends until it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

XXXIX.

TRUE goodness is not without that germ of greatness that can bear with patience the mistakes of the ignorant,

and the censures of the malignant. The approbation of God is her "*exceeding great reward*," and she would not debase a thing so precious, by an association with the contaminating plaudits of man.

XL.

✓ WOMEN that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived, than when we would infer any laxity of principle, from that freedom of demeanour, which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality, than criminality itself, and is resorted to, to defend the fair wearer, not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own; but it is a cumbersome panoply, and, like heavy armour, is seldom worn, except by those who attire themselves for the combat, or who have received a wound. ✓

XLI.

WHAT Fontenelle said of cuckoldom, might *more* truly be said of fame; it is nothing if you do not know it, and very little if you do. Nor does the similarity end here; for in both cases, the principals, though first concerned, are usually the very parties that are last informed.

XLII.

AN ambassador* from Naples, once said of the young ladies of Paris, that they loved with their heads, and thought with their hearts; and could the same ambassador

* This same ambassador was no disgrace to his corps, and some of his fraternity would not be the worse for a spice of his penetration: On being asked by a lady, how it happened that the women have so much political influence in France, but so little in England? he replied, the reason is that men govern in France, but in England the Laws; the women can influence the men, but they can have nothing to do with the laws, but to obey them.

now see a certain class of young gentlemen in London, he might as truly say of them, that they did neither, with either.

XLIII.

GOOD faith is the richest Exchequer of Princes, for the more it is drawn upon, the firmer it is, and its resources *increase*, with its payments. But a falsehood from Royal Lips, is to a nation, what the mistake of a signal is to an army: the word of a king is as a pharos to the mariner, to withhold his word is to withhold the light, but to give his word and not to fulfil it, is not only to withhold the true light, but to set up a false one.

XLIV.

WE pity those that have lost their eyes, because they admit their infirmity, are thankful for our assistance, and do not deny us that light which they themselves have lost. But it is far otherwise with the blindness of the mind, which, although it be a calamity far more deplorable, seldom obtains that full commiseration it deserves. The reason is, that the mentally blind too often claim to be sharp sighted, and in *one* respect are so, since they can perceive that in themselves which no one else can discover. Hence it happens that they are not only indignant at the proffered assistance of the enlightened, but most officiously obtrude their guidance upon them. Inflexibility, alas, is not confined to truth, nor inconstancy to error, and those who have the least pretensions to dogmatize, are not always those who have the least inclination to do so. It is upon such lamentable occasions as these, that the Scriptural Paradox has been carried to a still greater excess of absurdity, when the presumption of those that are blind, would insist upon leading *those that can see*.

XLV.

EVERY man, if he would be candid. and sum up

his own case, as impartially as he would that of his neighbour, would probably come to this conclusion, that he knows enough of others to be certain that he himself has enemies, and enough of himself, to be as certain that he deserves them. But we are dissatisfied, not so much with the quantum of the requital, as with the quarter from whence it comes, and are too apt to fancy that our punishment is not deserved, because it is not always inflicted precisely by the proper hand. But in as much as the bitter seeds of offence are sometimes sown without producing revenge, their proper harvest, so we also are not to wonder, if at other times the harvest should spring up, even where no seed has been sown.

XLVI.

GROSS and vulgar minds will always pay a higher respect to wealth than to talent, for wealth, although it be a far less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

XLVII.

MARRIAGE is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than *the dinner*.

XLVIII.

THE freest possible scope should be given to all the opinions, discussions, and investigations of the learned; if frail they will fall, if right they will remain; like steam they are dangerous only when pent in, restricted, and confined. These discordancies in the moral world, like the *apparent* war of the elements in the natural, are the very means by which wisdom and truth are ultimately established in the one, and peace and harmony in the other.

XLIX.

GREAT examples to virtue, or to vice, are not so productive of imitation as might at first sight be supposed. The fact is, there are hundreds that want energy, for one that wants ambition, and sloth has prevented as many vices in some minds, as virtues in others. Idleness is the grand *pacific* ocean of life, and in that stagnant abyss, the most salutary things produce no good, the most noxious no evil. Vice indeed, abstractedly considered, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, but the moment it becomes efficiently vice, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle.

L.

WHETHER we are fiddlers or philosophers we are equally puffed up by our acquirements, and equally vain of our art. But the fidler is more ingenuous than the philosopher, since he boldly places his own profession at the head of every other, and in all the self complacency of egotism exclaims "*one God, one Farrinelli.*" Perhaps he is right, for in both pursuits the value of the prize often consists solely in the difficulty of attaining it. But the philosopher, with as much arrogance as the fidler, has a trifle more of circumspection. Proud of being thought incapable of pride, he labours less to exalt his particular pursuit, than to lower those of his neighbours, and from the flimsiness of their structures, would slyly establish the solidity of his own. He would rather be the master of a hovel amidst ruins, than of a palace if confronted by piles of equal grandeur and dimensions. But pride is a paradoxical Proteus, eternally diverse yet ever the same; for Plato adopted a most magnificent mode of displaying his contempt for magnificence, while neglect would have restored Diogenes to common sense and clean linen, since he would have had no tub, from the moment he had no spectators. "Thus I trample," said Diogenes, "on the pride of Plato;" but, rejoined Plato, "with *greater pride, O Diogenes.*"

LI.

SO idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.

LII.

CONTEMPORARIES* appreciate the man rather than the merit; but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man.

LIII.

WE shall at times chance upon men of profound and recondite acquirements, but whose qualifications, from the incommunicative and inactive habits of their owners, are as utterly useless to others, as though the possessors had them not. A person of this class may be compared to a fine chronometer, but which has no hands to its dial; both are constantly right, without correcting any that are wrong, and may be carried round the world without assisting one individual either in making a discovery, or taking an observation.

LIV.

Γινώθι σεαυτον, know thyself, is a precept which we are informed descended from heaven, *a cælo descendit*, γινώθι σεαυτον. But the same authority has not been bold enough to affirm that it had yet reached the earth; and from all that we can observe, we might be pardoned for suspecting that this celestial maxim was *still on its journey*. The mind, like the eye, sees all things rather than itself, and philosophers, like travellers, are often far better informed as to what is going on *abroad* than at *home*. I blame not those who run to scale the wall of China, or the pyramids of Egypt, the cataracts of the Missouri, or the apex of Chimborasso; but

* Blair complains of the dearth of good Historians in *his* day; an era that could boast of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.

if they would examine that which far surpasses, not only the artificial wonders of the old world, but the natural wonders of the new, they must return to themselves.

LV.

AS the mother tongue in which we converse, is the only language we *all* talk, though few are taught it, so the mother wit by which we act, is the only science we never learn: and yet we are all more or less obliged to practise it, although it is never heard of in the schools. The antient philosophers indeed scrutinized man in all his various bearings and connections, both as to his individual and social relations, as to his present capabilities, and future hopes. But although they have descanted so largely about him, and about him they have left us little that is satisfactory or conclusive, and one short sentence uttered by a despised and persecuted man in the streets of Jerusalem, perhaps, is worth it all. For truth is one, but error multifarious, since there may be a thousand opinions on any subject, but usually only one that is right. That these *sages of antiquity* wandered very far from the mark, may be collected from their glaring contradictions constantly of each other, and often of themselves. But like moles they were industrious, and like them they worked in the *dark*, fancied themselves very *deep*, when they were only a few inches beneath the surface, threw up a great deal of *rubbish*, and caused men to *stumble* and *trip*. Nevertheless they had so numerous an audience, that the common business of life ran a risk of being neglected for speculations upon it, and it was fortunate that some of these sages, not only walked barefoot themselves, but encouraged their followers to do the same; for logic had become far more cheap at Athens than leather, and syllogisms than shoes. But even this state of things had its portion of good; for he that knew not where to get a dinner, was in the highest state of practical discipline for a declamation on the advantages of temperance, and he that had no house over his head, might naturally be expected to surpass all others in his knowledge of the stars.

LVI.

THOSE who would draw conclusions unfavourable to Christianity from the circumstance that many believers have turned sceptics, but few sceptics, believers, have forgotten the answer of Arcesilaus, to one that asked him why many went from other sects to the Epicureans, but none from the Epicureans to the other sects;—Because, said he, of men, some are made Eunuchs, but of Eunuchs never any are made men. In matters of religion, it too often happens that belief goes before examination, and we take our creed from our nurse, but not our conviction. If the intellectual food should afterwards rise upon the stomach, it is because in this unnatural order of things, the act of swallowing has *preceded* the ceremony of tasting.

LVII.

FEW things are more destructive of the best interests of society, than the prevalent, but mistaken notion, that it requires a vast deal of talent to be a successful knave. For this position, while it diminishes that odium which ought to attach to fraud, in the part of those who suffer by it, increases also the temptation to commit it, on the part of those who profit by it; since there are so many who would rather be written down knaves, than fools. But the plain fact is, that to be honest *with* success, requires far more talent than to be a rogue, and to be honest *without* success, requires far more magnanimity; for trick is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and mystery is not profoundness. The honest man proposes to arrive at a certain point, by one straight and narrow road, that is beset on all sides with obstacles and with impediments. He would rather stand still, than proceed by trespassing on the property of his neighbour, and would rather overcome a difficulty, than avoid it by breaking down a fence. The knave, it is true, proposes to himself the same object, but arrives at it by a very different route. Provided only that he gets on, he is not particular whether he effects

it where there is a road, or where there is none; he trespasses without scruple, either on the forbidden ground of private property, or on those bye-paths where there is no legal thoroughfare; what he cannot reach over, he will overreach, and those obstacles he cannot surmount by climbing, he will undermine by creeping, quite regardless of the *filth* that may stick to him in the scramble. The consequence is that he frequently overtakes the honest man, and passes by him with a sneer. What then shall we say, that the rogue has *more* talent than the upright, let us rather say that he has less. For wisdom is nothing more than judgment exercised on the true value of things that are desirable; but of things in themselves desirable, those are the most so that remain the longest. Let us therefore mark the end of these things, and we shall come to one conclusion, the fiat of the tribunal both of God and of man;—That *honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom*; since however difficult it may be for integrity to get on, it is a thousand times *more* difficult for knavery to *get off*; and no error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no *other* reward, because they have heard that she is her *own*.

LVIII.

IN all civilized communities, there must of necessity exist a small portion of society, who are in a great measure independent of public opinion. How then is this seeming advantage balanced in the great account? These privileged individuals surrounded by parasites, sycophants, and deceivers, too often become the willing victims of self-delusion, flattery, or design. Such persons commence by being their own masters, and finish by being their own slaves, the automata of passion, the Heliogaboli of excess, and the martyrs of disease. Undelighted amidst all delight, and joyless amidst all enjoyment, yet sateless in the very lap of satiety, they eventually receive the full measure of the punishment of their folly, their profligacy, or their vice; nay, they often suffer *more* than other men, not because they

are as amenable as their inferiors, but because they go greater lengths. Experience speaks to such in vain, and they sink deeper in the abyss, in precise proportion to the height from which they have plunged.

LIX.

IT has been said, that we are much deceived, when we fancy that we "*can do without the world,*" and still more so when we presume that the world cannot do without us. Against the truth of the latter part of the proposition I have nothing to depose; but, to return to the first feature of the proposition, quoted above, I am inclined to think that we are independent, very much in proportion to the preference we give to intellectual and mental pleasures, and enjoyments, over those that are sensual, and corporeal. It is unfortunate, that although affluence cannot give this kind of independence, yet that poverty should have a tendency to withhold it, not indeed altogether, but in part. For it is not a more unusual sight to see a poor man who thinks, acts, and speaks for himself, than to see a rich man, who performs all these important functions at the will of another; and the only polite phrase I know of, which often means *more* than it says, is that which has been adopted as the conclusion of our epistles; where for the word *servant* might not unfrequently be substituted, that of *slave*.

LX.

IT is astonishing how parturescent is evil, and with what incestuous fertility the whole family of vice increase and multiply, by cohabiting amongst themselves. Thus if kings are tyrannical and oppressive, it is too often because subjects are servile and corrupt; in proportion to the cowardice of the ruled, is the cruelty of the ruler, and if he govern by threats and by bribes, rather than by justice and by mercy, it is because fear has a stronger influence over the base than love, and gain more weight with the mercenary,

than gratitude. Thus the gladiatorial shews of ancient Rome, brought upon the institutors of them, their own punishment; for cruelty beget cruelty. The tyrant exercised those barbarities on the people, which the people exercised upon the prisoner, and the slave; the physical value of man fell with his moral, and a contempt for the lives of others, was bred in all, by a familiarity with blood.

LXI.

AS we cannot judge of the motion of the earth, by any thing within the earth, but by some radiant and celestial point that is beyond it, so the wicked by comparing themselves with the wicked, perceive not how far they are advanced in their iniquity; to know precisely what lengths they have gone, they must fix their attention on some bright and exalted character that is not of them, but above them. When all moves equally (says Paschal) nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail; and when all run by common consent into vice, none appear to do so. He that stops first, views as from a fixed point the horrible extravagance that transports the rest.

LXII.

THERE are two questions, one of which is the most important, and the other the most interesting that can possibly be proposed in language; Are we to live after death? and if we are—in what state? These are questions confined to no climate, creed, or community; the savage is as deeply interested in *them* as the sage, and they are of equal import under every meridian where there are men. I shall offer some considerations that have been decisive with me, on a subject that might well warrant a much larger demand than I shall make on the patience of my readers. Those who agree with me in drawing their hopes of immortality from the purest and the highest source, will not be offended at an

attempt to show, that on this most momentous question, the voice of reason re-echoes back the truths of Revelation, and that the calmest assent of philosophy coincides with the firmest conviction of faith. Many causes are now conspiring to increase the trunk of infidelity, but materialism is the main root of them all. Are we to live after death? and if we are, in what state? The second question evidently depends upon the first, for he that feels no conviction as to the *certainty* of a future life, will not be over-solicitous as to the *condition* of it; for to common minds the greatest things are diminished by *distance*, and they become evanescent, if to that distance be added *doubt*. But should the doubt of futurity introduce the denial of it, what must then be the result? all that endears us to our fellow men, and all that exalts us above them, will be swallowed up and lost, in the paltriness of the present, and the nothingness of now. The interests of society demand that a belief in a future state should be general; the probability of such a state, is confirmed by reason, and its certainty is affirmed by Revelation. I shall confine myself altogether to such proofs as philosophy and reason afford, and in so doing, I shall attack neither motives nor men. But if an argument can be proved to be false in its premises, absurd in its conclusions, and calamitous in its consequences, it must fall; we cannot desire it, because it has nothing to allure, and we cannot believe it, because it has nothing to convince.

The analogical* method of proof has very lately been

* Analogy is a powerful weapon, and like all instruments of that kind, is extremely dangerous in unskilful hands. The grounds of probability which this mode of reasoning affords, will be more or less firm in proportion to the length, the frequency, and the constancy, of the recurrence of the phænomena, on which the analogy itself is built. In some cases analogical proof may rise almost to mathematical certainty, as, when from the undeviating experience of the past, we anticipate the future, and affirm that the sun will rise to-morrow. On other occasions, where the phænomena have occurred at long and broken intervals, and with no regard to dates or periods, the analogical presumption of their recurrence will mount no higher than the lowest stage of proba-

resuscitated for the purpose of destroying the immortality of the soul. A bold and fresh attempt has been made to convert analogy into the $\Delta\omicron\varsigma\ \pi\epsilon\sigma\tau\omega$ of materialism, by the help of which, as by a lever, the Archimedes of scepticism may be enabled to overturn, not earth indeed, but heaven! Analogy has in fact supplied the *first* stone of the foundation, and that alone; but infidelity has reared the superstructure, with an industry as fertile of resource, and we might add, of *invention*, as that of the children of Israel, who continued to deliver in the tale of bricks, after the materials were denied. As much talent has been displayed in the support of these opinions which I am contributing my efforts to controvert, and as some of the positions on which the inferences are built, will be conceded, I think it right to commence, by observing, that falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and that no opinions so fatally mislead us, as those that are *not* wholly wrong, as no watches so effectually deceive the wearer, as those that are sometimes right.

The argument I contend against is this: "*The mind,*" (we are told) "*is infantile with the body, manly in the adult, sick and debilitated by disease, enfeebled in the decline of life, doting in decrepitude, and annihilated by death.*" Now it so happens that out of all the positions which make the links of this formidable analogical chain, the *first* alone is universally true, and disturbed by *no* exceptions; the intermediate links are sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, and the last is mere assertion, wholly unsupported by proof. The uni-

bility, and will in no way affect the common concerns and business of life. It is on this principle that the inhabitants of Lisbon sleep securely in their beds, without any very disturbing perplexities on the probabilities of an earthquake. Where the phænomena occur with regularity, as in eclipses, mere distance of time does by no means invalidate the analogical proof, save and except that in consequence of the shortness of life, the verification of such phænomena, must be matter of testimony, rather than of experience. So powerful, however, is analogy, that in most disputes it has been courted as an ally by both parties; it has even lent arguments, as Switzerland troops, to both sides, and its artillery has at times by both been overcharged, until it has reacted upon themselves.

versal history of man, our own experience, and the testimony of others, are full of instances that clearly prove that the assertions which intervene between the first and the last, are as often false as they are true. And this is more than we want; for I must beg my reader's attention to this particular circumstance, namely, that *one* exception to *each* of the assertions advanced above, must necessarily be as fatal to the annihilating clause which is inferred from them, as one million. For if there be any force in that mode of argument which has been termed the *reductio ad absurdum*, it is evident that a single exception to each of the intermediate assertions, between the first position, and the last, forces the materialist upon the monstrous necessity of admitting two *discrete* orders of men, and that there is one law of existence for one description, and a second for another. For if we pursue the analogy no further than history, experience and observation warrant, and this is the only logical mode of pursuing it, we are then forced upon the absurdity mentioned above. For the only analogical chain which the facts authorise us to form is as follows: the mind is infantile with the body, it is *sometimes* manly in the adult, *sometimes* sick and debilitated by disease, *sometimes* enfeebled in the decline of life, *sometimes* doting in decrepitude, and *sometimes annihilated by death!!!*

But if the mind be only sometimes annihilated with the body, it must sometimes survive it; but an argument that would make one class of men mortal, and another immortal, by proving too much, proves nothing, and must fall by its own absurdity.

“*Circa Deos negligenter quippe addictus mathematicæ,*” is an accusation that is not, I fear, confined in the present day to any particular pursuit; for as there have been some mathematicians so devout as to fancy they have discovered the trinity in a triangle, so there are some anatomists who will *not* believe in the existence of a soul, because they have never yet been able to transfix it upon the point of their knife; and yet methinks there is one circumstance that ought

to lower the dogmatical confidence of the materialist, and this is, that mind happens to be the only thing on whose existence we can by intuition itself rely. We may go on heaping proof upon proof, and experiment upon experiment, to establish, as we suppose, the reality of matter, and after we have done all this, I know not of one satisfactory answer that we could give, to those who chose to affirm that with all our pains, we have only established the reality (not of matter, but) of sensation. We may also doubt about the existence of matter, as learnedly and as long as we please, as some have done before us, and yet we shall not establish the existence of matter by any such dubitations; but the moment we begin to doubt about the existence of mind, the very act of *doubting* proves it.

Another great source of error, in this most important of all questions, is the mistaking of a strong but inexplicable connection, for an inseparable identity. But, in the first place, I should humbly conceive that it is quite as unphilosophical to say that a lump of brain thinks, as that an eye sees; the one indeed ministers to thought, as the other to vision; for the eye, although it be necessary and subservient to vision, can, strictly speaking, no more be said to see, than a microscope or a telescope; it is indeed a finer instrument than either, but still an instrument, and capable of being assisted by both. This observation would apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to all of the senses, but I have selected that of vision, as the most refined. We all know that the two eyes paint *two* minute and *inverted* images of an object, upon the retina; having done this, they have done all that is expected of *them*. What power is it then that rectifies all the errors of this machinery, as to number, position, and size, and presents us with *one upright* object, in its just *dimensions* and *proportions*. All this is certainly not effected by the eyes, for a paralysis of the optic nerve instantly and totally destroys *their* powers, without in the slightest manner affecting their organization. The optic nerve then, it seems, and the eye, are *both* necessary to vision, but *are*

they *all* that is necessary? certainly not; because if we proceed a little farther we shall find that certain effects operating upon the brain, will completely and instantly destroy the powers of vision, the optic nerve and the eye both remaining unaltered, and undisturbed. How then are these effects produced; are their causes always mechanical as from pressure, or the violence of a blow? no, they are often morbid, the result of increased action, brought on by inflammation, or of diseased structure superinduced by abscess. But are there not causes neither morbid nor mechanical, that have been found capable of producing similar effects? yes—a few sounds acting on the tympanum of the ear, or a few black and small figures scribbled on a piece of white paper,* have been known to knock a man down as effectually as a sledge hammer, and to deprive him not only of vision, but even of life. Here then we have instances of mind acting upon matter, and I by no means affirm that matter does not also act upon mind; for to those who advocate the intimate connection between body and mind, these reciprocities of action are easily reconcileable; but this will be an insuperable difficulty to those who affirm the identity of mind and body, which however is not for us, but for those who maintain this doctrine, to overcome. But if mind be indeed so inseparably identified with matter, that the dissolution of the one must necessarily involve the destruction of the other, how comes it to pass that we so often see the body survive the mind in one man, and the mind survive the body in another. Why do they not agree to die together? How happened it that the body of Swift became for so many years the living tomb of his mind, and, as in *some* cases of paralysis, how are we to account for the phænomena of the body, reduced to the most deplorable and helpless debility, without any corresponding weakness or hebetation of the mind. Again, if the mind be indeed not the tenant of the corporeal dwelling, but an absolute and component part of the dwelling itself, where does the mysterious but *tangible* palladium of this temple reside? Where are we to go to find it, since *if material*, why can it

* See Mr. Rennells' Pamphlet.

not be felt, handled, and seen? but she resides, we are informed, in the inmost recesses of her sensorium the brain; a mere assertion that can never be proved; for if she doth indeed enlighten this little citadel, it is with a ray like that of those sepulchral lamps, which, the instant we discover, we destroy. But if we return to the evidence of facts, the dissections carried on by Morgagni, Haller, Bonnet and others, do most thoroughly and irrefutably establish one most important, and to me at least, consoling truth; that there is no part of the brain either cortical, or medullary, not even the pineal gland itself, that has not, in one instance or in another, been totally destroyed by disease, but without producing in the patient any corresponding alienation or hallucination of mind; in some cases without any suspicion of such disease during life, and without any discovery of it, until after death, by dissection.* But we shall be told, perhaps, that the thinking faculty may be something residing in the very centre of the pineal gland, but so minute as to survive the destruction even of that in which it is inclosed. The pineal gland does indeed contain a few particles of a schistous or gritty substance, but which, alas, prove little for the argument of him who would designate thought, to be nothing more than the result of a more curious and complicated organization; since these particles, on examination, turn out to be nothing more nor less than phosphate of lime!!!

And this intimate union between body and mind is in fact analogous to all that we see, and feel, and comprehend. Thus we observe that the material stimuli of alcohol, or of opium, act upon the mind, through the body, and that the moral stimuli of love, or of anger, act upon the body through the mind; these are reciprocities of action that establish the principle of connection between the two, but are fatal to that of an identity.

For those who would persuade us that the thinking faculty

* For an astounding collection of cases and authorities on this most interesting part of the subject, see the Quarterly Review, page 25 and 26. No. 43.—See also the excellent treatise of Dr. Burrows on Mania.

is an *identical* part of the body, matrescent *in* it, and dying *with* it, impose a very heavy task upon themselves; and if we consider the insuperable difficulties of their creed on the one hand, and the air of conviction with which they defend it on the other, we are perhaps justified in affirming that these men are the very last persons in the universe, to whom the name of *sceptic* ought to be applied; but a dogmatic doubter, although it may be a something beyond our philosophy, is too often *not* beyond our observation. We, I repeat, contend for a strong but inexplicable *connection* between body and mind; and upon this principle all the sympathies of mutual pleasure and of pain, and all the reciprocities of rest and of action, are both natural, and intelligible. But those who advocate the *identity* of the body, and of the mind, will find that they have embraced a theory surrounded by facts that oppose it at every point, facts which their system will neither enable them to explain, nor their experience to deny. For does not every passion of the mind act directly primarily, and as it were *per se* upon the body; with greater or with lesser influence in proportion to their force. Does not the activity belong on this occasion to the mind, and the mere passiveness to the body; does not the quickened circulation *follow* the anger, the start the surprise, and the swoon the sorrow. Do not these instances, and a thousand others, clearly convince us that priority of action *here* belongs to the mind, and not to the body, and those who deny this are reduced to the ridiculous absurdity of attempting to prove that a man is frightened because he runs away, not that he runs away because he is frightened, and that the motion produces the terror, not the terror the motion, a kind of logic this that would become a Falstaff much better than a philosopher. Again, is not mania* produced

* I shall insert a note from Dr. John Armstrong on Fever, p. 478, which those who only look at will think too long, but those who *read* will think too short.

"It will have been perceived, that I consider insanity as the effect of some disorder in the circulation, whether produced by agencies of a cor-

by *moral* causes, quite as often as by physical, and has not that mode of cure succeeded best, which was instituted with a reference to this cause. On examination, after death, of those who have laboured under chronic mania, it most

poreal or mental nature. It might be shown by familiar facts, that the brain is the principal organ through which the operations of the mind are performed ; and it does not, as many have supposed, necessarily involve the doctrine of materialism to affirm, that certain disorders of that organ are capable of disturbing those operations. If the most skilful musician in the world were placed before an unstrung or broken instrument, he could not produce the harmony which he was accustomed to do when that instrument was perfect, nay on the contrary, the sounds would be discordant ; and yet it would be manifestly most illogical to conclude, from such an effect, that the powers of the musician were impaired, since they merely appeared to be so from the imperfection of the instrument. Now what the instrument is to the musician, the brain may be to the mind, for aught we know to the contrary ; and to pursue the figure, as the musician has an existence distinct from that of the instrument, so the mind may have an existence distinct from that of the brain ; for in truth we have no proof whatever of mind being a property dependant upon any arrangement of matter. We perceive, indeed, the properties of matter wonderfully modified in the various things of the universe, which strike our senses with the force of their sublimity or beauty ; but in all these we recognize certain radical and common properties, that bear no conceivable relation to those mysterious capacities of thought and of feeling, referable to that something which, to designate and distinguish from matter, we term mind. In this way, I conceive, the common sense of mankind has made the distinction which every where obtains between mind and matter, for it is natural to conclude, that the essence of mind may be distinct from the essence of matter, as the operations of the one are so distinct from the properties of the other. But when we say that mind is immaterial, we only mean that it has not the properties of matter ; for the consciousness which informs us of the operations, does not reveal the abstract nature of mind, neither do the properties reveal the essence of matter. When any one, therefore, asserts the materiality of mind he presupposes, that the phenomena of matter clearly show the real cause of mind, which as they do not, he unphilosophically places his argument on an assumption ; and his ground or reasoning is equally gratuitous—when he contends, that mind is an attribute of matter, because it is never known to operate but in conjunction with matter, for though this connection is constantly displayed, yet we have no direct proof of its being necessary."

usually happens that no difference of structure is perceptible in the brain, on dissection. If, however, in some few instances there has been a perceptible difference, will not a retrospection to the *mental* origin of the malady, justly warrant us in asserting that the derangement of structure *was* not the cause, but is the consequence of the disease. That so many instances should occur where no such difference of structure is perceptible, is analagous to what so often happens in other disorders, where a total functional derangement is unaccompanied by the slightest organic destruction.

It is admitted that each and every component particle of the body is changed in the course of twenty years, and that corporeal identity is by these means so totally destroyed, that a man who lives to sixty shall have gradually received three distinct bodies, the last of which shall not contain one individual atom that composed the first. But those who would persuade us that mind is an absolute and component part of the body, so completely ingrafted as it were and incorporated with it, that the thinking faculty is only the result of a more curious and complicated organization, must admit, that the mind must sympathize not partially, but wholly with these changes of the body, changes so powerful that they must effect the total destruction of moral identity, as they certainly do of that which is corporeal. The materialist must admit this absurdity, as his only means of escaping a greater, namely, that a whole shall not be altered, notwithstanding a total change of all the parts that composed it. If indeed the materialist is inclined to admit that these changes do alter the body, but not the mind, then indeed he admits that which is true; but truth itself may be bought too dear, in the opinion of some, if the confession of their defeat be the price; but the admission alluded to above, is in fact all the concession for which we contend, namely, that body and mind, although they are *united*, are also *distinct*. In a former part of this argument, I have admitted that the proposition that the mind is infantile with the body, is a general rule disturbed by no exceptions. But this truism,

I presume, will perform but little, either for the materialist, or against him, because the terms are convertible. The mind is infantile with the body, says the materialist; but has not the immaterialist quite as much reason on his side, should he feel inclined to assert that the "*body is infantile with the mind?*" For observe, we do not contend that the mind has no beginning, but that it shall have no end, and it appears that the body is appointed to be the first stage of its existence. Therefore I should rather affirm that the body is infantile with the mind, than that the mind is infantile with the body, and that a fuller and stronger demonstration of all the powers and faculties of the mind evinces itself in proportion as a more matured developement of the organs of the body, enables it passively to receive the impressions, and actively to execute the sovereign volitions of the mind. And in confirmation of this mode of considering the subject, we may observe that children often have a tolerable idea of the thing desired or feared, long before they are able to express the term by which it is described. The mind precedes the tongue, and the effort and wish to speak evinces itself much earlier than the power to do so. The distinguishing and endearing characteristics of mother are sufficiently understood by the infant, long before it can call her by name; and the infantile mind is not without a thousand modes of expressing its feelings, long before the lagging organs of the body are sufficiently developed to accomplish the articulation of them.

But if mind be material, it must be both extended and divisible, for these are properties inseparable from matter. But the absurdity of such a supposition startled even the boldest of sceptics, because he happened also to be the most acute; I shall therefore quote a passage from Mr. Hume, who will be allowed by materialists at least, to be an orthodox authority. "There is one argument (says he) commonly employed for the immateriality of the soul, which seems to be remarkable; whatever is extended consists of parts, and whatever consists of parts is divisible, if not in reality, at least in

the imagination. But it is impossible any thing divisible can be conjoined to a thought or a perception, which is a being altogether inseparable and indivisible. For, supposing such a conjunction, would the indivisible thought exist on the left hand, or on the right of this extended divisible body, on the surface, or in the middle, on the back or foreside of it? if it be conjoined with the extension, it must exist somewhere within its dimensions. If it exist within its dimensions, it must either exist in one particular part, and then that particular part is indivisible, and the perception is conjoined only with it, not with the extension: or if the thought exists in every part, it must also be extended and separable, and divisible as well as the body; which is utterly absurd and contradictory. For can any one conceive *a passion of a yard in length, a foot in breadth and an inch in thickness? Thought therefore and extension are qualities wholly incompatible, and can never incorporate together into one subject.* Mr. Hume seems to have been so fully convinced by the positions which this argument contains, that he has laboured to push its conclusions even up to the establishment of that celebrated paradox so formally laid down, and so stoutly defended by him. *This maxim* (to use again his own words,) is that an object may exist, and yet be no where, and I assert (says he) that this is not only possible, but that the greatest part of beings (by which he afterwards gives us to understand he means impressions and ideas) *do and must exist after this manner.* “A moral reflection (says he) cannot be placed either on the right or on the left hand of a passion, nor can a smell or a sound be either of a circular or square figure. These objects and perceptions so far from requiring any particular place, are absolutely incompatible with it, and even the imagination cannot attribute it to them.”

These passages prove that materialists will sometimes find Mr. Hume to be a very dangerous ally. Again, all mind is conscious of its own existence; but if mind be material, matter must be conscious of its own existence too; for this consciousness is inseparable from mind, and if mind be com-

posed of matter, that which is inseparable from the one, cannot be denied to the other. These are some of the absurdities which the *capacious credulity of infidelity*, and the *bold belief of unbelievers*, will find it more easy to swallow, than to digest. It has been urged by some, that a total though temporal suspension of the thinking faculty takes place during sleep, and that a faculty that may be suspended, may also be destroyed. But it is evident that this again must be mere assertion that can never be proved; on the contrary dreams go to prove that there are seasons where the thinking faculty is not suspended by sleep; but since it is manifest that sleep cannot suspend it at all times, it may not suspend it any time. We have recollections of mental operations going on during sleep, which recollections are extremely vivid, on some occasions, and on some occasions equally faint and confused. These recollections vary from reality, almost down to nothingness, and these recollections we term a dream. But these operations of the thinking faculty may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been going on during sleep, unaccompanied by any after recollection of them when awake; and the gradations of distinctness with which we recollect our dreams, are confirmatory of such an hypothesis. But I conceive analogy will also assist us here; for I would ask one simple question with respect to our waking thoughts; have we not all forgot more of them than we remember? and yet none of us, I presume, are prepared to deny the existence of these thoughts on such a ground. To those who prefer a shorter mode of putting the argument, I would say that our apprehension of the operation of thought is not necessary to the existence of it; but that its existence is absolutely necessary to our apprehension of it.

But if mind be indeed material, what has death to do with the annihilation of it? for death has no such power over matter. But we are told that "*the thinking faculty is nothing more than the result of a more curious and complicated organization.*" Yet what is this, but an attempt to illustrate that which is obscure, by an explanation which is

more so. Can we, for one moment, believe that a mere juxtaposition of parts is able to convey the highest activity and energy, to *that* whose very essence it is, to be, on all other occasions, of all created things, the most inactive and inert. If we request the materialist to explain this kind of *hocus pocus*, I suspect he can only do it by repeating *hoc est corpus*, the well known etymology of the term. In a former part of this article, I have quoted a passage from Mr. Hume; the passage occurs in a work which he afterwards apologized for, and requested that the public would not consider it as containing his more matured philosophical opinions. He embodied, however, a great part of this work afterwards into his essays, against which he enters no such *caveat*; and it is known that he himself considered these essays his masterpiece, and in them the positions contained in the article I have quoted, are repeatedly referred to, and confirmed. In these essays the following passage occurs: "Is there any principle in all nature more mysterious than the union of soul with body; by which a supposed spiritual substance acquires such an influence over a material one, that the most refined thought is able to actuate the grossest matter? were we empowered by a secret wish, to remove mountains, or control the planets in their orbit, this extensive authority would not be more extraordinary, nor more beyond our apprehension." How unfortunate was Mr. Hume that he did not live in this *enlightened age*; when he might have been informed that this most inexplicable phænomenon was, after all, the result of the most *simple* contrivance, arising from nothing more nor less than a very slight alteration in the juxtaposition of a few particles of matter!! for the *thinking faculty* (we hear) is *only the result of a more curious and complicated organization!* Nature, then, it would seem, no less than art, has her *cups*, and her *balls*, and a small portion of matter thrown into the inside of a little *globe of bone*, acquires properties and powers diametrically opposite to all those, which on the *outside* of it, it has been ascertained invariably to possess. Neither does that gulph of

insurmountable ignorance, under which we labour as to the nature of this mysterious union of body with mind, invalidate in the slightest degree the proofs of its existence; for no one, I presume, will be hardy enough to deny the existence of life, and yet the union of life with body is quite as inexplicable as the union of mind, superadded to both. Let us then be as candid in the one case, as in other, and apply the same reasoning to mind, that we have all consented to, with regard to life. Let us affirm of both of them, that we know nothing of either, *but by their effects*, which effects, however, do most fully and firmly establish their existence.

If indeed that marvellous microcosm man, with all the costly cargo of his faculties and powers, were indeed a rich Argosy, fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction, who amongst us that tolerate the present only from the hope of the future, who that have any aspirings of a high and intellectual nature about them, could be brought to submit to the disgusting mortifications of the voyage? as to the common and the sensual herd, who would be glad, perhaps, under *any* terms, to sweat and groan beneath the load of life, they would find that the creed of the materialist, would only give a fuller swing to the suicidal energies of a selfism as unprincipled as unrelenting; a selfism that would not only make that *giftless gift* of life a boon the most difficult to preserve, but would at the same time render it wholly unworthy of the task and the trouble of its preservation. Knowledge herself, that fairest daughter of heaven, would be immediately transformed into a changeling of hell; the brightest reason would be the blackest curse, and weakness more salutary than strength; for the villainy of man would increase with the depravity of his will, and the depravity of his will, with every augmentation of his power. The force of intellect imparted to that which was corrupt, would be like the destructive energies communicated by an earthquake, to that which is inert; where even things inanimate, as rocks and mountains, seem endowed with a momentary impulse of motion and of life, only to overwhelm, to destroy and to be

destroyed. Justice is usually depicted as having no eyes, but holding a sword in the one hand, and a pair of scales in the other.* But under a system that destroyed the awful obligations of an oath, what could justice weigh? she must renounce her scales, and apply both her hands to the sword;

* The awful importance of the above article must excuse the length of it, and to show that I am not singular in my view of its scope, and bearings, I shall finish by a quotation from a work just published, which has many readers, and will certainly have more. "But there is another more important relation in which the mind is still to be viewed,—that relation which connects it with the Almighty Being to whom it owes its existence. Is man, whose frail generations begin and pass away, but one of the links of an infinite chain of beings like himself, uncaused, and co-eternal with that self-existing world of which he is the feeble tenant? or, Is he the offspring of an all-creating Power, that adapted *him* to *nature*, and *nature* to *him*, formed, together with the magnificent scene of things around him, to enjoy its blessings, and to adore, with the gratitude of happiness, the wisdom and goodness from which they flow? What attributes, of a Being so transcendent, may human reason presume to explore? and, What homage will be most suitable to his immensity, and our nothingness? Is it only for an existence of a few moments, in this passing scene, that he has formed us? or, Is there something within us, over which death has no power,—something, that prolongs and identifies the consciousness of all which we have done on earth, and that, after the mortality of the body, may yet be a subject of the moral government of God? When compared with these questions, even the sublimest physical inquiries are comparatively insignificant. They seem to differ, as it has been said, in their relative importance and dignity, almost as philosophy itself differs from the mechanical arts that are subservient to it. 'Quantum inter philosophiam interest,—et cæteras artes; tantum interesse existimo in ipsa philosophia, inter illam partem quæ ad homines et hanc quæ ad Deos spectat. Altior est hæc et animosior: multum permisit sibi; non fuit oculis contenta. Majus esse quiddam suspicata est, ac pulchrius, quod extra conspectum natura posuisset.'" It is when ascending to these sublimer objects, that the mind seems to expand, as if already shaking off its earthly fetters, and returning to its source; and it is scarcely too much to say, that the delight which it thus takes in things divine is an internal evidence of its own divinity. 'Cum illa tetigit, alitur, crescit: ac velut vinculis liberatus, in originem redit. Et hoc habet argumentum divinitatis suæ, quod illam divina delectant.' *Vide Introduction to Brown's Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*

and it would be a bloody sword, strong indeed to exterminate, but feeble to correct. As to Justice herself, she would not only be more blind than Polyphemus, but she would also want more hands than Briareus, to enable her to combat the Hydra-headed monster of crime !

LXIII.

THERE are some characters who appear to superficial observers to be full of contradiction, change, and inconsistency, and yet they that are in the secret of what such persons are driving at, know that they are the very reverse of what they appear to be, and that they have one single object in view, to which they as pertinaciously adhere, through every circumstance of change, as the hound to the hare, through all her mazes and doublings. We know that a windmill is eternally at work to accomplish one end, although it shifts with every variation of the weathercock, and assumes ten different positions in a day.

LXIV.

THERE is nothing that requires so strict an œconomy as our benevolence. We should husband our means as the agriculturist his manure, which if he spread over too large a superficies produces no crop, if over too small a surface, exuberates in rankness and in weeds.

LXV.

THE women are satisfied with less than the men ; and yet, notwithstanding this, they are less easily satisfied. In the first place—preference and precedence are indispensable articles with them, if we would have our favours graciously received ; they look moreover to the mode, the manner, and the address, rather than to the value of the obligation, and estimate it more by the time, the cost, and the trouble we may have expended upon it, than by its intrinsic worth. Attention is ever current coin with the ladies, and they

weigh the heart much more scrupulously than the hand. A wealthy suitor purchases a watch for his idol, studded with gems, an artificer *makes* a far less costly one for his favourite, and I need not add which will be most propitiously received, since there will be one person at least, in the world, who will be certain that during the whole process of the fabrication of the present, the donor was thinking of her for whom it was designed.

LXVI.

PRIDE differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable.* Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the *overrating* of certain qualities that *we do actually possess*; whereas vanity is more easily satisfied and can extract a feeling of self-complacency, from qualifications that are *imaginary*. Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic; the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many, and to the moment, pride to the future, and the few; hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity that has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness, that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbours, and his own vote in favour of himself, he thinks of little weight, until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his preten-

* See a very short and acute distinction between Pride and Vanity in an Analytical Dictionary on a novel and very ingenious plan by Mr. David Booth.

sions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in overrating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy, or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live, by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonoured, this cannot happen until *that debt* which cancels all others, shall have been paid.

LXVII.

FEW things are more agreeable to self-love than revenge, and yet no cause so effectually restrains us from revenge, as self-love. And this paradox naturally suggests another,—that the strength of the community is not unfrequently built upon the weakness of those individuals that compose it; a position not quite so clear as the first, but I conceive equally tenable and true. We receive an injury, and we are so constituted that the first consideration with most of us is revenge. If we happen to be kings, or prime ministers, we go straight forward to work, unless indeed it should happen that those that have inflicted the injury are as powerful as those that have received it. It is fortunate, however, for the interests of society, that the great mass of mankind are neither kings, nor prime ministers, and that men are so impotent that they can seldom bring evil upon others, without more or less of danger to themselves. Thus then it is that public strength, security, and confidence grow out of private weakness, danger, and fear. These considerations have given rise to this saying, “*It is better to quarrel with a knave than with a fool,*” for with the latter all consideration of consequences to himself, is swallowed up and lost in the blind and brutal impulse that goads him on to bring evil upon another. We hate our enemy much, but we

love ourselves more. We have been injured, but we will not avail ourselves of the legal means of redress, because of the *certain* expence and trouble, and the uncertain success; neither will we resort to illegal modes of retaliation, because we will not run the risk of the mortification, the disgrace, and the danger of a discovery. For it is as difficult for revenge to act, without exciting suspicion, as for a rattlesnake to stir without making a noise. The result is that we are quiet, and self-love is made to correct its own violence, as a steam engine its own velocity, and the fear of danger effects for the one, what the *safety-valve* accomplishes for the other. And it is highly necessary that things should be so, for retaliation aggravates resentment, and resentment produces fresh retaliation; Therefore were there nothing to restrain these causes from acting reciprocally upon each other, the destruction of all society must be the consequence, and a conflagration would be excited in the moral world, like that which is observable in the natural, where the fire increases the wind, and the wind increases the fire.

LXVIII.

IN the whole course of our observation there is not so misrepresented and abused a personage as Death. Some have styled him the King of Terrors, when he might with less impropriety have been termed the terror of kings; others have dreaded him as an evil without end, although it was in their own power to make him the end of all evil. He has been vilified as the cause of anguish, consternation, and despair, but these, alas, are things that appertain not unto death, but unto life. How strange a paradox is this, we love the distemper, and loathe the remedy, preferring the fiercest buffetings of the hurricane, to the tranquillity of the harbour. The poet has lent his fictions, the painter his colours, the orator his tropes to pourtray death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades; but can he be called a destroyer? who for a perishable state,

gives us that which is eternal ; can he be styled the enemy ? who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need, and whose friendship proves the most valuable to those who live the longest ; can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades ? who destroys that which is transient and temporary, to establish that which alone is real and fixed. And what are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, and the melancholy insignia with which we surround him, the sepulchral gloom, the mouldering carcase, and the slimy worm ? These indeed are the idle fears and empty terrors not of the dead, but of the living. The dark domain of death we dread indeed to enter, but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it ; but if they are rugged they are short, and it is only those that are smooth that are wearisome and long. But perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life, be it so, if the exchange be not for the better, it is not his fault, but our own ; or he summons us late ; the call is a reprieve rather than a sentence, for who would wish to sit at the board when he can no longer partake of the banquet, or to live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure. Tyrants can sentence their victims to death, but how much more dreadful would be their power, could they sentence them to life. Life is the jailor of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death ; what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death, is a passport to life. True wisdom thanks death for what he takes, and still more for what he brings. Let us then like centinels be ready because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate, and control. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

LXIX.

AS in the game of billiards, the balls are constantly producing effects from mere chance, which the most skilful player could neither execute, nor foresee, but which when they *do* happen, serve mainly to teach him how much he has still to learn, so it is in the more profound and complicated game of politics, and diplomacy. In both cases, we can only regulate our play, by what we have seen, rather than by what we have hoped, and by what we have experienced, rather than by what we have expected. For one character that appears on the theatre of human affairs that can rule events, there are ten thousand that can follow* them,

* It is astonishing how many men the French Revolution obliged to be great, even in spite of themselves; events hurried on the political machine with such tremendous rapidity, that the passengers were compelled to travel not only faster, but farther than they had bargained for; most of them would very gladly have given up their *places*, had it not been more dangerous to jump out, even than it was to remain. There are four men who might have written the most interesting volumes that ever were bequeathed to posterity, could we only insure two things, that their own egotism would permit them to be candid, or that "*the Powers that be*" would permit their details to be read. Of the men I allude to, two are no more, and two remain—Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Sieyes, and Carnôt. Such men as Talleyrand, Sieyes, Mazarin, Richelieu, and De Retz, go to prove that what Lord Chatham termed the College of Fishermen, had very different views of their vocation, from the College of Cardinals, and infallibility itself must prove itself fallible, the instant it sets about to reconcile the career of these men, with the life, and doctrine of him who expressly said,—"*My kingdom is not of this world.*" "*Be ye not called Rabbi.*" I shall finish this note with a quotation from the text and notes of "*Hypocrisy*," as the passage contains an anecdote of Sieyes, and an application of some lines of Juvenal to him, which have been thought happy, but the reader must judge.

As Sieyes shrewd, who in the direst times,
When Paris reeked with cruelties and crimes,
By turns ruled All;—and as each Colleague bled,
Contrived,—no trifling task,—to wear a head;
Though favourites daily fell, dragged forth to die
Unheard, or ere their plaister Busts were dry.

Dr. Moore, father of the gallant General, was at Paris on the break-

sometimes with more success than these master-minds, always with more safety. He that undertakes to guide the vessel, may at last be swept away from the helm, by the hurricane; while those who have battened themselves down, determined to follow the fate of their vessel, rather than to guide it, may arrive safe on the shore. Fortune like other females, prefers a lover to a master, and submits with impatience to control; but he that woos her with opportunity, and importunity, will seldom court her in vain.

LXX.

IT is astonishing how much more anxious people are to lengthen life than to improve it; and as misers often lose large sums of money in attempting to make more, so do hypochondriacs squander large sums of time in search of nostrums by which they vainly hope they may get more time to squander. Thus the diurnals give us ten thousand recipes to live long, for one to live well, and hence the use of

ing out of the Revolution. He wished to purchase a few of the busts of those Demagogues who had, each in their turn, strutted their hour on that bloody stage. "Ah Sir!" exclaimed the artist, "our's has been a losing trade of late; as the real heads have often taken leave of the shoulders of their owners, before the *artificial* ones, which we were modelling, could be exhibited for sale. It then became as dangerous to have them, as before it was to be without them. But here, Sir," said he, handing him the bust of the Abbe Sieyes, "here is a head that has not yet quarrelled with its shoulders. This head in some degree makes up for what we have lost by its companions; it is in great request still, and *sells well*."

The Abbé has lately had much *leisure* time upon his hands; may we indulge the hope that he has employed it in preparing the history of his own times? If to this delicate task he would bring the honesty of Burnet, without his credulity, he might bequeath to posterity the most interesting volume that ever was written.—Κηρυα ας ας.

For some account of the *present* state of this extraordinary man, see the following quotation from Juvenal.

" Venit et Crispi jucunda senectus,
Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite

that present which we have, is thrown away in idle schemes of how we shall abuse that future we may not have. No man can promise himself even fifty years of life, but any man may, if he please, live in the proportion of fifty years, in forty;—let him rise early, that he may have the day before him, and let him make the most of the day, by determining to expend it on *two* sorts of acquaintance only, those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learnt.

LXXI.

THE rich patient cures the poor physician much more often than the poor physician the rich patient; and it is rather paradoxical that the rapid recovery of the one, usually depends upon the procrastinated disorder of the other. Some persons will tell you, with an air of the miraculous, that they recovered *although* they were given over, whereas they might with more reason have said, they recovered *because* they were given over.

LXXII.

THE most adroit flattery is that which counterfeits a resentment at hearing our darling opinions so sturdily attacked, yet counterfeits it, only to bestow the meed of a victory wrested from us, as we pretend, by the more forcible weapons of our opponent.

Ingenium.—*Maris ac terras populosque regenti,
 Quis comes utilior? Si clade et Peste sub illa
 Sævitiâ damnare, et honestum asferre liceret
 Consilium; sed quid Violentius aure Tyranni?
 Ille igitur, nunquam direxit brachia contra
 Torrentem; nec civis erat qui libera posset
 Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.
 Sic, multas hyemes, atque octogesima vidit
 Solstitia, his armis illa quoque tutus in aula."*

LXXIII.

IF a legislator were to transport the robbed, but to encourage and reward the robber, ought we to wonder if felonies were frequent? and in like manner, when women send the seduced to Coventry, but countenance and even court the seducer, ought we not to wonder if seductions were scarce?

LXXIV.

WE usually prefer ourselves, to our revenge; but there are cases where we prefer our revenge to ourselves. This reflection ought to make us extremely cautious how we too deeply injure another; for revenge is a dreadful engine, even in the feeblest hands; and as there are injuries which make life a burthen, can we wonder if that burthen be got rid of, by the very act that also set us even with our enemy.

LXXV.

THERE is a very cunning flattery, which great minds sometimes pay themselves, by condescending to admire efforts corresponding with, but vastly inferior to their own. This will help a close observer to account for a vast deal of otherwise unaccountable flummery, that is hawked about in the market of fame, but very cheap like all other articles, that are so doubly unfortunate as to be not only stale, but a glut.

LXXVI.

THE conduct of corporate bodies sometimes would incline one to suspect that criminality is, with them, a matter of calculation, rather than of conscience, since the individuals that compose these bodies, provided they can only *divide* the weight of the odium attached to an obnoxious

measure, have no objection to the full weight of the profit, and the whole weight of the guilt. I have heard of a plain countryman who had occasion to renew a fine in a certain diocese. He waited on every individual of the chapter separately, they were vastly civil; one gave him brandy, another beer, a third wine, a fourth Hollands, and so on. On the day following he appeared before them in their corporate capacity, when he found a terrible metamorphosis had taken place, and it was not without difficulty he could persuade himself they were the same men. Having concluded a very hard bargain, gentlemen, said our rustic, I can compare you to nothing but the good cheer I received at your houses yesterday; taken separately, you are excellent, but mix you together, and you are a mess for the D——l.

LXXVII.

AS the next thing to having wisdom ourselves, is to profit by that of others, so the next thing to having merit ourselves, is to take care that the meritorious profit by us; for he that rewards the deserving, makes himself one of the number.

LXXVIII.

THE idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous *visitations* they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted to the honor of his visit, solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and he sallies forth to distribute it, amongst all his acquaintance.

LXXIX.

THE priest should be careful not to act the reverse of the physician, and in two most important points. The physician renders the most nauseous prescription palatable, by the elegance of its preparation, and the winning suavity with which it is recommended ; whereas the priest may possibly render a most refreshing cordial disgusting, by the injudicious addition of his own compounds, and the ungracious manner with which they are administered.

LXXX.

THE character of a people is raised, when little bickerings at home, are made to give way to great events that are developing themselves abroad ; but the character of a people is degraded, when they are blinded as to measures of the greatest moment abroad, by paltry jealousies at home.

LXXXI.

A man's profundity may keep him from opening on a first interview, and his caution on a second ; but I should suspect his emptiness, if he carried on his reserve to a third.

LXXXII.

OUR vanity often inclines us to impute not only our successes, but even our disappointments, to causes personal, and strictly confined to ourselves, when nevertheless the effects may have been removed from the supposed cause, far as the poles asunder. A zealous, and in his way a very eminent preacher, whose eloquence is as copious, and far more lucid than the waters of his beloved Cam, happened to miss a constant auditor from his congregation. Schism had

already made some depredations on the fold, which was not so large, but to a practised eye, the deduction of even one was perceptible. What keeps our friend farmer B. away from us? was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his clerk. I have not seen him amongst us, continued he, this three weeks; I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away. "No, your honour," replied the clerk, "it is something worse than that." "Worse than Socinianism! God forbid it should be Deism." "No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "Worse than Deism! good heavens, I trust it is not Atheism!" "No, your honour, it is something worse than that." "Worse than Atheism! impossible; nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes it is, your honour—it is *Rheumatism!*"

LXXXIII.

✓ FRIENDSHIP often ends in love; but love, in friendship—never. ✓

LXXXIV.

TO marry a rake, in the hope of reforming him, and to hire a highwayman, in the hope of reclaiming him, are two very dangerous experiments; and yet I know a lady who fancies she has succeeded in the one, and all the world knows a divine who really has succeeded in the other.

LXXXV.

TO write to please the lowest, few would; to write to please the highest, fewer can; we must either stoop to the ignorance of the one, or surmount the envy of the other. Let us then strive to steer between them, if we would consult both our fortune and our fame. In the middle classes there is a measure of judgment fully equal to any demands we can make upon it—a judgment not too fastidious from

vanity, nor too insensible, from ignorance ; and he that can balance the centre, may not be fearful as to the two extremes. Were one half of the world philosophers, and the other, fools, I would either not have written these pages, or having written---burnt them.

LXXXVI.

IT is a curious paradox, that precisely in proportion to our own intellectual weakness, will be our credulity as to those mysterious powers assumed by others ; and in those regions of darkness and ignorance where man cannot effect even those things that are within the power of man, there we shall ever find that a blind belief in feats that are far beyond those powers, has taken the deepest root in the minds of the deceived, and produced the richest harvest to the knavery of the deceiver. An impostor that would starve in Edinburgh, might luxuriate in his Gynæceum at Constantinople. But the more we know as to those things that can be done, the more sceptical do we become, as to all things that cannot. Hence it is that no man thinks so meanly of a prime minister, as his private secretary, nor so humbly of a conjuror, as his own zany ; hence it is that no men have so little confidence in medicine, as physicians, nor in works of supererogation, as monks ; notwithstanding both respectively prescribe each, to others. And the converse of this proposition, being perhaps equally true, it then affords the same kind of conviction to the philosopher, that the joint proof of synthesis and analysis doth to the chemist. And we might transpose, for brevity, the proposition thus---the *less* we know as to things that can be done, the *less* sceptical are we as to things that cannot. Hence it is that sailors and gamblers, though not over remarkable for their devotion, are even proverbial for their superstition ; the solution of this phenomena is, that both these descriptions of men have so much to do with things beyond all possibility of being reduced either to rule, or to reason,---the winds

and the waves,---and the decisions of the dice-box. The gambler, indeed, abounds in two of the cardinal virtues---Faith and Hope; but as he lamentably fails in Charity, which is greater than these---He is nothing.

LXXXVII.

THOSE that are teaching the people to read, are doing all that in them lies to increase the power, and to extend the influence of those that can write;* for the child will read to please his master, but the man, to please himself.

* This question would require a volume, and all I shall observe upon it here, is, that a state of half knowledge in the lower orders, is far more dangerous to the tranquillity of a government, than a state of ignorance; for those that can see a little will submit to be led, far less readily than those that are blind, and the little glimmering such have, does not enable them to distinguish between the false light of the demagogue, and the true light of the patriot; between him who means their good, and him that means his own. But in spite of this, I am still an advocate for enlightening the people, notwithstanding this middle point must be passed in doing it; but it is a stage in the progress of a nation requiring not only much of firmness, but much of concession too, on the part of the rulers. In fact, I know of no political problem where the adjustment of the balance of the *suaviter* and the *fortiter* is so nice, and at the same time so necessary. I shall make no apology for quoting here the words of a learned foreigner, in his Preface of a most valuable work, addressed to Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister of England. "True and extensive knowledge never was, and never can be, hurtful to the peace of society. It is ignorance, or which is far worse than ignorance, false knowledge, that is chiefly terrible to states. They are the furious, the ill-taught, the blind, and misguided, that are prone to be seized with groundless fears, and unprovoked resentments; to be raised by incendiaries, and to rush desperately on to sedition, and acts of rage. Subjects that are most knowing, and best informed, are ever most peaceable and loyal. Whereas the loyalty and obedience of such, whose understandings extend not beyond names and sounds, will be always precarious, and can never be thoroughly relied upon, whilst any turbulent or artful men can by din and clamour, and the continual application of those sounds intoxicate and inflame them even to madness; can make them believe themselves undone, though nothing can hurt them; think

LXXXVIII.

THE greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

LXXXIX.

IF you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself ;---all that runs over will be your's.

XC.

THERE are many dogs that have never killed their own mutton ; but very few who having begun, have stopped. And there are many women who have never intrigued, and many men who have never gamed ; but those who have done either but *once*, are very extraordinary animals, and more

they are oppressed, when they are best protected ; and can drive them into riots and rebellion, without the excuse of one real grievance. It will always be easy to raise a mist before eyes that are already dark, and it is a true observation, that it is an easy work to govern wise men, but to govern fools or madmen, a continual slavery. It is from the blind zeal and stupidity cleaving to superstition, it is from the ignorance, rashness, and rage attending faction, that so many mad, and so sanguinary evils, have destroyed men, dissolved the best governments, and thinned the greatest nations. And as a people well instructed, will certainly esteem the blessings they enjoy, and study public peace for their own sake, there is a great merit in instructing the people, and cultivating their understandings. They are certainly less credulous, in proportion as they are more knowing, and consequently less liable to be the dupes of Demagogues, and the property of ambition. They are not then to be surprised with false cries, nor animated by imaginary danger. And wherever the understanding is well principled, and informed, the passions will be tame, and the heart well disposed. They, therefore, who communicate true knowledge to their species, are true friends to the world, benefactors to society, and deserve all encouragement from those who preside over society, with the applause and good wishes of all good and honest men."

worthy of a glass case when they die, than half the exotics in the British Museum.

XCI.

WHEN we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness ; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

XCII.

THE young fancy that their follies are mistaken by the old, for happiness ; and the old fancy that their gravity is mistaken by the young, for wisdom. And yet each are wrong in supposing this of the other. The misapprehension is mutual, but I shall not attempt to set either of them right, because their respective error is reciprocally consolatory* to both. I would not be so severe on the old, as the lively Frenchman, who said, that if they were fond of giving good advice, it was only because they were no longer able to set a bad example ; but for their own sake, no less than of others, I would recommend cheerfulness to the old, in the room of austerity, knowing that *heaviness* is much more often synonymous with ignorance, than *gravity* with wisdom. Cheerfulness ought to be the *viaticum vitæ* of their life to the old ; age without cheerfulness, is a Lapland winter without a sun ; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth, if we would wish to have the benefit of it in our old age ; time will make a generous wine more mellow ; but it will turn that which is *early on the fret*, to vinegar.

* ———— "*pol me occidistis amici,*

" *Per quos demptus erat, vitæ dulcissimus error.*"

XCIII.

COURAGE is like the diamond—very brilliant, not changed by fire, capable of high polish, but, except for the purpose of cutting hard bodies, useless. The great Tamerlane* had his full share of it, yet he said its value was much overrated, because it required nothing more than the exercise of fortitude and patience for one short hour. One would suppose the Tartar had read Horace, and had his description of a battle in view:—

“concurritur—horæ
“Memento cito mors venit, aut victoria læta.”

XCIV.

IN great cities men are more callous both to the happiness and the misery of others, than in the country; for they are constantly in the habit of seeing both extremes.

XCV.

MYSTERY magnifies danger, as a fog the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar, derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

XCVI.

IN the East, the women are chosen with reference to their personal charms, rather than their intellectual, considered as ministers to sensuality, rather than as ornaments of society, and abandoned the moment the slightest decay begins to manifest itself in those corporeal attractions which first enhanced their value, and insured their admiration. It would seem that there is a sound physical cause for this low and animal mode of appreciating female excellence, so pre-

* See White's Institutes of Tamerlane.

valent in the East, and in calculating which, if compared with the northern nations, the body has so much more weight in the scale, than the mind. The fact is, that under the ripening suns of the East, all the charms and beauties of the body are developed, long before the less precocious mind has put forth even the promise and the blossom of its ultimate but progressive perfection. But inasmuch as premature adolescence has a constant tendency to superinduce premature decrepitude, the charms of the body have ceased to flourish, when those of the mind are beginning to expand and to bud. Thus the unfortunate pride of the Harem has ceased to please as the mistress,* precisely at the moment when she might begin to interest as the friend. For that alliance may be said to have a double tie, where the minds are united, as well as the body, and the union will have all its strength, when both the links are in perfection together. But with regard to the state of society in the East, as connected with women, the evil we are now considering, like many others, acts in a circle; for the education of the female mind, in those regions of solar light, but of intellectual darkness, is sacrificed, even from the cradle, to the meretricious fascinations of the body; since no man is at great pains to cultivate that, which he knows before hand he shall have no relish to enjoy. Corporeal charms may indeed gain admirers, but there must be mental ones to retain them; and Horace had a delicate feeling of this, when he refused to

* Women in warm climates are marriagable, says Montesquieu, at eight or nine years of age; infancy and marriage therefore almost always go together, and women become old at twenty. Reason then and beauty are in them never found together; when beauty wishes to sway, reason refuses it; and when reason might attain it, beauty is no more. And Prideaux, in his life of Mahomet, informs us, that Mahomet was betrothed to his wife Cadhisja at five years old, and took her to his bed at eight; and that in the hot countries of Arabia and the Indies, girls are marriagable at eight years old, and are brought to bed the year after.

restrict the pleasures of the lover merely to his eyes, but added also those of the ear.

“ *Qui sedens identidem, te
“ Spectat et audit !”*

XCVII.

LOVE is a volcano, the crater of which no wise man will approach too nearly, lest from motives far less philosophical than those of Empedocles,* he should be swallowed up, leaving something behind him, that will tell more tales than a slipper.

XCVIII.

WE often injure our cause by calling in that which is weak, to support that which is strong. Thus the ancient school-men, who in some instances were more silly than school-boys, were constantly lugging in the authority of Aristotle, to support the tenets of christianity; and yet these very men would laugh at an engineer of the present day, who should make a similar blunder in artillery, that they have done in argument, and drag up an ancient battering ram, to assist a modern cannon.

XCIX.

THERE are many things that are thorns to our

* Horace, speaking of this philosopher, says,

“ *ardentem frigidus Ætnam,
“ Insiluit.*”

The mountain threw out his slipper, which discovered his fate. It is recorded that Aristotle, from motives of the same unquenchable curiosity, threw himself into the Euripus; the phenomena of the flux and reflux of this river, puzzled our philosopher so much, that he jumped into the stream, exclaiming, “ since I cannot comprehend the Euripus, the Euripus shall comprehend me.”

hopes, until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts, when we have.

C

THE ancients, in their poetical and dramatical machinery, made their gods the prime agents of as much evil as good. They have described them, as mixing themselves up with human infirmities, and lending themselves to human passions, in so gross a manner, that it is almost impossible to admire virtue, and to esteem such gods; or to look up to heaven with affection, without looking down upon its rulers with abhorrence.* It is on this account that I should rather

* In confirmation of the above remarks, I shall quote a passage from one of the finest writers of the last century:—

“Be it how it will, the wonderful in poetry has begotten that of knight-errantry, and certain it is, that the devils and conjurors cause much less harm in this way of writing, than the gods and their ministers did in the former.

“The goddess of arts, of knowledge and wisdom, inspires the bravest of all the Greeks with an ungovernable fury, and suffers him not to recover his senses she had taken from him, but only to make him capable of perceiving his folly, and by this means to kill himself out of mere shame and despair.

“The greatest and most prudent of the goddesses favours scandalous passions, and lends her assistance to carry on a criminal amour.

“The same goddess employs all sorts of artifices to destroy a handful of innocent people, who by no means deserved her indignation.

“She thought it not enough to exhaust her own power, and that of the other gods, whom she solicited to ruin Æneas, but even corrupts the god of sleep to cast Palinurus into a slumber, and so to order matters, that he might drop into the sea; this piece of treachery succeeded, and the poor pilot perished in the waves.

“There is not one of the gods in these poems that does not bring the greatest misfortunes upon men, or hurry them on to the blackest actions. Nothing is so villanous here below, which is not executed by their order, or authorized by their example: and this it was that principally contributed to give birth to the sect of the Epicureans, and afterwards to support it.

“Epicurus, Lucretius, and Petronius, would rather make their gods

side with Plato, who would have interdicted the ancient tragedy to the Athenians, than with Aristotle, who with some qualifications, recommended it. For the writers of the Greek tragedy were continually placing their audience in situations where if they exercised their pity, it could only be at the expence of their piety, and where disgust was a feeling far more liable to be excited, than devotion. In short, there seems to be this difference between the superstition of the Pagans, and the religion of the Christians; the

lazy, and enjoy their immortal nature in an uninterrupted tranquillity, than see them active and cruelly employed in ruining ours.

"Nay, Epicurus by doing so, pretended he shewed his great respect to the gods; and from hence proceeded that saying which Bacon so much admires, *Non Deos vulgi negare profanum, sed vulgi opinionem diis applicare profanum.*

"Now I dont mean by this, that we are obliged to discard the gods out of our works, and much less from those of poetry, where they seem to enter more naturally than any where else. *A Jove principium musæ.* I am for introducing them as much as any man, but then I would have them bring their wisdom, justice, and clemency along with them, and not appear, as we generally make them, like a pack of impostors and assassins. I would have them come with a conduct to regulate, and not with a disorder to confound every thing.

"Perhaps it may be replied, that these extravagancies ought only to pass for fables and fictions, which belong to the jurisdiction of poetry. But I would fain know what art and science in the world has the power to exclude good sense? If we need only write in verse to be privileged in all extravagancies, for my part I would never advise any man to meddle with prose, where he must immediately be pointed at for a coxcomb, if he leaves good sense and reason never so little behind him.

"I wonder extremely, that the ancient poets were so scrupulous to preserve probability in actions purely human, and violated it after so abominable a manner, when they come to recount the actions of the gods. Even those who have spoken of their nature more soberly than the rest, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of their conduct.

"When they establish their being, and their attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, and perfectly good. But at the very moment they set them a working, there is no weakness to which they do not make them stoop; there is no folly or wickedness which they do not make them commit."

former lowered a God to a man ; the latter exalts a man to a God !

CI.

ON a former occasion I have observed, that every historian has described the age in which he happened to write, as the worst, because he has only *heard* of the wickedness of other times, but has *felt* and *seen* that of his own. I now repeat this proposition, for the purpose of introducing a very shrewd remark I have since chanced upon, which will give rise to a few observations. “How strange it is, (says an old author) that we of the present day, are constantly praising that past age, which our fathers abused, and as constantly abusing that present age, which our children will praise.” This assertion is witty, and true ; but if the praise and the censure awarded by the parties, were equally *true*, it would follow that the world must have become so bad by this time, that no security, and of course no society could be found within it. For if every succeeding generation praises the past, but abuses the present, and is *right* in doing it, how very good must men have been in the first ages of the world, and how excessively bad must they have become now. On the former supposition, a deluge of water would not have been necessary, and on the latter, a deluge of fire would hardly effect a cure. But let us pause to enquire who they are ? that are most commonly the great admirers of the “*olden time* ;” the “*laudatores temporis acti*.” They are almost invariably to be found, amongst the aged ; and the rising generation, having no experience of their own, but trusting to those who have,—hear, and believe. But is it not natural ? that the old should extol the days of their youth ; the weak, the era of their strength ; the sick, the season of their vigour ; and the disappointed, the spring-tide of their hopes ! Alas, it is not the times that have changed, but themselves.

CII.

WE often regret we did not do otherwise, when that very otherwise would in all probability have *done for us*. Life too often presents us with a choice of evils, rather than of goods. Like the [fallen angels of Milton, we all know the evils that we have, but we are ignorant what greater evils we might have encountered, by rushing on *apparent* goods, the consequences of which we know not.

"Evertere domus totus, optantibus ipsis

"Dii faciles ;"

By which even a Pagan moralist suggests that the prayers of men are sometimes granted by the gods, to the destruction of the supplicants.

CIII.

WE injure mysteries, which are matters of *faith*, by any attempt at explanation, in order to make them matters of *reason*. Could they be explained, they would cease to be mysteries ; and it has been well said, that a thing is not necessarily *against* reason, because it happens to be *above* it. Doctor B*****† once told Horne Tooke that he had just witnessed an exemplification of the Trinity, for he had seen three men in one whiskey ! Poh, poh ! replied our etymologist, that is no exemplification at all, you should have seen *one* man in *three* whiskeys ! A certain missionary once asked a new convert, if he had any clear notions on this sacred subject ; his Asiatic proselyte immediately made three folds in his garment, and having held them in that state a few seconds, pulled them back again into one. We believe the doctrine of the Trinity, because, though above reason, it is matter of faith ; but we are not bound to be-

† This anecdote is rather against the Doctor, for the wit is Parson Horne's, but the profaneness is the Doctor's ; perhaps even I shall not wholly escape for relating it.

lieve in all the explanations of it, which are often against both, and matter of neither. The attention of the religious world, in the West of England, was lately much occupied, by a very learned controversy on this subject, carried on by three doughty champions, each of whom with more of erudition, but perhaps less of gentleness, than the shepherds in Virgil, were "*et cantare pares, et respondere parati.*" The individuals, however, were more at home in knocking down each other's arguments, than in establishing their own; which led the sharp-sighted editor of a certain journal, whose columns our polemics had filled, without much profit to the sale, to suppose that it was high time for him to interfere, and to sum up, with all due impartiality, between the parties :

————— "*Componere lites*
"*Inter Peliden festinat, et inter Atriden.*"

He did so; and though luminous on many other points, "*The Western Luminary*" was rather obscure upon this :—

"*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*"

To convince him, however, that his three learned correspondents, however they had disagreed in particulars, agreed as to the main; and that he himself in summing up, had settled the controversy, in a manner more conclusive, than superficial observers might admit, or accede to; I sent him the following little "*jeu d'esprit,*" which he had the candour to insert :—

Cleve—Dennis—Carpenter—agree !
And fully prove a Trinity ;
For in their writings, all may see
Not one incomprehensible—but three !

Yet Flindell deemed the task undone,
So finished what these scribes begun,
And shewed, more clearly than the sun,
Not three incomprehensibles—but one !

CIV.

IT is in the middle classes of society, that all the finest feelings, and the most amiable propensities of our nature, do principally flourish and abound. For the good opinion of our fellow men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property, too arrogant and consequential to feel; the first, places us beneath the influence of opinion---the second, above it.

CV.

POSTHUMOUS fame is a plant of tardy growth, for our body must be the seed of it; or we may liken it to a torch, which nothing but the last spark of life can light up; or we may compare it to the trumpet of the archangel, for it is blown over the dead; but unlike that awful blast, it is of earth, not of heaven, and can neither rouse nor raise us.

CVI.

WE make a goddess of Fortune, says Juvenal, and place her in the highest heaven.* But it is not fortune that is exalted, and powerful, but we ourselves that are abject, and weak. We strive to make externals a part of ourselves, over which fortune has power, neglecting that which is within, over which she has none. The storm may strip the mountain of its garniture, and expose its breast to the winds---but the mountain remains. Bias flying from his country, which was wrapt in flames, and reeking with the blood of the vanquished, incumbered himself with none of his goods, or rather, says his biographer, bore them *all* in his breast, not to be seen by the eye, but prized by the soul, inclosed in the narrow dwelling of the mind, not to be

* ————— “nos

“*Te facimus Fortuna Deam, cæloque locamus.*”

demolished by mortal hands, fixed with those that are settled, not retarding those that travel, and not forsaking those that fly.

CVII.

THE benevolent have the advantage of the envious, even in this present life; for the envious is tormented not only by all the ill that befalls himself, but by all the good that happens to another; whereas the benevolent man is the better prepared to bear his own calamities unruffled, from the complacency and serenity he has secured, from contemplating the prosperity of all around him. The sun of happiness must be totally eclipsed, before it can be total darkness with him! But the envious man is made gloomy, not only by his own cloud, but by another's sunshine. He may exclaim with the poet, "*Dark! dark! amidst a blaze of light!*" Desperate by his own calamities, and infuriated also by the prosperity of another, he would fain fly to that hell that is beyond him, to escape that which is within. In short, envy is almost the only vice, that constantly punishes itself, in the very act of its commitment; and the envious man makes a worse bargain, even than the hypocrite, for the hypocrite serves the devil, without wages—but the envious man serves him, not only without reward, but to be punished also, for his pains.

CVIII.

THE affairs of *this* world are kept together by what little truth and integrity still remains amongst us; and yet I much question whether the *absolute* dominion of truth, would be compatible with the existence of any society now existing upon the face of the earth. Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth, than to refine themselves. They will not advance

their minds to the standard, therefore they lower the standard to their minds. But the high and sterling excellence of truth would appear from hence, that it becomes more safe, practicable, and attainable, the nearer we advance to perfection. No bad man ever wished that his breast was made of glass, or that others could read his thoughts. But the misery is, that the duplicities, the temptations, and the infirmities that surround us, have rendered the truth, and nothing but the truth, as hazardous and contraband a commodity as a man can possibly deal in. This made Sir Walter Raleigh affirm, that it was dangerous to follow truth too near, lest she should kick out our teeth. But let us for a moment figure to ourselves a state of things where truth should be the sole principle of all our thoughts, words, and actions. Constituted as men are at present, could any civilized society keep itself together under such circumstances, for one single year? Would not eternal truth become as insupportable to our imperfect mind, as eternal day to our imperfect vision? Gracious heaven, what a scene would the above supposition produce upon the earth! What recriminations, what eclairsissements, what animosities, what exacerbations; what a pulling of caps by the one sex, and of triggers by the other. The most polite levees would become an aceldama, and the most polished routes a bear-garden. What mourning brides, and merry widows, what rancorous friends and greeting enemies, what accepted sinners, and rejected saints. The whole world would appear to have *put on a mask*, merely from having taken one *off*. How few bargains at the Exchange, litigations at the bar, or long speeches at the senate. What would become of the numerous tribe of schismatics in religion, polemics in controversy, partizans in politics, and empyrics in science; of enthusiasts, who believe what they cannot explain, and of impostors, who explain what they do not believe. As to literature, bulky quartos would dwindle into duodecimos, and a folio would be unknown. Authors would be restricted to what was true, and critics would be precluded from

what was false. No revolution nor revulsion would be equal to this that we are considering; being nothing less than a transition from an order of society where nothing is what it seems, to another where every thing is what it appears. It is manifest that men would be quickly compelled either to alter such a state of things, or themselves; but I fear the former measure would be found the most convenient. Taking things not as they ought to be, but as they are, I fear it must be allowed that Machiavelli will always have more disciples than Jesus. Out of the millions who have studied and even admired the precepts of the Nazarite, how few are there that have reduced them to practice. But there are numbers numberless who throughout the whole of their lives have been practising the principles of the Italian, without having even heard of his name; who cordially believe with him that the tongue was given us to *discover* the thoughts of others, and to conceal our own; and who range themselves either under the standard of Alexander the Sixth, who never *did* what he *said*, or of his son Borgia, who never *said* what he *did*.

CIX.

WHAT is earthly happiness? that phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession, deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald, but Disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe, but the latter to our experience, that *must*. Happiness, that grand mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and

Epicurus in both ; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither, although like some other gallants they all boasted of more favors than they had received. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit ; he thought, by slandering, to woo her ; by shunning, to win her ; and proudly presumed, that by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of the cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm ; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and when unexpected often obtained ; while those who seek for her the most diligently fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Anthony sought her in love ; Brutus in glory ; Cæsar in dominion ; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel ; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun ; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen ; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, Avarice, Love, Revenge, all these seek her, and her alone ; alas ! they are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She dispatches, however, her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To Ambition, she sends Power ; to Avarice, Wealth ; to Love, Jeal-

lousy ; to Revenge, Remorse ; alas ! what are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment. Neither is she to be won by flatteries or by bribes ; she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings ; few are more willing, none more able to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects ; she mocks them indeed with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her ? She is travelling incognita to keep a private assignation with Contentment, and to partake of a *tete a tete* and a dinner of herbs in a cottage. Hear then, mighty queen ! what sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much ; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstance, and an *Ephemeris* of Time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent even to thine own subsistence ; nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by Content on the one hand, and by Health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated pageant to the ground.

CX.

DEATH is like thunder* in two particulars ; we are alarmed at the sound of it, and it is formidable only

* It is a doubt whether those that are killed by the lightning, even hear the thunder which *follows* the stroke ; be that as it may, the comparison in the text may be still farther illustrated by a fine thought of the philosopher Arcesilaus ; Death, said he, of all human evils, is the only one whose presence is never troublesome to any one, and which makes us uneasy only by its absence.

from that which preceded it. The rich man, gasping for breath, and reduced to be a mendicant even of the common air, tantalized with luxuries that must no more be tasted, and means that must no longer be enjoyed, feels at last the impotence of gold ; that death which he dreaded at a distance as an enemy, he now hails when he is near, as a friend ; a friend that alone can bring the peace his treasures cannot purchase, and remove the pain his physicians cannot cure.

CXI.

WE should take care that we do not carry our religious controversies so far as to give the infidel the same advantage over us in matters of faith, that the ancient Phyrionists obtained over other sects, in matters of philosophy. For *all* the sects of philosophers agreed in one thing only---that of abusing each other. He therefore that abused them all round, was sure of a majority ; and as no sect got any praises except from the disciples of their own particular school, such party panegyric went for nothing.

CXII.

GREAT minds that have not as yet established a name, must sometimes bend to lesser minds that have ; or if they cannot bend, must break. If any able man were to write an impartial account of those defunct literary characters of our own country, who have been overrated, and also of those that have been underrated, and enter somewhat philosophically into the causes, he might produce a very interesting volume. He would have all the clergy on his side, for his labours would at least be orthodox, inasmuch as it might be said of him "*He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted the humble and meek.*" Speaking generally, no man appears great to his cotemporaries, for the same reason that no man is great to his servants---both know too much of him. Envy also has her share, in with-

holding present fame. If an author hath written better than his cotemporaries, he will be termed a plagiarist ; if as well, a pretender ; if worse, a genius of some promise, of whom they do not quite despair.

CXIII.

IT is with antiquity as with ancestry, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other ; but if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation. If an individual is worthy of his ancestors, why extol those with whom he is on a level ; and if he is unworthy of them, to laud them, is to libel himself. And nations also, when they boast of their antiquity,* only

* I do not mean to deny the probability that a state of society highly cultivated and refined, may have existed in various parts of the globe, previous to any written or authentic documents that have been transmitted us. India is not without monuments of such a state of civilization, and some late discoveries go to establish the same supposition even in America. I admit that it is more fair to infer such a state of things from monuments that are extant, than to assert its non-existence from the want of documents which after all may have been left, but may also have been lost. Setting aside the traditions of the Athenians, concerning their Musæus, of the Thebans of their Linus, of the Thracians as regards their Orpheus, or the Phœnicians of Cadmus, yet still it must be admitted that Thales did actually discover a state of society in the East, which would have justified him on his return from travelling, in applying the same degrading title to the Greeks themselves, which they afterwards bestowed upon others. The magnificent ruins of ancient cities, of which no record remains, the pyramids, concerning which the remotest antiquity has nothing to depose, the advanced state of the science of geometry and astronomy amongst the Egyptians and the Babylonians, do warrant us of after times, in the presumption that a high state of cultivation and knowledge did exist anterior to any written documents, or historical records ; but after all, both individuals and nations, when they vaunt themselves on what they *were*, must do it at the hazard of provoking enquiry as to what they *are*. But it ought to suppress the arrogance of national talent to reflect, that destruction may have caused many things to be discoveries, which without it, to us at least, had been none ; and a pride founded only on antiquity, may also

tell us, in other words, that they are standing on the ruins of so many generations. But if their view of things is limited, and their prospect of the sciences narrow, and confined, if other nations who stand upon no such eminence, see farther than they do, is not the very antiquity of which they boast, a proof that their forefathers were not giants in knowledge, or if they were, that their children have degenerated. The Babylonians laid claim to an antiquity of four hundred and seventy thousand years, founded on a series of astronomical observations. But with all their knowledge of the heavens, they knew no more of things appertaining to the earth, than their neighbours, and they sufficed their glory to be eclipsed, by a little horde of Macedonians. The Chinese of the present day are not behind hand with the Babylonians in looking backwards, but with most other nations in looking forwards. They unite all the presumption, with all the prejudice of ignorance. As a nation, notwithstanding their longevity, they have not yet arrived at manhood, and when they boast of their antiquity, they only boast of a more protracted period of childhood and imbecility.

CXIV.

"Hope, thy weak being ended is,"

"Alike, if thou obtain, or if thou miss."

"Thee, good or ill, doth equally confound,

"And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound ;

"The joys we should pure virgins wed,

"Thou brings't deflowered, to the nuptial bed."

THESE lines prove that the spirit of poetry cannot be tamed, even by a marriage with such a shrew as Metaphysicks, and that the hand of Apollo can draw forth har-

he rebuked, in a nation that suffers more modern ones to outstrip it, on the principle that they have made so bad a use of so long an experience, and have profited so little, in having neither been taught by the wisdom, nor warned by the folly of their forefathers.

mony, even from the discordant croaking of the schools. I have elsewhere observed, that sleep, that type of death, is restricted to earth, that it avoids hell, and is excluded heaven. This idea might also be applied to Hope, whose habitation is manifestly terrestrial, and whose very existence must, I conceive, be lost, in the overwhelming realities of futurity. Neither can futurity have any room for fear, the opposite of hope; for fear anticipates suffering, and hope enjoyment; but where both are final, fixed, and full, what place remains, either for hope, or for fear? Fear, therefore, and hope, are of the earth, earthy, the pale and trembling daughters of mortality; for in heaven we can fear no change; and in hell, no change is to be feared.

CXV.

NO porter ever injured himself by an attempt to carry six hundred weight, who could not previously carry five, *without* injury; and what obtains with strength of body, obtains also with strength of mind; when we attempt to be wise, beyond what is given to man, our very strength becomes our weakness. No man of pigmy stature, or of puny mould, will ever meet the fate of Milo,* who was wedged to death, in an attempt to split an oak; and no man ever finished by being an accomplished fool, so well as Des Cartes, because he began, by being a philosopher; for a racer, if he runs out of the course, will carry us much farther from it, than a cart horse. Ignorance is a much more quiet, manageable, and contented thing, than half knowledge. A ploughman was asked on his cross-examination, whether he could read Greek; this appeared to be a problem he had never taken the trouble to solve, therefore, with as much *naivete* as truth, he replied, that he did not know—because he had never tried.

* ————— “*viribus ille*”

“*Confusus periit, admirandisque lacertis.*”

CXVI.

HE that sets out on the journey of life, with a profound knowledge of books, but a shallow knowledge of men, with much sense of others, but little of his own, will find himself as completely at a loss on occasions of common and of constant recurrence, as a Dutchman without his pipe, a Frenchman without his mistress, an Italian without his fiddle, or an Englishman without his umbrella.

CXVII.

IF Diogenes used a lanthorn in broad day solely and simply for the purpose of discovering an honest man, this proceeding was not consistent with his usual sagacity. A lanthorn would have been a more appropriate appendage, if he had been in search of a *rogue*; for such characters skulk about in holes and corners, and hate the light, because their deeds are evil. But I suspect this philosopher's real motive for using a lanthorn in mid-day, was to provoke enquiry, that he might have the cynical satisfaction of telling all that asked him what he was searching for, that none of them at least were the men to his mind, and that his search had hitherto been fruitless. It is with honesty in one particular, as with wealth, those that have the thing, care less about the credit of it, than those who have it not. No poor man can well afford to be thought so, and the less of honesty a finished rogue possesses, the less he can afford to be supposed to want it. Duke Chartres used to boast that no man could have less real value for character than himself, yet he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds for a good one, because he could immediately make double that sum, by means of it. I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply, to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world: Sir, said he, it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man—*may know himself*.

CXVIII.

NO disorders have employed so many quacks, as those that have no cure; and no sciences* have exercised so many quills, as those that have no certainty. Truth lies in a small compass, and if a well has been assigned her, for a habitation, it is as appropriate from its narrowness, as its depth. Hence it happens that those sciences that are capable of being demonstrated, or that are reducible to the severity of calculation, are never voluminous, for clearness is intimately connected with conciseness, as the lightning which is the brightest thing, is also the most brief; but precisely in proportion as certainty vanishes, verbosity abounds. To foretel an eclipse, a man must understand astronomy; or to find out an unknown quantity, by a known one, he must have a knowledge of calculation; and yet the rudiments that enable us to effect these important things, are to be found in a very narrow compass. But when I survey the ponderous and voluminous folios of the schoolmen and the metaphysicians, I am inclined to ask a very simple question; *what have either of these plodders done, that has not been better done, by those that were neither?*

CXIX.

WERE a man to deny himself the pleasure of walking, because he is restricted from the privilege of flying, and refuse his dinner, because it was not ushered in on a service of plate, should we not be more inclined to ridicule, than to pity him? and yet we are all of us more or less guilty of similar absurdities, the moment we deny ourselves pleasures that are present, and within our reach, either from a vain repining after those that must never return, or from as vain an aspiring after those that may never arrive.

* I suspect that *some* of the sciences are derived from the Greek word *οικη*, rather than from the Latin word *scio*.

CXX.

NOBILITY of birth does not always insure a corresponding nobility of mind ; if it did, it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions ; but it sometimes acts as a clog, rather than a spur. For the favour and consideration of our fellow-men, is perhaps the strongest incentive to intellectual exertion ; but rank and title, unfortunately for the possessors of them, insure that favour and consideration, even without exertion, that others hardly can obtain, by means of it. Therefore men high in rank, are sometimes low in acquirement, not so much from want of ability, as from want of application ; for it is the nature of man, not to expend labour on those things that he can have without it, nor to sink a well, if he happen to be born upon the banks of a river. But we might as well expect the elastic muscularity of a Gladiator, without training, as the vigorous intellect of a Newton, without toil.

CXXI.

UNITY of opinion, abstractedly considered, is neither desirable, nor a good ; although considered *not in itself*, but with reference to something else, it may be both. For men may be all agreed in error, and in that case unanimity is an evil. Truth lies within the Holy of Holies, in the temple of knowledge, but doubt is the vestibule, that leads unto it. Luther began by having his doubts, as to the assumed infallibility of the Pope, and he finished, by making himself the corner stone of the reformation. Copernicus, and Newton, doubted the truth of the false systems of others, before they established a true one of their own ; Columbus differed in opinion with all the old world, before he discovered a new one ; and Galilæo's terrestrial body was confined in a dungeon, for having asserted the motion of those bodies that were celestial. In fact, we owe almost all our knowledge, not to those who have agreed, but to those

who have differed; and those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves; as he that leads a crowd, must begin by separating himself some little distance from it. If the great Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, had not differed from all the physicians of his own day, all the physicians of the present day would not have agreed with him. These reflections ought to teach us that every kind of persecution for opinions, is incompatible with sound philosophy. It is lamentable indeed to think how much misery has been incurred from the intemperate zeal, and bigotted officiousness of those who would rather that mankind should not think at all, than not think as they do. Charles the Fifth, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St. Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with that of a watch-maker; he one day exclaimed, "what an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together." We should remember also, that assent, or dissent, is not an act of the will, but of the understanding; no man can will to believe that two and two make five, nor can I force upon myself the conviction, that this ink is white, or this paper black. If we arrive at certain conclusions, and act conscientiously upon them, a Judge that is both just and merciful, will require no more, provided we can answer satisfactorily to the following interrogations: Have we made use of *all* the means in our power to arrive at true conclusions? Did no interest warp us? no prejudice blind us? no party mislead us? no sloth retard us? and no fear intimidate us? No hierarchy, constituted authority, nor political establishment, either of ancient, or modern times, has made so horrible a use of the mistaken notion that *unanimity is a good in itself*, as the church of Rome. They have appropriated the term Catholic, to their own pale, and branded with the name of heretic, all that are without it; and

the latter title has made even the merciful deem it a crime to pity them, and the just, injustice, to do them right ; so closely allied in common minds are names to things. Unity* of

* Their pretence of unity captivates multitudes. They upbraid the Protestants with divisions, faction, and schism ; which they wholly impute to their departure from the Church of Rome, the pillar and ground of truth, and from their Pope, the head and centre of unity. But suppose their union was greater than it is, it can be no certain argument of the truth of the Church, and excellency of their profession. If all men, says Mr. Chillingworth, would submit themselves to the chief Mufti of the Turks, there would be no division ; yet unity is not to be purchased at so dear a rate. He adds, it is better to go to heaven by diverse ways, or rather by diverse paths of the same way, than in one and the same path to go peaceably to hell. Should all the rest of the angels have joined with the arch-rebel in the grand apostacy, their unity would have been no commendation of their cause.

But after all, this is but a pretence. Their divisions have been as great and as scandalous, as of any other body of Christians in the world. Bellarmine confesses twenty-six several schisms in their church ; Onuphrius reckons up thirty, one of which lasted, with great animosities, for fifty years. It was begun upon the election of Urban VI. ; at which the cardinals being offended, withdrew, and chose another Pope, viz. Clement VII., who sat in France, as Urban and his successors did at Rome. We have a full account of these matters in Dr. Stillingfleet and Dr. Geddes. The historians of this time, says Dr. Stillingfleet, tell us there was never known so dismal an age for wars and bloodshed, for murders and parricides, rapines and sacrilege, for seditions and conspiracies, for horrible schisms and scandals to religion. The priests opposing the bishops, the people the priests ; and in some places not only robbing the churches, burning the tithes, but trampling under foot the holy eucharist, that was consecrated by such, whom Pope Hildebrand had excommunicated. The Bishop adds, and must we, after all this, believe that the Roman See is the fountain of unity in the Catholic Church ? that all wars and rebellions arise from casting off subjection to the Popes, when they themselves have been the great fomenters of rebellion, and the disturbers of the peace of Christendom.

It is an admirable fetch of their policy, and which very much contributes to secure and enlarge their interest, the suiting religion to the various humours and inclinations of men. The great wisdom of the court of Rome (says Dr. Stillingfleet) appears in this, " that as long as persons are true to them in the main points, they can let them alone in smaller differences among themselves ; and not provoke either of the dissent-

opinion is indeed a glorious and a desirable thing, and its circle cannot be too strong and extended, if the centre be truth ;

ing parties, lest they give them occasion to withdraw from their communion. They can allow different rites and ceremonies in the several orders of religion among them, and grant exemptions and privileges in particular cases ; if they can but hold them fast, and render them serviceable to their common interest, it is enough.

They make very different representations of religion, as the case may require ; and indeed have provided wonderfully for the entertainment of all sorts of persons. What the Jewish Rabbies say of their Manna, that it had every kind of taste, either of oil, or honey, or bread, as would be most grateful to several palates ; such a Manna is Popery, only it does not come from heaven. If you be for pomp and glory, their worship cannot miss of giving full satisfaction. Their altars are adorned with costly paintings ; hung with images of extraordinary Saints ; enriched with gold and pearl, and whatever can charm the spectator's eye ; their priests officiate in costly habits ; their churches resound with the choicest music, vocal and instrumental ; and their public processions carry an air of magnificence, every way proper to amuse the minds of superstitious people. If on the other hand you are for severity, they can accommodate you ; they know how exactly to fall in with that humour. You will hear amongst them many notable harangues in commendation of voluntary poverty, vows of abstinence, penance, and mortification, by going barefoot, fasting, wearing sack-cloth, and exercising the sharpest discipline towards the body. Glorious is the character of their St. Francis, whom they make the highest saint in heaven, because he made himself the poorest and vilest wretch on earth. If you are for strict morals, they have casuists for your purpose, that will talk seraphically, and carry things to an excessive height. If you are for greater liberties in practice, they can turn you to such as will condescend as much as you can desire, that will promise you salvation, though you have no other grace or qualification, but that of subjection and obedience to the church. And it is by this and the like stratagems, that such multitudes are drawn into their net. This is one of the sorceries of the whore, by which so many nations are deceived.

It is a very great inducement to Popery, and a special means of propagating it in the world, that they have contrived so easy a way of salvation. You may go to heaven if you live and die in the Church of Rome, without either repentance towards God, or faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ ; you need be at no pains to mortify your lusts and corruptions, to purify your heart, and govern your lives according to the laws of the gospel ; what they call attrition, (and what that is you

but if the centre be error, the greater the circumference, the greater the evil, and the strength of the parts serve only to give it an energy to be execrated, and a durability to be deplored.

CXXII.

CRITICISM is like champagne, nothing more exe-

have been told) with the sacrament of penance, and the absolution of a priest is sufficient. And you know how well they provide for the safety of any sort of cattle by holy fraternities. No less a man than their Gregory IX. says, that St. Francis obtained this privilege of God, that whoever had his habit on, could not die ill. And St. Francis says himself, that whoever loved his order in his heart, how great a sinner soever he was, he should obtain mercy of God. And in the like strain they talk (as you have heard) of other of their Saints, and the societies called after their name. To enter among them, and wear their badge, is a sufficient warrant for heaven, whether he be a Saint or the worst of sinners that has it.

I must not omit the great delusion of all, and that is their tales of visions, apparitions and miracles. If they find the people a little boggle at any of their opinions, and not so readily swallow them down as they could wish, presently heaven engages in the cause! Thus the immaculate conception was established by a revelation; as was purgatory, transubstantiation, auricular confession, &c. And by this means also the reputation of their several orders has been raised; the credit of their images kept up, and image-worship introduced and supported.

For the same purpose they have recourse to miracles. The legends of their Saints abound with stories of prodigious things; some of which are ludicrous; as their St. Swithin's making whole a basket full of eggs, by the sign of the cross; Patricius his making the stolen sheep bleat in the thief's belly after he had eaten it; their St. Bridget's bacon, which in great charity she gave to an hungry dog, and was, after the dog had eaten it, restored again in her kettle. Of the like nature is their story of St. Dunstan, who took the devil by the nose with his tongs, till he made him roar; Dominicus made him hold the candle till he burnt his fingers; Lupus imprisoned the devil in a pot all night; a consecrated host being put into an hive of bees, to cure them of the murrian, was so devoutly entertained, that the bees built a chappel in the hive, with steeple and bells; erected an altar, and laid the host upon it, and sung their canonical hours like monks in a cloister.—*Vid. Bennet against Popery.**

* I suspect an error here—The bees built the chappel, but the drones performed mass.

crable if bad, nothing more excellent if good ; if meagre, muddy, vapid, and sour, both are fit only to engender cholic and wind ; but if rich, generous and sparkling, they communicate a genial glow to the spirits, improve the taste, expand the heart, and are worthy of being introduced at the symposium of the Gods. In the whole range of literature, nothing is more entertaining, and I might add, more instructive, than sound and legitimate criticism, the disinterested convictions of a man of sensibility, who enters rather into the spirit, than the letter of his author, who can follow him to the height of his compass, and, while he sympathizes with every brilliant power, and genuine passion of the poet, is not so far carried out of himself, as to indulge his admiration at the expense of his judgment, but who can afford us the double pleasure of being first pleased with his author, and secondly with himself, for having given us such just and incontrovertible reasons for our approbation. When death deprived the house of commons of the talents of Charles Fox, I conceive he did not leave behind him a more elegant classic, in all that enlightened body. I once heard him say, that he was so idle at Eton, that he verily believes he should have made but little comparative progress in the Greek language, had it not been for the intense pleasure he received on his first taking up Longinus. It was lucky for me, he would say, that I did not then know where to procure an English translation, and I never quitted him, until I could read him with such facility, as to derive more pleasure from his remarks upon Homer, than from the poet himself. On mentioning this circumstance to an old Etonian, he confirmed it by the following anecdote : he said, that on one occasion, by a wilful kind of mistake, Fox took his favourite Longinus, a book *above* his class, into the school room, and it happened rather unluckily, that he was called upon to go through a portion of some other author appropriated to that day ; he was not a little puzzled, and the master perceived his embarrassment—What book have you got there, Sir, said he, hand it to me. On perceiving that it was a

Greek copy of Longinus, Sir, said the master I shall punish you severely for having neglected to bring the right book, unless you can immediately construe and parse this page, in the author you have thought proper to choose for yourself, picking out at the same time one of the most difficult passages in the volume. The *man* was never less at a loss in answering Pitt, than was the *boy* on this occasion, in accepting the challenge of the master, to the astonishment of whom, no less than of his school-fellows, he accomplished off-hand the task imposed upon him, rendering the passage into English, not at all unworthy of the eloquence of the original, "Who was himself the great sublime he drew." But, to revert to the subject, criticism written in the style of Longinus, must ever be extremely rare, until great genius be extremely common. There is indeed another kind or criticism which will never be rare, because it requires only labour and attention; I mean that which is principally confined to dates, facts, chronologies, niceties of grammar, and quantities of prosody; a criticism conversant with words, rather than things, and with the letter, rather than the spirit. A style of criticism, like that of him who, when all the world were enraptured by a Ceres of Raphael, discovered that the knot in the wheat-sheaf, was not tied as a reaper would have tied it. To be a mere verbal critic, is what no man of genius would be, if he could; but to be a critic of true taste and feeling, is what no man without genius could be, if he would. Could Johnson have had less prejudice, Addison more profundity, or Dryden more time, they would have been well qualified for the arduous office of a critic. Materials for a good critic, might be found in the three, since each had many of the requisites, but neither of them all. As to the three great names of Bentley, Porson, and Parr, they came nearer to our purpose, but have not fully accomplished all that we want. Bentley united too things that were very incompatible, dogmatism, and whim, and was at the same time both conjectural, and dictatorial; he often substituted creation for correction, invented where he

ought rather to have investigated, and gave us what he conceived his author should have said, rather than what he did say. Porson was too cold and costive in his approbation, and too microscopical in his views, for the perfect critic, being more occupied about the syllables, than the sense, with the counters of knowledge, rather than knowledge itself. His temper too was not sufficiently placid for his mission, which required more patience than that of Job, and more meekness than that of Moses. He was too apt not only to quit the game, but to do so in order to worry some mongrels of his own pack, who were at fault, from having over-run the scent. He took his Greek, as some persons take their snuff, that is, he not only stuffed his head with it almost to suffocation, but his pockets as well,* and not with-

* Porson was once travelling in a stage coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too! roused our slumbering professor, from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle;—shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, I think, young gentleman, said he, you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there. Oh, Sir, replied our Tyro, the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, Sir, it is some time since *you* were at college. The professor applying his hand to his great coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question, in that little book; after rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, “upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides.” “Then perhaps, Sir,” said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, “you will be so good as to find it for me, in that little book.” The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering however to himself, “*Curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach.*” The tittering of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble;—at last, Bless me, Sir, said he, how dull I am; I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus. The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished Freshman vociferated, Stop the coach—halloah, coachman, let me out I say, in-

out occasionally bespattering his neighbours with the superfluity. As to Doctor Parr, fortunately for the interests of

stantly—let me out ! there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket ; let me out, I say—let me out ; he must be Porson, or the Devil !

I wish to make some observations on anecdotes, and I think I may as well take this opportunity as another. Imprimis, I am not so particular about their originality, as their application. If an anecdote comes across my mind, which tends to the support of any argument or proposition I am advancing, I hesitate not to adduce it. There are no anecdotes in these pages that will be new to all my readers, and perhaps there are none but may be new to some of them. Those to whom any anecdote is old, will not be offended, if it be well applied ; and those to whom it may be new, will receive the double pleasure of novelty and of illustration. In fact there are only two modes by which an anecdote can be perfectly original ; the parties who relate it, must either have heard it *from*, or made it *for* the principals. Anecdotes, like the air, are private property, only so long as they are kept in ; the instant the one is told, or the other liberated, they are common stock. But the principle reason that has induced me to intersperse these pages with anecdotes, is to tempt young minds to a higher, and more intellectual kind of reading. If they read a book on such subjects as mine, they must think at least, before they differ with the author, and this is one of the most exalted, noble, yet rare employments of man. But a volume that compels a reader to think, will not be his favourite at first, although it is sure to become so in the end. It is on this account I have occasionally attempted to lead on young minds by anecdotes ; they will in all probability be new to them, and I have endeavoured so to write them, that he that runs may read, and he that reads, may understand. There are two classes of people, that profit little by reading, those that are very wise, and those that are very foolish ; I cannot presume to inform the one, and I cannot hope to improve the other. I have therefore attempted to make *LACON* an intelligible book, capable of doing some good to that valuable class of the community who have *other* things to do, as well as to read, and who, when they snatch a few hours from their occupations, to devote to literary pursuits, must necessarily prefer that author who gives them the most knowledge, and takes from them the least time. An era is fast approaching, when no writer will be read by the great majority, save and except those who can effect that for bales of manuscript, that the hydrostatic serew performs, for bales of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period, that before occupied a page ; celebrity will be awarded

literature, he is still alive, "*vivit adhuc*," and may, if he please, remove the principal objection that can justly be brought against his pen, by using it more often; the quality is so good, we more deeply regret the smallness of the quantity, "*verbum sapienti sat*."

to no pen that cannot imitate the pugilist, in three essentials; that of hitting hard, and sharp, and at *short* distances.

Let a man of common sense, having read an author with some attention, lay down the book, and then ask himself this question, what has this writer told me that is really new—true, clear, and convincing, and which I did not know before? He will generally find that he may put all this down in a very small compass, and that the task may be performed, even by the most busy, without the help of an amanuensis. Literary characters, indeed, who are constantly on the hunt for interesting anecdotes, will no doubt recognise many of mine as old acquaintances, but such characters are not numerous, and I see no reason why that which amuses, and also instructs, should be monopolized by any class, and particularly by a small one; as Whitfield, when he set divine psalms, to airs that were profane, did so, because he could not see why the devil should have all the best tunes, so neither can I conceive why all the best stories should be confined to the *Literati*, who, by the bye, are not a whit better able to enjoy them than the unlearned, since their common sense is often deficient, precisely in proportion to their possession of that which is not so; in which case, we might apply the repartee of Des Cartes, to a certain Marquis who had animadverted rather illiberally on this philosopher's indulging himself in the luxuries of the table.—"*What, Sir, do you think that Providence made good things only for fools?*"

To finish this gossiping and rambling note, tedious to my readers, and particularly tiresome to him that writes it, because it is on himself, I shall merely add one more observation. In such a variety of remarks, and multiplicity of propositions, which a work of the nature of *LACON*, must necessarily involve, repetition will be a rock which it will be somewhat difficult wholly to avoid. On a comparison, however, of passages apparently similar, the candid reader will, I think, perceive a difference,

————— "*facies non omnibus una,*
"*Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.*"

If, like modern physicians, I sometimes vary my prescriptions, it is for the same reason that they do, "*To give the disorder an opportunity of choosing for itself.*"

CXXIII.

GIBBON sitting in an elegant apartment, quaffing Noyeau, and talking infidelity, was cautioned as to the danger which such doctrines might bring upon society. "Sir," said the historian, "the doctrines we are now discussing, are not unlike the liqueur we are drinking;—safe, pleasant, and exhilarating to you and I, that know how to use, without abusing them; but dangerous, deleterious and intoxicating, if either were broached in the open streets, and exposed to the discretion of the mob." With two such strong reasons against their continuing *upright* members of society, I think we might agree with Gibbon, that it would be hazardous to answer either for their heads, or their hearts. But our philosophical historian, was no philosopher here; the bars and the bolts that were efficient in confining his drams, were perfectly nugatory, in restricting his doctrines, they were too volatile for such an imprisonment. In fact it will be possible to have one set of opinions for the high, and another for the low, only when they cease to see by the same sun, to respire by the same air, and to feel by the same sensorium. For opinions like showers, are generated in high places, but they invariably descend into low ones, and ultimately flow down to the people, as the rains unto the sea.

CXXIV.

AN author of talent and genius, must not hope that

But to return to Porson. In the notes of Hypocrisy I have mentioned a curious fact, with respect to this learned professor. After death, his head was dissected, and to the confusion of all craniologists, but to the consolation of all blockheads, it was discovered that he had the thickest skull of any professor in Europe. Professor Gall, on being called upon to explain this phenomenon, and to reconcile so tenacious a memory, with so thick a receptacle for it, is said to have replied, "How the ideas got into such a skull, is their business, not mine; I have nothing to do with that; but let them once get in—that is all I want; once in, I will defy them ever to get out again."

the plodding manufacturers of dulness will admire him ; it is expecting too much ; they cannot admire him, without first despising themselves. When I look out of my window, and see what a motly mob it is, high and low, mounted and pedestrian, that an author is ambitious to please, I am ashamed of myself, for feeling the slightest anxiety, as to the verdict of such a tribunal. When I leave this class of judges, for that which aspires to be more intellectual, I then indeed feel somewhat more ground for anxiety, but less for hope ; for in this court I find that my judges have their claims and pretensions no less than myself, pretensions that are neither so low as to be despised, nor so high as to be above all danger of suffering by competition. So small indeed is the fountain of fame, and so numerous the applicants, that it is often rendered turbid, by the struggles of those very claimants who have the least chance of partaking of the stream, but whose thirst is not at all diminished, by any sense of their unworthiness.

CXXV.

THE power of love consists mainly in the privilege that Potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falshoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment, either between woman and woman, or man and man.

CXXVI.

MEN, by associating in large masses, as in camps, and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues, and strengthen their minds, but weaken their morals ; thus a retrocession in the one, is too often the price they pay, for a refinement in the other.

CXXVII.

WE are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another, for points on which we agree. The reason perhaps is this ; when we find others that agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement ; but when we chance on those that differ with us, we are zealous both to convince, and to convert them. Our pride is hurt by the failure, and disappointed pride engenders hatred. This reflection is strengthened by two circumstances observable in man ; first, that the most zealous converters are always the most rancorous, when they fail of producing conviction ; but when they succeed, they love their new disciples, far better than those whose establishment in the faith, neither excited their zeal to the combat, nor rewarded their prowess with a victory. Priestley owed much of the virulence with which he was attacked, to the circumstance of his agreeing *partly* with every body, but *entirely* with nobody. In politics, as in philosophy, in literature as in religion, below the surface in *hydrostatics*, or above it in *pneumatics*, his track might still be traced, by the host of assailants that pursued it, and like the flying-fish, he had no sooner escaped one enemy in the *water*, than he had to encounter another in the *air*.

CXXVIII.

WHO are the least proper to hold this, or to have that ; to preside here, or advise there ; to be absent from this place, or present at that ? Generally speaking, those are the least proper to obtain these ends, who most desire them. Who desires to hold preferment, more than the professing pluralist, or to have place more than the pretended patriot, and who deserves them less ? Who wishes to preside at the senate more than the sycophant, or to advise at the council, more than the knave ? Who wishes to be absent from the trial more than the criminal, or to be present at the plunder, more than the thief ? For that wealth,

power, or influence which are desired, only that they may be *properly* applied and exerted, are not usually those which are most vehemently desired; since such an application of them cannot be a profitable task, but must be a troublesome, and may be a thankless one. Therefore when we see a man denying himself the common comforts of life, passing restless days, and sleepless nights, in order to compass something where the *public* good is the apparent motive, we may always venture to pause a little, just to consider whether *private* good may not be the real end.

CXXIX.

NONE know the full extent of present hate, but those who have achieved that which will insure the highest meed of future admiration.

CXXX.

IF a man be sincerely wedded to Truth, he must make up his mind to find her a portionless virgin, and he must take her for herself alone. The contract too, must be to love, cherish, and obey her, not only until death, but beyond it; for this is an union that must survive not only Death, but Time, the conqueror of Death. The adorer of truth therefore, is above all present things--Firm, in the midst of temptation, and Frank in the midst of treachery, he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them, decried as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought, and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none; like the dolphin, which is always painted more *crooked* than a ram's horn,* although every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.

* The dolphin is not only the straightest fish that swims, but also the swiftest; and for this last property, he is indebted to the first.

CXXXI.

A prodigal starts with ten thousand pounds, and dies worth nothing ; a miser starts with nothing, and dies worth ten thousand pounds. It has been asked which has had the best of it ? I should presume the prodigal ; he has spent a fortune—but the miser has only left one ;—he has lived rich, to die poor ; the miser has lived poor, to die rich ; and if the prodigal quits life in debt to others, the miser quits it, still deeper in debt to himself.

CXXXII.

THAT time and labour are worse than useless, that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will one day be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas, which we must hereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric, always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others ; for in this case, he had not only to plant in, but also to root out.

CXXXIII.

GENIUS, in one respect, is like gold, numbers of persons are constantly writing about *both*, who have *neither*. The mystifications of metaphysics, and the quackeries of craniology, may be combined and conglomerated without end, and without limit, in a vain attempt to enable common sense to grasp and to comprehend the causes of genius, or the modes of their operation. Neither are men of genius themselves one jot better able to give us a satisfactory solution of the springs and sources of their own powers, than other men. The plain unvarnished fact, after all that may be said or sung about it, and about it, is this ; that genius, in one grand particular, is like life. *We know nothing of*

either, but by their effects. It is highly probable that genius* may exist, under every sun and every sky, *like moss*, and

* There is so much of true genius, and poetic feeling of the highest order, in the following stanzas, that I cannot withstand the temptation of enriching my barren pages, with so beautiful a gem. This ode of Doctor Leyden's, in my humble opinion, comes as near perfection as the sublunary Muse can arrive at, when assisted by a subject that is interesting, and an execution that is masterly. It adds a deeper shade to that sympathy, which such lines must awaken, to reflect that the spirit that dictated them has fled.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in Chéricál, Malabar.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine !
 What vanity has brought thee here ?
 How can I love to see thee shine
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear ?—
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
 For twilight-converse, arm in arm ;
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
 When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chéricál's dark wandering streams,
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
 Of Teviot lov'd while still a child,
 Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
 Where loves of youth and friendships smil'd,
 Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave !

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade !—
 The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime
 That once so bright on fancy play'd,
 Revives no more in after-time.
 Far from my sacred natal clime,
 I haste to an untimely grave ;
 The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine ! thy yellow light
 Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
 A gentle vision comes by night

with as many varieties; but it may have been more fully developed in some situations, than in others. The fogs of Iceland, however, have been warmed by poetry, and those of Holland by wit—" *Vervecum in patria, crassoque sub aere nasci ingenium.*" If, indeed, any inferior power can have the slightest influence on genius, which is itself the essence of power, if ought which is of earth can control that which is of heaven, this influence must be looked for, not in soils, nor suns, nor climates, but in social institutions, and in the modes and forms of governments. The Jews have been much the same in all periods, and are the same in all places, because their social institutions are the same. Look also at Greece and at Italy, two countries the most adducible, inasmuch as they have been the most highly favoured with talent. The bee and the nightingale, the olive and the grape, remain, because the climate is the same; but where are the Grecians? where are the Romans?

My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine:
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that lov'd me true!
 I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view—
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,
 To memory's fond regrets the prey,
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!—
 Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

the governments and the institutions are changed, and with them the men. Freedom is not indeed the mother, but she is the nurse of Genius, giving scope to its aspirings, confidence to its darings, and efficiency to its strength. As to those causes that may have been supposed to impart any particular bias or scope to genius, no sooner have we laid down some general rule on this head, than a thousand exceptions rush in to overturn it. If we affirm, with Johnson, that *genius is general power accidentally determined to some particular direction*, this may be true of the ten, but false of the ninety. Paley and Adam Smith have declared their total incapacity, with regard to all works of fiction, fancy, or imagination; and had Mr. Locke indulged in poetry, it is probable he would have failed more lamentably than Pope, when he dabbled in metaphysics. Such characters as Crichton and Mirandola, on the contrary, would seem to support the theory of Dr. Johnson, and go to prove that extension is not always purchased at the price of profundity. Shakespeare possessed an universality of talent that would have enabled him to accomplish any thing,

“To form one perfect whole, in him conspire

“The painter’s pencil, and the minstrel’s lyre,

“The wisdom of the sage, and prophet’s hallow’d fire.”

Neither can we lay down any certain rule for genius, as regards the periods of its developement. Some have gone into the vineyard at the third hour, and some at the ninth; some, like the Nile, have been mean and obscure in their source, but like that mighty river, majestic in their progress, with a stream both grand and fertile, have enriched the nations, rolling on with accumulated magnificence, to the ocean of Eternity. Others again there are, who seem to have adopted the motto of Cæsar for their career, and who have burst upon us from the depth of obscurity, as the lightning from the bosom of the cloud. Their energy has been equalled only by their brilliance, and like that bolt of heaven to which I have compared them, they have shivered

all opposition with a strength that obstacle served only to awaken, and resistance to augment.

"Blind, and denied the gross corporeal light,

"Their intellectual eye but shone more bright,

"Strength in disease they found, and radiance in night."

See Hypocrisy—Character of Milton.

CXXXIV.

DOCTOR Johnson observed of the ancient Romans, "that when poor, they robbed others, and when rich, themselves." This remark ought not to have been confined to that people only, for it is more or less applicable to all. Persecution too has been analogous in one respect to plunder, having been at all times both inflicted and endured, as circumstances might serve. When the conquered happen to have become in their turn the conquerors, it is not the persecution that has been crushed, but the persecutors that have been changed; so long has it taken mankind to learn this plain and precious truth, that it is easier to find a thousand reasons why men should differ in opinion, than one why they should fight* about them. Persecution has been the vice of times that are past, may be the vice of times that are present, but cannot be the vice of times that are to come, although we have already witnessed some events in the year eighteen hundred and *twenty-one*, that would lead us to suspect that centuries take a much longer time to arrive at years of discretion, than men. In Booth's Review of the Ancient Constitutions of Greece and of Rome, there is a passage that expresses what I have to say, in the happiest manner: 'It thus appears that the constitutions of antiquity were

* I shall quote here, for obvious reasons, the Morning Prayer of the celebrated Doctor Franklin:

"O Powerful Goodness, bountiful Father, merciful Guide! increase in me that wisdom, which discovers my truest interest, strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates, accept my kind offices to thy other creatures as the only return in my power for thy continued favors to me."

is inimical to religious freedom, as the worst of the governments of modern Europe ; and that conformity of opinion on the causes of the universe, has at no time been obtained, except by the assistance of penal statutes. An absolute freedom in religious discussions has never yet existed, in any age or country. It is one of the dreams of the new philosophy. The superstition of the Lacedemonians prohibited all enquiry on the subject of religion, but was of little advantage to morality. The Spartan ladies celebrated their nightly orgies ; and the warriors, who, every evening during their expeditions, sung hymns, in concert, to the honour of the gods, were ready, without remorse, to join in the *cryptia*, or massacre of their slaves. The religion of Athens was interwoven with its constitution, and the lives of Æschylus, Anaxagoras, Diagoras, Protagoras, Prodicus, Socrates, and Alcibiades, demonstrated that neither genius, learning, courage, nor the softer virtues, uncombined with the superstition of the age, could screen their possessors from the persecutions of an implacable priesthood.

“ Among the Romans, too, it was *toleration*, not freedom ; and even toleration itself was refused to the citizens of Rome. It was in vain, however, that those mighty masters of the world thus endeavoured to fetter the transmission of thought, and to fix the religion of the human race. Man, though individually confined to a narrow spot of this globe, and limited, in his existence, to a few courses of the sun, has nevertheless an imagination which no despotism can controul, and which, unceasingly, seeks for the author of his destiny, through the immensity of space, and the ever-rolling current of ages. The petty legislators of the hour threaten, with their thunders, as if they were the gods of this lower world, and issue their mandates that a boundary shall be drawn round the energies of mind. “ Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther ! ” Such is the fiat ; but it is as useless as that which would restrain the waves of the ocean. Time, who successively consigns to oblivion the ever-changing governments and religions of

men, now sits over the ruins of those proud and boasted republics. Time, the eldest of the gods of Greece and Rome, has seen Olympus despoiled of its deities, and their temples crumbled into dust. But, amid those mighty revolutions, religion has survived the wreck. Man, never ceasing to look for happiness in the heavens, has raised other structures for his devotion, under the symbols of the Crescent and the Cross."

CXXXV.

THE distinguishing peculiarity and most valuable characteristic of the diamond, is the power it possesses of refracting and reflecting the prismatic colours; this property it is that gives fire, life, and brilliancy to the diamond. Other stones reflect the light as they receive it, bright in proportion to their own transparency, but always colourless; and the ray comes out, as it went in. What the diamond effects as to the natural light, genius performs, as to that which is intellectual; it can refract and reflect the surrounding rays elicited by the minds of others, and can divide and arrange them with such precision and elegance, that they are returned indeed, not as they were received, dull, spiritless, and monotonous, but full of fire, lustre, and life. We might also add, that the light of other minds is as necessary to the play and the developement of genius, as the light of other bodies is to the play and radiation of the diamond. A diamond, incarcerated in its subterraneous prison, rough and unpolished, differs not from a common stone; and a Newton or a Shakespeare, deprived of kindred minds, and born amongst savages—savages had died.

CXXXVI.

IN literature our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold. v

There is no need to judge of the letter.

CXXXVII.

HE that shortens the road to knowledge, lengthens life; and we are all of us more indebted than we believe we are, to that class of writers whom Johnson termed "the pioneers of literature, doomed to clear away the dirt and the rubbish, for those heroes who press on to honour and to victory; without deigning to bestow a single smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress."

CXXXVIII.

SELF-LOVE, in spite of all that has been said against it, performs divers necessary offices, in the drama of life, and like friction in mechanics, is not without its compensations of good. Self-pride is the eldest daughter of self-love, and this it is that consoles us on many occasions, and exhilarates us on more; it lends a spring to our joys, and a pillow to our pains; it heightens the zest of our reception, and softens the asperity of our repulse; and it is not until this is mortally wounded within us, that the spirit to endure, expires. This Self-pride is the common friend of our humanity, and like the bell of our church, is resorted to on all occasions; it ministers alike to our festivals, or our feasts; our merriment or our mourning; our weal, or our woe.

CXXXIX.

LAWS that are too severe, are temptations to plunder on the part of the criminal, and to perjury on the part of the prosecutor, since he would rather burden his conscience with a false oath, than with a true one, which would arm cruelty to kill, in the garb of justice. Such laws, therefore, reverse the natural order of things, transferring the indignation of public feeling which ought to follow the criminal, to the ferocity of that sentence by which he is to suffer, and taking from legislation its main support, the sympathy of public esteem and approbation; for the victim to too severe a law is considered as a martyr, rather than a

criminal, and that which we pity, we cannot at the same time detest. But there is if possible a stronger objection against such laws; they open a door to all kinds of favouritism, and partiality, for they afford the executive a power of pardoning a friend, under the pretext of mercy; or of destroying a foe, with the forms of justice. A law of this nature may be compared to a mastiff, that is so ferocious that he is never suffered to be let loose, and which is no terror to the depredator, because it is known that he is constantly chained. Hence it happens that we often witness the jury, and even the judge in a criminal process, resorting to falsehood and contradiction, from an amiable determination to adhere to that which is merciful, rather than that which is legal, and compelling themselves to consider even perjury, and prevarication as matters of lesser weight and moment, when the life of a fellow creature is put into the scale against them. The fault is in the system, not in the men, and there is one motto, that ought to be put at the head of our penal code, "*summum jus, summa injuria.*" A law overcharged with severity, like a blunderbuss overloaded with powder, will each of them grow rusty by disuse, and neither will be resorted to from the shock and the recoil that must inevitably follow their explosion.

CXL.

NOTHING so completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity himself, than straight forward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother-knave, than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest man, than with both. He can combat a fool by management and address, and he can conquer a knave by temptations. But the honest man is neither to be bamboozled, nor bribed. Therefore the knave has to combat here, with something quite out of his calculation; for his creed is that the world is a market, where every thing is to be bought, and also to be sold; and it is unfor-

fortunate that he has such good reasons for so bad a faith ; he himself is ready either to buy or to sell, but he has now to do with something that is neither, and he is staggered and thrown off his guard, when opposed to that inflexible honesty, which he has read of perhaps in a book, but never expected to see realized in a man. It is a new case in his record, a serious item not cast up in his accounts, although it makes the balance tremendously heavy against him. *Here*, he can propose nothing that will be acceded to, he can offer nothing that will be received. He is as much out of his reckoning, as a man who being in want of jewels, should repair to the diamond mart, with five pounds in his pocket ; he has nothing to give as an equivalent, he exposes his paltry wares of yellow dust, or dirty trick, and fancies that he can barter such trash for the precious pearls of principle and of honour, with those who know the value of the one, and the vileness of the other. Napoleon was a notorious dupe, to his false conceptions, on this subject ; inflexible integrity, was an article that he neither found in himself, nor calculated upon in another. He had three modes of managing men ; force, fraud, and corruption. A true disciple of Machiavelli, he could not read what was not in his book. But when he was opposed to a British force, he found out his mistake, and his two omnipotent metals proved false divinities here. He had to contend with those, whom he could neither beat with his *iron*, nor bribe with his *gold* ; whom he could not attack without being overcome, nor run from, without being *overtaken*.

CXLI.

RELIGION* has treated knowledge sometimes as

* I do most particularly *except* from the observations above, that religion which has been justly termed the *reformed* ; for the reformation was a glorious and practical assent to my position, that "*knowledge has become of age*." While the christian looks to this faith chiefly as a future

an enemy, sometimes as an hostage; often as a captive, and more often as a child; but knowledge has become of age; and religion must either renounce her acquaintance, or introduce her as a companion, and respect her as a friend.

CXLII.

HE that undertakes a long march, should not have tight shoes, nor he that undertakes great measures, tight manacles. In order to save all, it is sometimes necessary to risk all; to risk less would be to lose the whole, since half would be swallowed up by those who have deserted us, and the other half by those who have defeated us. The Marquis of Wellesley doubled the resources of India, but there was a time when his *Leaden-hall** Directors fancied

good, even the sceptic should befriend it as a present good, and the sound philosopher as both. I shall finish this note by a splendid quotation from Sir William Drummond who began by going to the skies for scepticism, and finished by making a pilgrimage to Rome, not to establish his faith, but his infidelity. "*He that will not reason is a Bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave.*" This passage is taken from his preface, an effort so superior to his book, that one wonders how the two could have *come together*, I have, however, heard such an union accounted for, by an observation that the match was perfectly legal, because *they were not of kin*.

* These Gentlemen by way of postscript to the letter alluded to above, settled eight thousand pounds per annum, on the Marquis for life. On another occasion they gave Lord Cornwallis one hundred thousand pounds, and the freedom of the city, in the *Grocers' Company*, and on the same day they gave the freedom of the city to Sir William Meadows, and made him also a Grocer, but forgot to give him a single sous to set up shop. It was thought that Sir William was hardly dealt with, considering his services, which had been successful and splendid, and this Epigram appeared on the occasion, addressed from Sir William to Lord Cornwallis:

From Leaden-hall the news is come,
That we must *Grocers* be,
To you, my lad, they gave a plum,
But not a fig for me.

that they foresaw in the expense of his equipment, bankruptcy and ruin. They sent him a long letter of remonstrance; "*Verbosa et grandis Epistola venit a Capreis.*" He sent back this truly laconic reply: "*Gentlemen, I cannot govern Kingdoms by the Rule of Three.*"

CXLIII.

THE great, perhaps the principal cause of that delight we receive from a fine composition, whether it be in prose* or in verse, I conceive to be this; the marvellous and magic power it confers upon the reader; enabling an inferior mind at one glance, and almost without an effort, to seize, to embrace, and to enjoy those remote combinations of wit, melting harmonies of sound, and vigorous condensations of sense, that cost a superior mind so much perseverance, labour, and

This brings to my mind another Epigram on a similar occasion, but which I shall relate, as I think it has something more of point. Admiral Keppel underwent a trial of court martial at Liverpool, on the score of having shown more *prudence* in a naval engagement than suited the views of the party that opposed him, and which has been still more eclipsed by the brilliance of modern tactics. Burke assisted him on his trial, and he was honourably acquitted. After this acquittal the freedom of the City of London was presented to him in a box of *Heart of Oak*, and on the same day Rodney received the same compliment, in a box of *GOLD*. Rodney was at that time known to be a little embarrassed in his affairs, and the following Epigram appeared on the occasion:

Each favourite's defective part,
Satyric Cits you've told,
For cautious Keppel wanted heart,
And gallant Rodney, gold.

* I am persuaded that the rhythm of prose is far more difficult, and in much fewer hands than the harmony of poetry. We have so many middling *Poets* that we might exclaim with Juvenal:

—————" *Miserum est cum tot ubique
" Vatibus occurras.*"

If most of them could be melted down into one sterling writer of solid prose, their publishers and their readers would have less to complain of.

time. And I think I am supported in this proposition, by the fact that our admiration of fine writing, will always be in proportion to its real difficulty, and its apparent ease. And on the contrary, it is equally corroborative of my statement, that any thing of confusion or obscurity, creative of a pause in the electric rapidity excited within us, by genuine talent, weakens in some sort its influence, and impedes the full success of its power.

CXLIV.

IN comparing ourselves with those, our good grandfathers, and grandmothers, the antients, we may fairly congratulate ourselves on many superiorities; But in some things we are still in error, and have rather changed than conquered our delusions. For it is not a less destructive infatuation, to flee good as an evil, than to follow evil as a good, to shun Philosophy as Folly, than to pursue Folly as Philosophy; to be surfeited by the voracious credulities of blind confidence, than to be starved by the barren perplexities of doubt. It is a truism, that the same effects often proceed from causes that are opposite; for we are as liable to be bewildered from having too many objects, as from having none; Whether we explore the naked desert of sand, and of sterility, or the exuberant wilderness of forest that none can clear, and thicket that none can penetrate.

CXLV.

JOHNSON said that wit consists in finding out resemblances, and judgment in discerning differences, and as their provinces were so opposite, it was natural that they should seldom coexist in the same men. This position of Johnson's, like many more that came from his pen, sounds so much like truth, that it will often pass for it. But he seems to have overlooked the fact, that in deciding on things that differ, we exercise the very same powers that are called

out in determining on things that resemble. Thus in comparing the merits of a picture as regards its faithfulness to the original, he would give a very false account of it, who should declare it to be a perfect likeness, because the one feature was correct, while all the others were dissimilar. But this can never happen, because the same acumen that discovers to us the closeness of one feature to the original, shows us also the discordancy of all the others. But the direct proof that Johnson was wrong is this: There happens to have been quite as much wit exercised in finding out things that differ, as in hitting upon those that resemble. Sheridan once observed of a certain speech, that all its facts were invention, and all its wit, memory; two more brilliant yet brief distinctions perhaps were never made. Mr. Pitt compared the constant opposition of Sheridan to an eternal drag chain, clogging all the wheels, retarding the career, and embarrassing the movements of government; Mr. Sheridan replied, that a real drag chain differed from this imaginary drag chain of the minister, in one important essential; it was applied only when the machine was *going down the Hill*. In the first volume I have recorded an anecdote of Doctor Crowe, where Johnson himself was vanquished by a piece of wit, the only merit of which lay in the felicitous detection of a very important difference. Those who have sat in Mr. Sheridan's company might record many similar examples, it was never my good fortune but once, to be a satellite, where he was the luminary. He kept us in the sphere of his attraction, until the morning, and when I reflect on his rubicund countenance, and his matchless powers of conviviality, he seemed to preside in the throne of wit, with more effulgence than Phaeton in the Chariot of the Sun; But as an humble example of my present subject, I would add this distinction between them: The first by his failure turned the day into night; but the latter by his success, by the beams of his eloquence, and the flashes of his wit, turned the night into day.

CXLVI.

MOTION is the only property we can affirm with certainty to be inseparable at all times, from all matter, and consciousness,* from all mind. With these two exceptions the whole universe of things is parcelled out, and partitioned into regions of probability or improbability, acquiescence or hesitation, confidence or conjecture. But that emperor who chiefly sways these petty states, who numbers the greatest census of subjects, and lords it over the richest extent of territory, is the capricious despot,—doubt. He is at once the richest and the poorest of potentates, for he has locked up immense wealth in his treasury, but he cannot find the key. His huge and gloomy palace floats and fluctuates on the immeasurable ocean of uncertainty; its moorings are more profound than our ignorance, but more strong than our wisdom; the pile is stable from its very instability, and has rode out those storms that have so often overthrown the firmest pharos of science, and the loftiest lighthouse of philosophy. Nothing is more perplexing than the power, but nothing is more durable than the dynasty of doubt, for he reigns in the hearts of all his people, but gives satisfaction to none of them, and yet he is the only despot that can never die, while any of his subjects live.

CXLVII.

IN the complicated and marvellous machinery of

* Some may ask is not consciousness suspended by sleep, certainly not, otherwise none could dream but those who are awake, the memory is sometimes suspended in dreams, and the judgment always, but there is no moment when consciousness ceases, although there may be many when it is not remembered. It may also be asked as to matter, whether there be any motion going on in the component parts of the diamond; we may be assured there is, but a motion compared to our finite faculties, almost infinitely slow, but to which it must gradually yield, and cease to be a diamond, as certainly, but not as quickly, as this table I am writing on, will cease to be a table. It is curious that of the two brightest things we know, the one should have the quickest motion, and the other the slowest, lightning and the diamond.

circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place, in the march of those that *preceded* them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is, that in another apartment, many yards distance from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from a loom, rivalling in its hues the tints of the rainbow ; there are myriads of events in our lives, the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel, and the ribbon, but where the connection has been much more close. If a private country gentleman in Cheshire, about the year ~~six~~ hundred and thirty, had not been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esquire, who was thus accidentally *thrown into* the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year ~~six~~ hundred and thirty-two, at Virginia, became the envied mother of George Washington the great.

CXLVIII.

TO look back to antiquity is one thing, to go back to it is another ; if we look backwards to antiquity, it should be as those that are winning a race ; to press forwards the faster, and to leave the beaten still farther behind.

CXLIX.

DULL authors will measure our judgment not by our abilities, but by their own conceit. To admire their vapidty is to have superior taste, to despise it is to have none.

CL.

WE may concede any man a right, without doing

any man a wrong, but we can favour no one, without injuring some one. Where there are many claimants, and we select one for his superior merit, this is a preference, and to this preference, he has a right; but if we make our election from any other motive, this is a partiality, and this partiality, although it may be a benefit to him, is a wrong to another. We may be very active, and very busy, but if strict justice be not the rudder of all our other virtues, the faster we sail, the farther we shall find ourselves from "*that haven where we would be.*"

CLI.

THERE is not a little generalship and strategy required in the managing and marshalling of our pleasures, so that each shall not mutually encroach to the destruction of all. For pleasures are very voracious, too apt to worry one another, and each, like Aaron's serpent, is prone to swallow up the rest. Thus drinking will soon destroy the power, gaming the means, and sensuality the taste for other pleasures less seductive, but far more salubrious, and permanent as they are pure.

CLII.

IN proportion as nations get more corrupt, more disgrace will attach to poverty, and more respect to wealth. But there are two questions that would completely reverse this order of things; what keeps some persons poor? and what has made some others rich? the true answers to these queries, would often make the poor man more proud of his poverty, than the rich man is of his wealth, and the rich man more justly ashamed of his wealth, than the poor man unjustly now is, of his poverty.

CLIII.

IT is lamentable that the intellectual light, which

has so much more power than the solar, should have so much less rapidity; the sons of science mount to their meridian splendour, unobserved by the millions beneath them, who look through the misty medium of prejudice, of ignorance, and of pride. Unlike the sun in the firmament, it is not until they are set themselves, that they enlighten others.

CLIV.

PATRIOTISM, Liberty, Reform, and many other good things have got a bad name, by keeping bad company; for those who have ill intentions, cannot afford to work with tools that have ill sounds; when a knave sallies forth to deceive us, he dresses up his thoughts in his best words, as naturally as his body in his best clothes; but they must expect a Flemish account, that give him credit either for the one, or for the other.

CLV.

ENGLAND can bear more mismanagement, luxury, and corruption, than any other nation under heaven; and those who have built their predictions of her downfall from analogies taken from other nations, have all fortunately failed, because England has four points of strength and revivescence, not common to those examples from which these analogies have been drawn. Two of these sources of strength are *physical*, her coal, and her iron; and two of them are *moral*, the freedom of the press, and the trial by jury; and they are mutually conservative of each other, for should any attempt be made to destroy the two last, the two first are admirably adapted to defend them.

CLVI.

EVERY fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

CLVII.

THE more we know of History, the less shall we esteem the subjects of it, and to despise our species, is the price we must too often pay for our knowledge of it.

CLVIII.

THE three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are Wealth, Health, and Power.

CLIX.

IT is curious that we pay statesmen for what they say, not for what they do; and judge of them from what they do, not from what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession, and another for practice, and make up their consciences, as the Neopolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show, and another for use.

CLX.

MAN is a compound Being, and what little knowledge he can arrive at, to be practical, scarcely can be pure. Like the air he breathes, he may refine it, until the one is unfit to be respired, and the other to be applied. Mathematicians have sought knowledge in figures, Philosophers in systems, Logicians in subtilties, and Metaphysicians in sounds; It is not in any nor in all of these. He that studies only men, will get the body of knowledge without the soul, and he that studies only books, the soul, without the body. He that to what he sees, adds observation, and to what he reads, reflection, is in the right road to knowledge, provided that in scrutinizing the hearts of others, he neglect not his own, and

like the Swiss,* doubles his exertions abroad, that he may more speedily profit by them at home.

CLXI.

NO duels are palatable to both parties, except those that are engaged in, from motives of revenge. Such duels are rare in modern times, for law has been found as efficacious for this purpose as lead, though not so expeditious, and the lingering tortures inflicted by parchment, as terrible as the more summary decisions of the pistol. In all affairs of honour, excepting those where the sole motive is revenge, it is curious that fear is the main ingredient. From fear we accept a challenge, and from fear we refuse it. From the false fear of opinion we enter the lists, or we decline to do so, from the real fear of danger, or the moral fear of guilt. Duelling is an evil that it will be extremely difficult to eradicate, because it would require a society composed of such materials as are not to be found without admixture; a society where all who are not christians, must at least be gentlemen, or if neither---philosophers.

CLXII

SOME praters are so full of their own gabble, and so fond of their own discord, that they would not suspend their eternal monotonies, to hear the wit of Sheridan, or the point of Swift; one might as well attempt to stop the saw of a task-working stone cutter, by the melodies of an Æolian harp. Others again there are, who hide that ignorance in silent gravity, that these expose by silly talk, but they are so coldly correct, and so methodically dull, that any attempt to raise

* This pining to revisit their native land peculiar to the Swiss, is termed *Nostalgia*, a word that signifies a strong desire to return. They have been known even to die when this cannot be attained, and it is remarkable that the same remedy that cures a Swiss, kills a Scot.

the slumbering sparks of genius, by means of such instruments, would be to stir up a languishing fire, with a poker of ice. There is a third class, forming a great majority, being a heavy compound of the two former, and possessing many of the properties peculiar to each ; thus they have just ignorance enough to talk amongst fools, and just sense enough to be silent amongst wits. But they have no vivacity in themselves, nor relish for it in another, to attempt to keep up the ball of conversation with such partners, would be to play a game of fives against a bed of feathers.

CLXIII.

MAN grows up to teach his children as a father, and he looks back to the time when he himself was taught as a child. Hence he often becomes a pedagogue by circumstance, and a dogmatist by choice. He carries these principles beyond his own contracted sphere, into regions without his jurisdiction, and assumes the dignity of the preceptor, in situations where the docility of the pupil would be more consonant to his powers, but less congenial to his pride. Neither are words, those tools he works with, less imperfect than his skill in applying them. Words "*those fickle daughters of the earth*," are the creation of a being that is finite, and when applied to explain that which is infinite they fail ; for that which is made surpasses not the maker ; nor can that which is immeasurable by our thoughts, be measured by our tongues. Man is placed in a system where he sees benevolence acting through the instrumentality of wisdom ; these proofs multiply upon him, in proportion to his powers of intellectual perception, and in those departments of this system which he understands the best, these marks of wisdom and benevolence are most discernible. An astronomer would have a sublimer view of the powers of the first cause in magnitude than an anatomist, but the anatomist would have a finer conception of this wisdom in minuteness than the astronomer. A peasant may have as

sincere a veneration for this Being, and adore him with as pure a worship as either the astronomer, or the anatomist; but his appreciations of him must be less exalted, because they are built upon a narrower base. If then in all the parts of this system, which we can understand, these marks of goodness are so plain and legible, is it not rational to infer the same goodness in those parts of the system which we cannot comprehend? The designer of this system has not left himself without a witness, but has unfolded his high qualities so fully in most instances, that if there are some where he *appears* to us obscure, or unintelligible, to believe in our own ignorance, rather than the injustice of such a Being, is not only the safest creed, but the soundest philosophy. The end may be a state of optimism, and this would be worthy of God; but the means are a state of discipline, and this is fitting for man.

One endowed with a moderate share of mathematical knowledge, might be capable of following Sir Isaac Newton through the rationale of many of his propositions, and would find him clear and irrefragable in all of them. But presently he comes to that philosopher's discovery of fluxions, the principles and deductions of which happen to be *beyond his* comprehension; would it not be the height of presumption for such a man to suspect Sir Isaac Newton of obscurity, rather than himself of incapacity? But if this reasoning have any weight between one man and another, with how much greater power must it operate between man and his Maker. Infidelity, alas, is not always built upon doubt, for this is diffident, nor philosophy always upon wisdom, for this is meek; but pride is *neither*. The spoilt children of human science, like some other bantlings, are seen at times to spurn at the good that is offered, in a vain but boisterous struggle for the evil that is withheld.

CLXIV.

NO man can live or die so much for himself as he

that lives and dies for others, and the only greatness of those little men who have conquered every thing but themselves, consists in the steadiness with which they have overcome the most splendid temptations to be good, in consequence of their low schemes and grovelling wishes to be powerful, like Napoleon, who

“ Though times, occasions, chances, foes and friends,
Urged him to purest fame, by noblest ends,
In this alone was great,—to have withstood
Such varied vast temptations to be good.”

Conflagration of Moscow.

CLXV.

WERE we to say that we admire the tricks and gambols of a monkey, but think nothing of that Power that created those limbs and muscles by which these are performed---even a coxcomb would stare at such an asseveration; and yet he is in the daily commission of a much grosser contradiction, since he neglects his Maker, but worships himself.

CLXVI.

TRUTH is the object of Reason, and this is one; Beauty is the object of taste, and this is multiform.

CLXVII.

ORATORY is the huffing and blustering spoilt-child of a semi-barbarous age. The Press is the foe of Rhetoric, but the friend of Reason; and the art of declamation has been sinking in value, from the moment* that speakers were foolish enough to publish, and readers wise enough to read.

* There are no potentates of modern times that would imitate Philip, and offer a town containing ten thousand inhabitants, for an Orator. The antients were a gossiping and a listening, rather than a writing or

CLXVIII.

LIGHT, whether it be material or moral, is the best Reformer; for it prevents those disorders which other remedies sometimes cure, but sometimes confirm.

CLXIX.

MAN, if he compare himself with all that he can see, is at the zenith of power; but if he compare himself with all that he can conceive, he is at the nadir of weakness.

a reading set. This circumstance gave an orator great opportunities of display; for the tongue effects that for thoughts, that the Press does for words; but the tongue confers on them a much shorter existence, and produces them in a far less tangible shape; two circumstances that are often not unfavourable to the speechifyer. An antient Demagogue said, that so long as the people had ears, he would rather that they should be without understandings. All good things *here* below, have their drawbacks; and all evil things their compensations. The drawback of the advantage of printing is, that it enables coxcombs to deluge us with dulness; and the compensation for the want of that art was this, that if blockheads wrote nonsense, no one else would transcribe it; neither could they take their trash to the market, when it cost so much time and labour to multiply the copies. Booksellers are like horse-dealers in one respect, and if they buy the devil, they must also sell the devil—but the misfortune is that a bookseller seldom understands the merits of a book, so thoroughly as the horse-dealer the merits of a horse, and reads with far less judgment than the other rides. But to return to the speechifyers. An orator, who, like Demosthenes, appeals to the head, rather than the heart, who resorts to argument, not to sophistry, who has no sounding words, unsupported by strong conceptions, who would rather convince without persuading, than persuade without convincing, is an exception to all rules, and would succeed in all periods. When the Roman people had listened to the long diffuse and polished discourses of Cicero, they departed, saying to one another, what a splendid speech our orator has made; but, when the Athenians heard Demosthenes, he so filled them with the subject matter of his oration, that they quite forgot the orator, but left him at the finish of his harangue, breathing revenge, and exclaiming, let us go and fight against Philip.

CLXX.

WE often pretend to fear what we really despise, and more often to despise what we really fear.

CLXXI.

AS in our amours those conquests that have cost the conqueror the most difficulty, have retained him the longest in subjection, causing him like Pyrrhus by victory to be undone, so it is also in our appetites; those enjoyments we have come over to with the most repugnance, we abandon with the most regret.

CLXXII.

SLANDER cannot make the subjects of it either better or worse, it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same; not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.

CLXXIII.

MANY schemes ridiculed as Utopian, decried as visionary, and declaimed against as impracticable, will be realized, the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species; that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them.

CLXXIV.

IT is a common observation that any fool can get money; but they are not wise that think so. The fact is that men apparently dull do get money, and yet they have no reason to thank their dulness for their wealth. They appear to be stupid on every thing unconnected with their ob-

ject, money, because they have concentrated all their powers to this particular purpose. But they are wise *in their generation*, as those who have any dealings with them, will find out. Like moles they are considered blind, by common observers, although in the formation of their little *yellow* heaps, both are sufficiently sharp-sighted, and have better eyes for their own low and grovelling purposes, than those bye-standers, who suspect that they have none.

CLXXV.

IN Women, we love that which is natural, we admire that which is acquired, and shun that which is artificial. But a system of education that combines the evil of all, and gives us the good of neither, that presents us with the ignorance of that which is natural, without its artlessness, and the cunning of that which is artificial, without its acquirements, that gives us little to admire, less to love, and much to despise, is more calculated to procure the female a partner for the minuet, than for the marriage, and for the ball, than for the bed.

CLXXVI.

TIME does as much for a first rate poet, as for a first rate painter, but in a very different manner; that poet whose efforts have established his reputation, and whose celebrity has gone down to after ages, will receive a meed of renown even greater than he deserves, and that text of scripture will be verified as to his fame, which says, "to him that hath shall be given." Time in fact, effects that for a fine poem, that distance performs for a fine view. When we look at a magnificent city from some height that is above it, and beyond it, we are sufficiently removed to lose sight of its little alleys, blind lanes, and paltry habitations; we can discover nothing but its lofty spires, monuments and towers, its palaces, and its sanctuaries. And so it is with a

poem, when we look back upon it through a long interval of time ; we have been in the habit of hearing only the finest passages, because these only are repeated ; the flats and the failings, either we have not read, or do not remember. The finest passages of Milton, or of Shakespear, can be rehearsed by many who have never waded through all the pages of either. Dacier observed that Homer was a thousand years more beautiful than Virgil, as if Calliope traced the *etymology* of her name, to her wrinkles, rather than her dimples. Voltaire carried this opinion so far that he seems to infer that distance of time might make a poet still more interesting, by making him invisible, for he asserts that the reputation of Dante will continually be growing greater, and greater, because there is nobody now that reads him. This sentiment must be a source of great consolation to many of our modern poets, who have already lived to see themselves arrive at *this* point of greatness, and may in some sort be said to have survived their own apotheosis.

CLXXVII.

IT is with diseases of the mind, as with those of the body, we are half dead, before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.

CLXXVIII.

LIBERTY will not descend to a people, a people must raise themselves to liberty, it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed. That nation cannot be free where reform is a common hack, that is dismissed with a kick, the moment it has brought the rider to his place. That nation cannot be free where parties are but different roads, leading to one common destination, plunder. That nation can not be free where the rulers will not feel *for* the people, until they are obliged to feel *with* the people, and

then it is too late. That nation cannot be free that is bought by its own consent, and sold against it; where the rogue that is in rags, is kept in countenance by the rogue that is in ruffles, and where from high to low, from the lord to the lacquey, there is nothing radical but corruption, and nothing contemptible but poverty; where both patriot and placeman, perceiving that money can do every thing, are prepared to do every thing for money. That nation cannot be free, where religion is, with the higher orders, a matter of indifference; with the middle, of acquiescence; and with the lower, of fanaticism. That nation cannot be free where the leprosy of selfishness sticks to it as close as the curse of Elisha to his servant Gehazi, where the rulers ask not what recommends a man, but who; and where those who want a rogue, have no occasion to make, but to choose. I hope there is no nation like this under Heaven; but if there were, these are the things that however great she might be, would keep such a nation from liberty, and liberty from her. These are the things that would force upon such a nation, first, a government of expedients, secondly, of difficulties, and lastly, of danger. Such a nation could begin to feel, only by fearing all that she deserved, and finish by suffering all that she feared.

CLXXIX.

A free press is the parent of much good in a state. But even a licentious press is a far less evil than a press that is enslaved, because both sides may be heard in the former case, but not in the latter. A licentious press may be an evil, an enslaved press must be so; for an enslaved press may cause error to be more current than wisdom, and wrong more powerful than right; a licentious press cannot effect these things, for if it give the poison, it gives also the antidote, which an enslaved press withholds. An enslaved press is doubly fatal, it not only takes away the true light, for in that case we might stand still, but it sets up a false one, that decoys us to our destruction.

CLXXX.

ALL nations that have reached the highest point of civilization, may from that hour assume for their motto, "*videri quam esse.*" And whenever, and wherever we see ostentation substituted for happiness, profession for friendship, formality for religion, pedantry for learning, buffoonery for wit, artifice for nature, and hypocrisy for every thing, These are the signs of the times which he that runs may read, and which will enable the Philosopher to date the commencement of national decay, from the consummation of national refinement.

CLXXXI.

WE should chuse our books as we would our companions, for their sterling and intrinsic merit, not for their adscititious or accidental advantages. For with books as with men, it seldom happens that their performances are fully equal to their pretensions, nor their capital to their credit. Therefore to repeat a sentence in my preface, we should consider rather what is said, then who says it, and the consequence of the argument, rather than the consequence of him that delivers it; for wise things have sometimes escaped from heads that are foolish, and foolish things from heads that are wise. We should prefer preceptors who teach us to think such as Bacon and Locke, rather than those that teach us to argue, as Aristotle, and Cicero; and we should give our days and our nights to those who like Tacitus and Sully, describe men as they are, than to those who like Harrington and Bolingbroke, describe men as they ought to be. Of the poets, it will be most safe to read chiefly those of times that are past, who are still popular in times that are present; and when we read a few of those that are antient, this is the most pleasing and compendious mode of reading all that is good, in those that are modern. The press enables poets to deluge us with streams from Helicon, rapid, over-

flowing, and inexhaustible, but noisy, frothy, and muddy withal, and profuse rather than profound. But we shall find more difference of opinion as to the comparative merits of the poets, than of all other writers. For in science, reason is the guide; but in poetry, taste. Truth, I have before observed, is the object of the one, which is uniform and indivisible; beauty is the object of the other, which is varied and multiform.

CLXXXII.

THERE are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences, by saying less than the truth on others. But the fact is, that they are, in both instances, as fraudulent, as he would be, that exacted more than *his* due from his debtors, and paid less than *their* due to his creditors.

CLXXXIII.

IT is a piece of pedantry to introduce foreign words into our language, when we have terms of legitimate English origin that express all that these exotics convey, with the advantage of being intelligible to every one. For foreign sounds, like foreign servants, ought not to be introduced to the disadvantage of the natives, until these are found unworthy of trust. I was once asked at a party what was the difference between a conversation, and a *converzationé*; I replied, that if there were any difference, I considered it must be this: In a conversation, if a blockhead talked nonsense, you were not obliged to listen to him; but in a *conversazioné* you were. I have heard of an old gentleman, who was a better theologist than a chymist, gravely asking a friend, if he would be so good as to explain to him the difference between the old word *calvinism*, and the new term *galvanism*. He might have replied, that both of them had a great deal to do with *fire*, but that neither of them had been hitherto

able to explain the nature of that element with which they were so intimately connected.

CLXXXIV.

A system of mal-government begins by refusing man his rights, and ends by depriving him of the power of appreciating the value of that which he has lost. It is possible that the Polish serf, or the Russian boor, or the descendant of the kidnapped negro, may be contented with their condition; but it is not possible that the mind of a Franklin, or a Howard, could be contented to see them so. The philosopher knows that the most degrading symptom of hopeless vassalage, is this very apathy that it ultimately superinduces on its victims, as the surgeon knows that the most alarming symptom of a deadly mortification having taken place, is the cessation of pain on the part of the patient.

CLXXXV.

IF sensuality be our only happiness, we ought to envy the brutes; for instinct* is a surer, shorter, and safer guide to *such* happiness, than reason.

* There are some facts recorded of the Elephant, that one scarcely knows how to reconcile to mere instinct, *if* the facts be authentic. I have heard the late sir George Staunton say, that when general Meddows reviewed four war Elephants that had been sent from Ceylon, to Madras, to assist in getting the British artillery through the *gauts*, a very extraordinary circumstance took place. The war Elephant it is well known is trained to perform the grand Salam, which is done by falling on the first joint of the fore leg, at a certain signal. The largest of the four Elephants was particularly noticed by the general, as being terribly out of condition; the keeper was ordered up to explain the cause, and was in the act of doing this to the general, when the Elephant advanced a few steps out of the line, and with one stroke of his proboscis laid his keeper dead at his feet. He then retired back again into his position, and performed the grand *salam*. This circumstance excited some con-

CLXXXVI.

IF we read the history of disorders, we are astonished that men live, if of cures, we are still more astonished, that they die. But death is the only sovereign whom no partiality can warp, and no price corrupt. He neither spares the hero, his purveyor by wholesale, nor the physician,* his caterer by retail, nor the lawyer, his solicitor-general, nor the undertaker, his master of the wardrobe, nor the priest his chamberlain, and privy-counsellor; even his truest minion and prime sycophant, the sexton, who has spent his whole life in hiding his bad deeds from the world, and concealing his deformities, is at last consigned to the bed of clay, with his own shovel, and this by the hands of some younger favourite, who suc-

siderable alarm, when the wife of the keeper ran up to his dead body, and in a broken sort of exclamation, cried out that she was always afraid something of this sort would happen, as he was constantly in the habit of robbing that Elephant of his rations of rice, by taking them away from his crib after they had been served out to him, under the inspection of his superior. This anecdote is rather a staggering one, but I have mentioned it to many persons who have been in India, and most of them were no strangers to the circumstance. One gentleman informed me that it was authentically recorded in the philosophical transactions of that day, but this I cannot vouch for, having never searched for it.

* I remember when at Paris being introduced to a physician who had fitted up a large apartment with portraits, sent him by those patients whom he had recovered. This circumstance put me in mind of a remark of Diogenes to one that admired the multitude of votive offerings in Samothracia given to the temple of Neptune, by those who had escaped from shipwreck; there would have been many more, said Diogenes, if those who have perished could have presented theirs. There is a Spanish story that runs thus: All the physicians in Madrid were suddenly alarmed by the intrusion of the ghosts of their patients, their doors were so besieged by the spectres of the dead, that there was no entrance for the living. It was observed that a single physician of no repute, and living very obscurely, was incommoded with only one of these unearthly visitors; all Madrid flocked to him, and he got all the fees, until his brother practitioners promulgated the unfortunate discovery that this single ghost, was, when alive, the only patient that ever consulted him.

ceeds alike to his salary, and his sentence, his department, and his doom,

CLXXXVII.

THE minor miseries superinduced by Fashion, that queen of fools, can hardly be conceived by those who live in the present day, when common sense is invalidating every hour the authority of this silly despot, and confirming the rational dictates of comfort. The quantum of uneasiness forced upon us by these absurdities, was no small drawback from the sum total of that happiness allotted to the little life of man; for small miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight, they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon ball, than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets. It is within the recollection of very many of my readers, that no gentleman or lady could either pay or receive a visit, or go out to a dinner, or appear at a public party, without submitting to have seven or eight pounds of fat and flour worked into their hair, by the hands of that very industrious and important personage the friseur, on whose co-operation their whole powers of locomotion depended, and who had so much to do that he could seldom be punctual. Nothing was more common than for ladies at a race ball, an election invitation, or a county assize meeting, to undergo the tremendous operations of the friseur on the evening that preceded, and to sacrifice one night's rest to fashion, in order that they might sacrifice another night to folly. Our fair country women laugh at the Chinese ladies, who deprive themselves of the use of their feet, by tight shoes and bandages, and whose characters would be ruined if they were even suspected of being able to walk. But they themselves, by the more destructive and dangerous fashion of tight lacing, destroy functions of the body far more important, not only to themselves, but to their offspring, and whole troops of dandies

quite as taper waisted, and almost as masculine as their mothers, are the natural result of such an absurdity. If to be admired is the motive for such a custom, it is a most paradoxical mode of pursuing this end; for that which is destructive of health, must be still more destructive of beauty; that beauty, in a vain effort to preserve which, the victims of this fashion have devoted themselves to a joyless youth, and a premature decrepitude. Another of the minor miseries formerly imposed upon society by the despotism of fashion, was the necessity of giving large sums, denominated vails, to a whole bevy of butlers, footmen, and lacqueys. This was carried to such an excess, that no poor man could afford to dine with a rich one, unless he inclosed a guinea with his card of invitation; and yet this custom, more mean, if possible, than absurd, kept its ground until a few such men as Swift, Steele, and Arbuthnot, happened to make a discovery in terrestrial bodies, productive of more comfort than any made before or since, in those that are celestial. After a due course of experiments, both synthetically and analytically pursued, they found out and promulgated to the world, that two or three friends, a joint of Welsh mutton, a blazing hearth, a bottle of old wine, and a hearty welcome at home, were far better things than cold fricasees, colder formalities, sour liquors, and sourer looks abroad, saddled, moreover, with the penalty of running the gauntlet of a whole gang of belaced and betassled mendicants, who proceeded from the plunder of the pocket of the guest, to their still more barefaced depredations on the cellar of their master. There is a little Italian story so much to my present purpose, that I shall conclude by relating it. A nobleman, resident at a castle, I think near Pisa, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. Most providentially, however, on the very morning of the feast, a poor fisherman made his appearance, with a turbot so large, that it seemed

to have been created for the occasion, "*animal propter convivium natum.*" Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. One hundred lashes; said the fisherman, on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain. The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, well, well, the fellow is a humourist, and the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence. After fifty lashes had been administered, hold, hold, exclaimed the fisherman, I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share. What, are there two such madcaps in the world, exclaimed the nobleman, name him, and he shall be sent for instantly; you need not go very far for him, said the fisherman, you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in, until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot. Oh, oh, said the nobleman, bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice. This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

CLXXXVIII.

HAPPINESS is that single and glorious thing, which is the very light and sun of the whole animated universe, and where she is not, it were better that nothing should be. Without her,* wisdom is but a shadow, and virtue

* Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady, what new work he was employed about; I am writing nothing just at present he replied; well, but Doctor, said she, if I could write like you, I should be always

a name; she is their sovereign mistress; for her alone they labour, and by her they *will* be paid; to enjoy her, and to communicate her, is the object of their efforts, and the consummation of their toil.

CLXXXIX.

IT is with ridicule as with compassion, we do not like to be the solitary objects of either, and whether we are laughed at or pitied, we have no objection to sharers, and fancy we can lessen the weight, by dividing the load. A gentleman who was present at the battle of Leipsic, told me a humorous anecdote, which may serve to illustrate the above position. It will be remembered, that our government had dispatched a rocket brigade to assist at that action, and that Captain Boger, a very deserving young officer, lost his life in the commanding of it. After the signal defeat of the French at this memorable action, Leipsic became full of a mixed medley of soldiers of all arms, and of all nations; of course, a great variety of coin was in circulation there; a British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, enquired if this piece of coin was current there; oh yes, replied he, you may have whatever the house affords for that money, it passes current here at present. Our fortunate Bardolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the single identical shil-

writing, merely for the pleasure of it; pray, madam, retorted he, do you sincerely think that Leander swam across the Hellespont, merely because he was fond of swimming.

ling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation elicited from "*mine host of the garter*, by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation very much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously heavy against him. This part of the profits he had a very Christian wish to divide with his neighbour. Taking, therefore, his guest to the street door of his hotel, he requested him to look over the way. Do you see, said he, that large hotel opposite? that fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five francs piece into the bargain, if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the very same trick with him to-morrow, that succeeded so well with me to-day. Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord, with the following speech, and a bow, that did no discredit to Leipsic; Sir, I deem myself in honour bound to use my utmost endeavours to put your wishes in execution; I shall certainly do all I can, but must candidly inform you, that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick with that gentleman yesterday; and it is to his particular advice alone, that you are indebted for the honour of my company to-day.

CXC.

IF you see a man grossly ignorant and superficial on points which you do understand, be not over ready to give him credit on the score of character which he may have attained for any great ability in points which you do not understand.

CXCI.

EMULATION looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory ; Envy spies out blemishes, that she may lower another by a defeat.

CXCII.

TRUTH can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy, and wily sinuosities of worldly affairs ; for truth, like light, travels only in straight lines.

CXCIII.

IT is adverse to talent, to be consorted, and trained up with inferior minds, or inferior companions, *however high they may rank*. The foal of the racer, neither finds out his speed, nor calls out his powers, if pastured out with the common herd, that are destined for the collar, and the yoke.

CXCIV.

THE good people of England do all that in them lies to make their king a puppet ; and then with their usual consistency, detest him if he is not what they would make him, and despise him if he is.

CXCv.

HE that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is alive, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead ; and by an egotism that is suicidal, and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter. Some fancy that they make all matters right by cheating their relations, and leaving all their ill-gotten wealth, to some public institution. I have heard a story of his satanic majesty, that

he was one day sitting on his throne of state, with some of his prime ministers attending him, when a certain imp just arrived from his mission to this nether world, appeared before him. Sirrah, said he, you have been long absent from us, what news from above? I have been attending, and please your majesty, the death bed of a miser, and I have put it into his head to leave all his immense wealth to charitable institutions; Indeed, said the sable monarch, and call you this attending to my interest? I am afraid we shall lose him; fear not said the imp, for he has made no *restitutions*, and has also many starving relatives; but if we were so unlucky, we are sure after all to be gainers, for I also instilled it into his mind to appoint *twelve trustees*, and your majesty may safely reckon upon every soul of them, to a man.

CXCVI.

“*OMNE simile non est idem*,” is an axiom which men of powerful imaginations ought to keep constantly in view; for in mental optics those do not always see the farthest who have mounted the highest, and imagination* has sometimes blinded the judgment rather than sharpened its acumen. Minds of this kind have been beautifully compared to those angels described in the Revelations, who hid their *eyes* with their *wings*.

* Wit also, will sometimes bribe the judgment to a false decision, and make us more inclined to say what is brilliant, rather than what is true, and to aim at point rather than at propriety. Voltaire was once desired by a poet to criticise a tragedy that he had written. He prefaced his request by saying that he knew the value of this philosopher's time, and therefore he requested him to express his candid opinion in the shortest manner. Unfortunately our tragedian had written the single word *Fin* at the bottom of his piece, and our merciless critic confined his whole criticism merely to scratching out the letter *n*, thus *Fi*. Nevertheless the tragedy did not deserve so severe a sentence; but the wit was too great a temptation.

CXC VII.

SOME conversions have failed not for any want of faith in the convert, but for a deficiency of that article in the converter; and when matters have been brought to the point, it has been discovered that the disciple was ready to perform his part of the ceremony, provided the master were equally so to perform his. I remember having somewhere read a story of a certain lady in Italy, who being of the protestant faith, was about to be united in marriage to a papist. Great pains were taken to work her conversion; at length she consented to take the holy sacrament, according to the ritual of the church of Rome, provided the making up, and manufacturing of the wafer to be used in this ceremony were allowed her. This was granted, and when the priest had finished the consecration, she solemnly asked him if he firmly believed that the act of consecration had transformed those elements into the real body of Christ? he replied there could not be the shadow of a doubt of it. Then, said she, I am ready to swallow them if you will only set me the example, but must candidly inform you, added she, that before the miracle of transubstantiation had been performed, on the consecrated host, the principle ingredient in its composition was arsenic. The monk did not deem it prudent to make a convert on such terms.

CXC VIII.

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived; since words that cost little, are exchanged for hopes that cost less. But we must be careful how we flatter fools too little, or wise men too much, for the flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, and administer the the strongest dose, only to the *weakest* patient. The truly great will bear even reproof, if truth support it, more patiently than flattery accompanied with falsehood; for by

venturing on the first, we pay a compliment to their heart, but by venturing on the second, we inflict an insult on their head. Two painters undertook a portrait of Hannibal; one of them painted a *full likeness* of him, and gave him two eyes, whereas disease had deprived him of one; The other painted him in *profile*, but with his blind side *from* the spectators. He severely reprimanded the first, but handsomely rewarded the second.

CXCIX.

HUMAN life, according to Mandeville* and others of his school, is a constant system of hypocrisy acting upon hypocrisy, a kind of double duping, where pretenders pursue virtue that they esteem not, for the sake of praises which those who proffer, value not. Thus, according to him, instead of feeling any gratitude for those who have lost their lives in the service of their country, our feelings ought rather to be those of pity, and contempt, for beings so weak as to permit the love of glory, to overcome the love of life. In conformity to this system, he asserts that all the virtues

* If we were inclined to pun after the manner of Swift, on the name of Mandeville, we might say that Mandeville was a devil of a man, who wrote a book to prove man a devil.

I am rather surprised to see such men as Hobbes, Machiavelli, Mandeville, or Spinoza, receive any attention in that republic which alone is fixed and free—the Republic of Letters. They carry, it is true, their own antidote, for the absurdity of their doctrines is usually in proportion to their atrocity. I would have them read, notwithstanding, and promulgated and examined, and would give them all possible fairplay. I am certain this is the most efficacious mode of satisfying ourselves how much more powerful their names are, than their pens. I shall be told that there are moments when these men evince great strength of mind, as there are times when madmen evince great strength of body; but one is the strength of error, and the other of disease. Now we shut up the one, and clap a strait-waistcoat upon him; but I would give the other all possible liberty, for the more they are *seen* and *known*, the fewer converts they will have, and the less mischief they will do.

are nothing more than the political offspring that flattery begets upon pride. Were such a system to be general, with Machievelli for our tutor, and Mandeville for our moralist, we might indeed deny a heaven, but if we denied a hell, it would not be for want of a *prototype* upon earth. Mr. Hume on the other hand seems inclined to make utility the test of virtue, and this doctrine he has urged so speciously as to draw after him "*a third part of the Host of Heaven.*" Paley has been in some degree seduced, but Paley's authority is on the decline. If one were disposed to banter such a doctrine, by pursuing up its conclusions to the absurdities to which they would lead us, one would say that if a building were on fire, a philosopher ought to be saved in preference to a fool, and a steam Engine, or a loom, in preference to either; no parent ought to have any affection or tenderness for a child that was dying of a disorder pronounced to be incurable; and no child ought to take any trouble for a parent that was in a state of dotage. If we met with a beggar with one leg, we ought to give him nothing, but reserve a double alms for a beggar who had two, as being the most useful animal. As to religion, all adoration would be transferred to the felt and visible source of all utility, the sun, and the religion of Persia, would be the universal faith. Another mode of accounting for human actions, is self-interest; a system that has more plausibility, and perhaps more proselytes than the two that precede it. It would indeed be very unfortunate for mankind if any virtuous action whatsoever could be proved to be detrimental to the self-interest of him who performed it, if the view taken of it be enlarged and comprehensive. And it is on this ground, that I have asserted elsewhere that it is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest. Swift in his detached thoughts observes that there are some whose self-love inclines them to please others, and some whose self-love inclines them to please themselves; the first he designates as the virtuous, and the

second as the vicious. Rosseau* saw the difficulty of the egotistical creed, and to avoid it, divides self-love into two orders, a higher, and a lower, a sensual and a spiritual; and labours to convince us that his higher order of self-interest is compatible with virtue, the lower not. He gives us as an "*instantia crucis*," the case of the juryman who was resolved rather to perish than permit the conviction of another man, for a murder which he himself had perpetrated. But that knowledge which is necessary, is seldom abstruse, and for all practical purposes, conscience is the best casuist, and to do as we would be done by, the safest rule. I believe the worst man that ever existed, never committed a bad action without some compunction, nor a good one without some delight, and he that would persuade us that both are indifferent, would approximate us nearer to the brute from our insensibility, than to the philosopher from our stoicism. Human nature may grovel, but it can also soar. We see a man deny himself to gratify others, forget himself to remember others, endanger himself to rescue others, and lastly die that others may live.† Are we after this to subscribe to the moralist, and write this character down a selfish being, because he sought all his delights and gratifications in being the source and distributor, to others, of both.

CC.

DEATH is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

* Rosseau was more fond of a paradox, than Shakespeare of a pun, and it is seldom that any reliance can be placed upon his opinion, even if he possessed one; thus at the very time he was ranting about liberty, he suffered this sentiment to escape him, in a confidential letter to a friend, "*a mon avis le sang d'un seul homme est d'un plusgrand prix que la liberte de tout le genre humain.*"

† See the accounts of some late shipwrecks in the channel.

CCI.

IS the Deity able to prevent evil, but not willing, where is his benevolence, is he willing but not able, where is his power; is he both able and willing, whence then is evil? These formidable questions all resolving themselves into the "*unde malum*," of the Epicureans, have been handed down as heir looms from one generation of sceptics to another; a generation, that, like the family of the Wrongheads, can trace back its ancestry to the remotest antiquity, and who like the Jews of the present day, are confined to no meridian, climate or country, but who are as obstinate in rejecting all creeds, as the latter are in adhering to one. Whence is evil? this is that triumphant question resorted to as the trustiest weapon of the infidel, when closely pushed; a weapon produced with as much solemnity as the sword which the Highland chieftain exhibits as the brand of his fore-fathers, and the title to his domains,* and which is considered as terrible as ever, although the stalworth hands that formerly wielded it, are mouldering in the dust. Whence is evil, I will not presume to break a lance with this formidable champion that has foiled so many, neither am I quite inclined, like Æneas, to escape in a cloud. The method I shall adopt will be to retreat fighting, and with my face to the foe. I admit the existence of evil to its full extent, and I also admit my own ignorance, which is not the least part of the evil I deplore. I also find in the midst of all this evil, a tolerably fair proportion of good. I can discover that I did not make myself, and also that the being that did make me, has shown a degree of power and of wisdom far beyond my powers of comprehension. I can also see so much good proceeding from his system even here, that I am inclined to love him; but I can see so much evil, that I am inclined also to fear him. I find

* King James held a convocation at Perth, and demanded of the Scotch barons that they should produce the charters by which they held their lands; they all with one simultaneous movement, rose up and drew their swords.

myself a compound being, made up of body and mind, and the union is so intimate, that the one appears to perish, at the dissolution of the other. In attempting to reconcile this last evil, death, and the many more that lead to it, with the wisdom, power, and goodness, that I see displayed on many other occasions, I find that I have strong aspirings after a state that *may* survive this apparent dissolution, and I find that I have this feeling in common, with all the rest of my species; I find also on looking within, that I have a mind capable of much higher delights than matter, or earth can afford. On looking still more closely into myself, I find every reason to believe that this is the first state of existence I ever enjoyed, I can recollect no other, I am conscious of no other. Here then I stand as upon a point acknowledged, that this world is the first stage of existence to that compound animal man, and that it is to him at least the first link in that order of things in which mind is united to matter. May not then this present state, be, as relates to mind, a state of infancy and childhood, where the elements and the rudiments of a progressive state are to be received and acquired, and may not such be necessarily a state of discipline, and may not an all-wise, and all-perfect Being take *less* delight in creating stones and blocks, and in making them capable of eternal happiness, than in *ultimately* granting this glorious boon to creatures whom he had formed intellectual, and responsible. And is not this supposition far less absurd, and monstrous than to conclude the Deity unjust, and the voluntary author of evil, necessary from his prescience that foresaw it, yet permitted it, and gratuitous from his power, that could yet would not prevent it. Having arrived at these conclusions by looking into myself, I then look to things around me, and without me, and I find an external state of things, corresponding precisely with these internal conclusions. I find a *mixed* state and condition to be the lot of man; he has much of good to enjoy, and much of evil to encounter, and the more or the less of either I observe depends in very many instances on himself. I farther find

that this is no particular discovery of mine, that it has struck the profoundest thinkers, and the justest reasoners of all ages, quite as forcibly, and been much better expressed. I farther see that a state of discipline naturally presupposes for its proper theatre a *mixed* state of good and of evil, since a *mixed* state alone it is, that calls many virtues into action, that could not be exercised in a state of perfection, such for instance, as benevolence in alleviating the miseries of others, or resignation in bearing our own. In short, I find it to be precisely what I conceive mind in its cunabular and compound state might most naturally require, namely, a state of discipline,* with quite enough of good to keep intellectual agents from despair, and quite enough of evil to keep them from presumption; good also, not so independent of our exertions, as to justify our idleness, and evil not so necessary and unavoidable as to paralyse us with despondency.

CCII.

I HAVE strong doubts as to the permission of those phænomena that have been termed supernatural, *since* the era of the apostles; and if there be any who think they have witnessed such things, they should reflect that there is this hazard in divulging them,---they voluntarily wedge themselves up into the awkward dilemma of being considered either as Liars, or Fools. To withhold our assent to such things, if we have witnessed them, is difficult; but to give our assent to them because they have been witnessed by others,† is absurd. In 'this latter case, the reasoning of Mr. Hume will apply, and is conclusive against all such phænomena, subsequent to the era stated above; for *here* we trust not to experience, but to testimony, and it is contrary to our experience that such superhuman appearances should be true, but it is not contrary to our experience that the human testi-

* This view of the case is confirmed by Revelation.

† It has been my lot to witness some things connected with this subject, as impossible for me to explain, as for those who have not witnessed them to believe.

mony, by which they are supported, should be false. I know not which is most detrimental to the happiness of mankind; to believe in such things, if they have never happened, or to disbelieve them if they have. But it is obvious that to deny them even in opposition to our *own* experience, would savour *less* strongly of presumption, than to admit them on the bare testimony of others, would of weakness; and the advocates of supernatural appearances having happened in modern times, are sure to be in the minority, not only as to number, but also as to weight.

CCIII.

EARLY impressions are not easily erased; the virgin wax is faithful to the signet, and subsequent impressions serve rather to indent the former ones, than to eradicate them. To change the metaphor, we might say that the new cask takes its odour from the first wine that it receives, what may be poured in afterwards, will be contained, but the first is *imbibed*. Rosseau carried his envy, hatred, and malice, of all literary contemporaries, almost to phrenzy. A social savage on this point, he recoiled as sullenly from the courtesy of Hume, as from the caustic of Voltaire. This ænigma in his character may be solved, by recollecting that when he was clerk to M. Dupin, he was not permitted to dine at his table, on those days when the literati assembled there. Even then he felt his own powers, and despised him who, "*like* the base Judean threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe.*" Therefore he commenced his campaign with no very charitable feelings for his cotemporaries, but entered, says Grimm, the field of literature, as Marius re-entered Rome, breathing revenge, and remembering the Marshes of Minturnæ.

* I here allude to Rosseau's appreciation of *himself*, but he was a pearl I should have no objection to buy at my price, if I could only sell him at his own.

CCIV.

IN all places, and in all times, those Religionists who have believed too much, have been more inclined to violence and persecution, than those who have believed too little, I suspect the reason is that indifference is a much less active principle than enthusiasm.

CCV.

WE seek the society of the ladies with a view to be pleased, rather than to be instructed, and are more gratified by those who will talk, than by those that are silent; for if they talk well, we are doubly delighted to receive information from so pleasant a source, and if they are at times a little out in their conclusions, it is flattering to our vanity, to set them right. Therefore I would have the ladies indulge with somewhat less of reserve in the freedom of conversation, notwithstanding the remark of him who said with more of point than of politeness, that they were the very reverse of their own mirrors; for the one reflected, without talking, but the other talked without reflecting.

CCVI.

IF an author write better than his cotemporaries, they will term him a plagiarist; if as well a pretender; but if worse, he may stand some chance of commendation, as a genius of some promise, from whom much may be expected, by a due attention to their good counsel and advice; when a dull author has arrived at this point, the best thing he can do for his fame, is to die before he can follow it; his brother dullards will in this case club their efforts to confer upon him one year of *immortality*, a boon which few of them could realise for themselves; and this year of fame may be even extended to two, provided the candidate can be proved to have died on classic ground, and to have been buried within

the verge of the meanderings of the Tiber, or the murmurings of the Melissus.

CCVII.

A TORRENT of declamation, where all is sound and verbiage, has often served the ends of the oppressor, and proved more fatal to the oppressed, than any force of argument or reason that could be brought against him; just as an expert swimmer is in more danger from the froth and foam of the surf, than from the deepest water of the ocean; for although the former has no profundity, it has also no buoyancy, neither can the voice of distress be heard, amidst the roar of the breakers.

CCVIII.

THE British Constitution is the proudest political monument of the combined and progressive wisdom of man; throughout the whole civilized world its preservation ought to be prayed for, as a choice and peerless model, uniting all the beauties of proportion, with all the solidity of strength. But nothing human is perfect, and experience has shown that this proud monument of human wisdom, wants that which its earlier designers had conceived that it possessed; a self-preserving power. Those therefore are its truest friends who are most vigilant and unremitting in their efforts to keep it from corruption, and to guard it from decay; whose veneration, as it regards what it has been, and whose affection, as relates to what it may be, is exceeded only by their fears for its safety, when they reflect upon what it is. And it is a feeling as dishonourable to those who entertain it, as unmerited by those against whom it is entertained, to suspect that those hearts and hands that are most zealous and vigilant in preserving this beautiful fabric from decay, would not be equally brave and energetic in defending it from danger.

CCIX.

IT is much easier to ruin a man of principle, than a man of none, for he may be ruined through his scruples. Knavery is supple, and can bend, but Honesty is firm and upright, and yields not. It was upon this ground that Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, recommended Louis the Fourteenth to secure the approbation of Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, as to his marriage with Madame de Maintenon.

CCX.

A CALUMNIATOR will sometimes tell truths that are injurious to himself, if by doing so, he can gain believers as to those falsehoods which he circulates of another. Thus Rousseau, who had much method in his madness, and more malice, has shown that his reputation was less dear to him than his revenge; for he bespatters himself with infamy in his *confessions*, only to make that dirt stick the stronger, which he accumulates upon others, and affects the greatest candour, only to exercise the greatest cruelty.

CCXI.

THE French Revolution* was a machine invented and constructed for the purpose of manufacturing liberty; but it had neither lever-clogs, nor adjusting powers, and the consequences were that it worked so rapidly that it destroyed its own inventors, and set itself on fire.

* That France, having no materials to work with, but such as could be found in the heads of Frenchmen, should merge into a military despotism, required no prophet to foretel. Bonaparte said that on his return from Egypt, he found the Constitution in abeyance, and the crown upon the ground. He stooped down, and picked it up. He had not, like Washington, the courage to spurn the glittering bauble, but he had the art to make despotism palatable. He gave to Frenchmen conquest in the room of freedom, and while he contracted their liberties, enlarged their prison; holding out to them this compensation, *you shall be Masters of Europe, but my Slaves.*

CCXII.

METAPHYSICIANS have been learning their lesson for the last four thousand years, and it is high time that they should now begin to teach us something. Can any of the tribe inform us why all the operations of the mind are carried on with undiminished strength and activity in dreams, except the judgment, which alone is suspended, and dormant. This faculty of the mind is in a state of total inefficiency during dreams, let any man carefully examine his own experience on this subject, and he will find that the most glaring incongruities of time, the most palpable contradictions of place, and the grossest absurdities of circumstance, are most glibly swallowed down by the dreamer, without the slightest dissent or demurrage of the judgment. The moment we are wide awake the judgment reassumes her functions, and shocks us with surprise at a credulity that even in sleep could reconcile such a tissue of inconsistencies. I remember that on conversing on this subject with a gentleman of no mean acquirement, he informed me of a curious circumstance with respect to himself. He dreamt that he saw the funeral of an intimate friend, and in the continuation of the same dream, he met his dead friend walking in the streets, to whom he imported the melancholy tidings, without experiencing *at the time*, the remotest feeling as to the monstrous absurdity of the communication; neither was his conviction of that event shaken in the slightest degree, until he awoke, by this astounding proof of its falsehood. The only plausible account that offers itself to my mind as to the phenomenon of this suspension of the judgment seems to be this; all dreams are *a piece of vivid painting to the mind's eye*, we clearly *see* all that we dream about; there is no doubt, and of course no reasoning, for the panorama is before us, and all its objects are *oculis subjecta fidelibus*. As all dreams, so far as I can recollect my own, or find out by enquiring of others, seem to be produced by vivid paintings on the mind's eye, it would be a matter of very curious enquiry of what

forms, shapes, or figures, are the dreams of those composed who have been born blind; do they ever dream? and if they do, can they explain what they have been dreaming about, by any reference to outward objects which they have never seen? I merely suggest these hints for the use of those who have leisure and opportunity for such investigations.

CCXIII.

IT is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead, should despise those that can talk sense, in languages that are living; to acquire a few tongues, says a French writer, is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one, is the labour of a life.

CCXIV.

IN writing, we should be careful to introduce no arguments that are controvertible; arguments are like soldiers, it is better to have a few who, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, are capable of defending a post, than a number like those myriads of Persians that accompanied Xerxes, and that served only to swell the triumph, and augment the fame of the victor. There is another reason why we should be careful to have a "*corps elite*," of good arguments, rather than to increase their number by an addition of any that are weak, which is this; our adversary will not fail to reply to those that are weak, and by overcoming them, will take the credit, and often gain it too, of having conquered those that are strong; for as in fortifications, extended works are seldom without some points that are weak, so in controversy, multiplied arguments are seldom without some positions that are indefensible. In conversation also, no less than in writing, a rule somewhat similar to that insisted on above, might be recommended, if we would wish wholly to avoid the caustic sarcasm uttered by Bentley to one whose tongue like

the race horse went the faster the less weight it carried, namely, that he showed his learning to the ignorant, but his ignorance to the learned. In fact, if men would confine their talk to those subjects only which they understand, that which St. John informs us took place once in heaven, would happen very frequently on earth, "*silence for the space of half an hour.*" Halley, the great mathematician, dabbled not a little in infidelity; he was rather too fond of introducing this subject; and once when he had descanted somewhat freely on it, in the presence of his friend Sir Isaac Newton, the latter cut him short, with this observation. I always attend to you, Doctor Halley, with the greatest deference, when you do us the honour to converse on astronomy or the mathematics, because these are subjects that you have industriously investigated, and which you well understand; but religion is a subject on which I always hear you with pain, because this is a subject which you have not seriously examined, and do not comprehend; you despise it because you have not studied it, and you will not study it, because you despise it.

CCXV.

TO cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best; and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst. An antient philosopher of Athens, where the property of the wealthy was open to the confiscations of the informer, consoled himself for the loss of his fortune by the following reflection; I have lost my money, and with it my cares; for when I was rich I was afraid of every poor man, but now that I am poor, every rich man is afraid of me.

CCXVI.

A THOROUGH paced knave will rarely quarrel with one whom he can cheat; his revenge is plunder; therefore he is

usually the most forgiving of beings, upon the principle that if he come to an open rupture, he must defend himself, and this does not suit a man whose vocation it is to keep his hands in the pockets of another

CCXVII.

LADIES of Fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

CCXVIII.

GREAT wits, who pervert their talents to sap the foundation of morality, have to answer for all the evil that lesser wits may accomplish through their means, even to the end of time. A heavy load of responsibility, where the mind is still alive to do mischief, when the hand it animated is dust. Men of talent may make a breach in morality, at which men of none may enter, as a citadel may be carried by musquets, after a road has been battered out for them by cannon.

CCXIX.

THERE is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

CCXX.

THERE are many moral Actæons, who are as miserably devoured by objects of their own chusing, as was the fabulous one, by his own hounds.

CCXXI.

HE that threatens us, not having the power to harm

us, would perhaps do so if he could; but he that threatens, having the power, is not much to be feared. A man in a paroxysm of passion, may exclaim, I would stab you if I had a sword, and perhaps he would be as good as his word; but he that has a sword, will either use it without threatening, or threaten without using it.

CCXXII.

WOMEN of superior acquirements, and of sterling qualifications, if they can so far forget themselves, as to envy pretty fools the little attentions they receive from prating coxcombs, act as absurdly as if they were to begrudge the fly her paramour, or the moth her may. Madame de Stael however, has often been heard to say that she would gladly have exchanged all the brightest qualities of the mind, for that which niggard nature had denied her, the perishable but attractive beauties of the body. A sentiment, after all, more discreditable perhaps to our sex, than to herself.

CCXXIII.

A man who succeeds to his father's reputation, must be greater than him, to be considered as great; but he that succeeds to his father's riches will have to encounter no such deduction. The popular opinion adds to our means, but diminishes our merits; and it is not an unsafe rule to believe *less* than you hear with respect to a man's fortune, and *more* than you hear with respect to his fame.

CCXXIV.

COULD any nostrum be discovered that would considerably lengthen the life of man, this specious good would be a real evil to the best interests of humanity, first, by diminishing the value of the reversions of virtue, by postponing the period of their realization, and secondly, by giving

longevity to the developement, and permanence to the prosperity of vice.

CCXXV.

EXTEMPORANEOUS and oral harangues will always have this advantage over those that are read from a manuscript; every burst of eloquence or spark of genius they may contain, however studied they may have been before hand, will appear to the audience to be the effect of the sudden inspiration of talent. Whereas similar efforts, when written, although they might not cost the writer half the time in his closet, will never be appreciated as any thing more than the slow efforts of long study, and laborious application; "*olebunt oleum, esti non oleant,*" and this circumstance it is that gives such peculiar success to a pointed reply, since the hearers are certain that in this case all study is out of the question, that the eloquence arises *ex re nata*, and that the brilliancy has been elicited from the collision of another mind, as rapidly as the spark from the steel.

CCXXVI.

THERE can be no christianity, where there is no charity, but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion, that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives, that of calumniating those, who to their other failings add not the sin of hypocrisy. But hypocrisy can beat calumny even at her own weapons, and can feign forgiveness, while she feels resentment, and meditates revenge.

CCXXVII.

THOSE who take their opinion of women, from the reports of a rake, will be no nearer the truth, than those who take their opinions of men, from the lips of a prostitute.

CCXXVIII.

HE that knowingly defends the wrong side of a question, pays a very bad compliment to all his hearers; it is in plain English this, falsehood supported by my talents, is stronger than truth supported by yours.

CCXXIX.

THE horrible catastrophes that sometimes happen to the vitious, are as salutary to others by their warning, as the most brilliant rewards of the virtuous are, by their example. And on the contrary the successes of the bad, and the sufferings of the good, might make us tremble for the interests of virtue, were not these very things the strongest proofs of an hereafter.

CCXXX.

THE upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, fears the tongue of man, more than the eye of God.

CCXXXI.

THE secret of some men's attractions might be safely told to all the world, for under any other management but that of the possessor, they would cease to attract. Those who attempted to imitate them, would find that they had got the fiddle, but not the fiddle-stick, the puppet-show, but not punch.

CCXXXII.

HOW happens it that all men envy us our wealth, but that no man envies us our health. The reason perhaps is this; it is very seldom that we can lose our wealth, without some one being the better for it, by gaining that which

we have lost ; but no one is jealous of us, on account of our health, because if we were to lose that, this would be a loss that betters no one.

CCXXXIII.

SOME men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out ; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat, and monotonous ; like hand organs, we have heard all their tunes, but unlike those instruments, they are not new barrelled so easily.

CCXXXIV.

HE that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, should go a little farther, and try to plant in a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labour to renew ; a strong soil that has produced weeds, may be made to produce wheat, with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.

CCXXXV.

WOULD morality suffer more from a philosopher, who like Arcesilaus decried it by his words, but supported it by his deeds, or from him who, like Aristippus, gave sobriety his praise, but sensuality his practice. Some preceptors perceiving this dilemma, have run upon both the horns of it, in endeavouring to escape them, and have taught us what we ought to do by their precept, and what we ought not to do by their example.

CCXXXVI.

WHEN we are in the company of sensible men we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things, their good opinion, and our own improvement,

and disclose one thing which had better have been concealed, our self-sufficiency; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

CCXXXVII.

PRIDE either finds a desert, or makes one; submission cannot tame its ferocity, nor satiety fill its voracity, and it requires very costly food—Its keeper's happiness.

CCXXXVIII.

LOVE is an alchymist that can transmute poison into food—and a spaniel, that prefers even punishment from one hand, to caresses from another. But it is in love, as in war, we are often more indebted for our success to the weakness of the defence, than to the energy of the attack; for mere idleness has ruined more women than passion, vanity more than idleness, and credulity more than either

CCXXXIX.

CALUMNY crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris,* and *like him*, rides upon a poisoned arrow.

CCXL.

IT is pleasant enough for a bye stander who happens to be in the secret, to note the double deception, and the reciprocal hypocrisy that is constantly going on between the young and the old, in this wicked and *transitory* world. The young are constantly paying every kind of attention to the old, without feeling the slightest esteem, and the old are as constantly levying the discount of their post obits from the

* See the fabulous history of Abaris.

young, without intending the smallest remuneration. I remember a rich old gentleman at college, who constantly calculated the state of his health, by the rise and fall of these mercenary attentions. Some little time before he died, his physician would fain have persuaded him that he was much better; it would not do, he had just discovered, he said, *six* fatal symptoms in his own case,---*three presents, and three visits in one day from his dear friend Mr. H.*

CCXLI.

EVILS in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travellers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

CCXLII.

IF a man could make gold, he would incur a double danger, first, from his own avarice, and secondly from the avarice of other men. The first would make him a slave, or the second a prisoner; for princes and potentates would think a goldmaker a very convenient member of their exchequer, and as there would be very little chance of his dismissal, they would take care that he should not enjoy a sinecure place.

CCXLIII.

IN the preface to the first volume of Lacon, I have observed that there are but two modes to obtain celebrity in authorship, discovery, or conquest. Discovery, by saying what none others have said, with this proviso, that it be true as well as new; and conquest, by saying what others have said, but with more point, brevity and brightness. To demand that any writer, be his powers or *calibre* what they may, should avail himself of no materials whatever, except those

that arise out of his own resources and invention, is as unjust and extravagant as it would be to insist that a Michael Angelo or a Canova, should have no credit for a statue, because they did not create* the block of marble from which it was produced.

CCXLIV.

"Queis dulce est digito monstrari et dicier hic est."

PERICLES overrated the paltry distinction, if he were so pleased as we are told he was, by being pointed out to a stranger in the streets of Athens; for the very same thing happens every day in London, to Cribb the champion. Yet London is a far superior city to Athens, and Cribb a far inferior man to Pericles.

CCXLV.

THERE are some horses full of figure, that bend the knee, plant the hoof, and throw in their haunches to admiration, but with all these qualifications, they possess little or no speed, cannot carry weight, and when put to the proof, are hollow beat by steeds of far less showy acquirements. By the gentlemen on the turf knowing in horse-flesh, these animals are significantly termed *flatcatchers*. This term should not be monopolised by quadrupeds, and there is a large room in the vicinity of Westminster, where some *bipeds* may be both heard and seen, who, as they possess all the qualities stated above, ought not to be denied the designation.

* Readers of taste and candour will perceive the drift of this article, and apply it, if not according to my hopes, assuredly according to my deserts. I am certain it is a very easy thing to find fault with a work embracing so many topics as this which I have attempted, and I am as certain that it would be a very useful thing to produce something similar, but superior; I shall most freely forgive the one, to those who shall accomplish the other.

CCXLVI.

SOME men commence life in a career of honesty, but meet with so many disappointments that they are obliged to disrobe themselves of their conscience, for fear it should grow as threadbare as their coat, "*Declinant cursus, aurumque volubile tollunt.*" This is a degradation that will happen to most men, whose principles are rooted only on earth, unrefreshed by the dews of heaven. Such men begin well, but end ill; like a certain lawyer, who on being asked why he defended so many bad causes, replied that he did so, because he had lost so many good ones.

CCXLVII.

IT has often struck me that most of those arguments which are adduced as pregnant with consolation under our misfortunes, are not an alleviation, but an aggravation of our ills, and that they derive what little efficacy they possess, solely from our selfishness. Thus if our friends can prove to us that the calamity under which we labour, is what *all* are liable to, that *none* will in the end be exempted from it, and that *many* others are now actually suffering under it, these melancholy truisms, which are so constantly urged as matters of consolation, ought rather to a benevolent mind to be a matter of regret, unless indeed we have the feelings of a Herod, who ordered many noble Jews to be executed at his death, that he might make sure of some companions, in calamity. There would indeed be something in such reasoning, if it could be proved that an evil is diminished in weight, by being put on many shoulders; but life is a campaign where no man's knapsack is one jot the lighter, because his comrade bears one too. My fever is not diminished, because I suffer it in an hospital, nor my plague, because I linger in a lazaretto. Because thousands have died in the bloom of youth, I am not the less unwilling to undertake the same journey in the maturity of manhood. If indeed my friends

cite instances of those who have borne calamities similar to my own, with fortitude and resignation, this indeed is a proper topic on which to insist, and we have a right to rejoice, not because *they had the same calamities*, but because they have borne them well. But after all, I fear it must be admitted that our self-love is too apt to draw some consolation, even from so bitter a source as the calamities of others; and I am the more inclined to think so, when I consider the converse of this proposition, and reflect on what takes place within us, with respect to our pleasures. The sting of our pains is diminished, by the assurance that they are *common to all*; but from feelings equally egotistical, it unfortunately happens that the zest and relish of our pleasures, is heightened, by the contrary consideration, namely that they *are confined to ourselves*. This conviction it is, that tickles the palate of the epicure, that inflames the ardour of the lover, that lends ambition her ladder, and extracts the thorns from a crown.

CCXLVIII.

MANY books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason;—they made no such demand, upon those who wrote them. Those works therefore are the most valuable, that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation. For as the solar light calls forth all the latent powers, and dormant principles of vegetation contained in the kernel, but which, without such a stimulus, would neither have struck root downwards, nor borne fruit upwards, so it is with the light that is intellectual; it calls forth and awakens into energy those latent principles of thought in the minds of others, which without this stimulus, reflection would not have matured, nor examination improved, nor action embodied.

CCXLIX.

THERE is only one circumstance in which the up-

right man will imitate the hypocrite; I mean in his attempts to conciliate the good opinion of his fellow men. But here the similarity must cease, for their respective motives are wider than the poles asunder; the former will attempt this to increase his power of doing good, the latter to augment his means of doing harm.

CCL.

WORDS are in this respect like water, that they often take their taste, flavour, and character, from the mouth out of which they proceed, as the water from the channels through which it flows. Thus were a spendthrift to discourse of generosity with a miser, a demagogue to declaim on public good to a patriot, or a bigot to define truth to a philosopher, ought we to wonder if the respective parties mutually misunderstood each other, since on these particular terms, each is his own lexicographer, and prefers his own etymologies to the industry of a Skinner, the real learning of a Junius, or the assumed authority of a Johnson.

CCLI.

PHILOSOPHY is a bully that talks very loud, when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy, she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade Religion, whom on all other occasions she affects to despise.

CCLII.

THERE are many that despise half the world, but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

CCLIII.

THE Man of Pleasure should more properly be termed the Man of Pain; like Diogenes, he purchases repentance at the highest price, and sells the richest reversion, for the poorest reality.

CCLIV.

WHO for the most part are they, that would have all mankind look backwards instead of forwards, and regulate their conduct by things that have been done? those who are the most ignorant as to all things that are doing; Lord Bacon said, time is the greatest of innovators, he might also have said the greatest of improvers, and I like Madame de Stael's observation on this subject, quite as well as Lord Bacon's, it is this, "that past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present, was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it;" and yet there are not a few grown children of the present day, that would blubber and pout at any attempt to deliver them from the petticoat government and apron-string security of their good great grandmother—Antiquity.

CCLV.

THERE is a hardihood of effrontery, which will, under many circumstances, supply the place of courage, as impudence has sometimes passed current for wit; Wilkes had much of the first, and Mirabeau of the second. He received challenge after challenge, but unlike Wilkes, he accepted none of them, and contented himself, with merely noting down the names of the parties in his pocket book; it is not fair, he would say, that a man of talent like myself should be exposed to blockheads like these. It would seem that he had argued himself into the same kind of self importance with Rosseau, who came to this very disinterested

conclusion, that it was incumbent upon him to take the utmost possible care of Jean Jacques for the good of society.

CCLVI.

WE devote the activity of our youth to revelry, and the decrepitude of our age to repentance, and we finish the farce by bequeathing our dead bodies to the chancel, which when living we interdicted from the church.

CCLVII.

CHARLES FOX said that restorations were the most bloody of all revolutions; and he might have added, that reformatations are the best mode of preventing the necessity of either.

CCLVIII.

SOME men will admit of only two sorts of excellence, that which they can equal, and what *they* term a still higher, that which they can surpass, as to those efforts that beat them, they would deny the existence of such rather than acknowledge their own defeat. They are dazzled by the rays of genius, and provoked at their inability to arrive at it; therefore like those idolaters that live too far from the temple, they form and fashion out a little leaden image of their own, before which they fall down, and worship.

CCLIX.

AGE and Love associate not, if they are ever allied the firmer the friendship, the more fatal is its termination, and an old man, like a spider,* can never make love, without beating his own death watch.

* It may not be generally known that the male spider is supplied with a little bladder, somewhat similar to a drum, and that ticking noise

CCLX.

THE interests of society often render it expedient not to utter the whole truth, the interests of science never; for in this field we have much more to fear from the deficiency of truth, than from its abundance. Some writers, and even on subjects the most abstruse, write so as to be understood by others, firstly, because they understand themselves, and secondly, because they withhold nothing from the reader, but give him all that they themselves possess. For I have before observed, that clear ideas are much more likely to produce clear expressions, than clear expressions are to call out clear ideas, but to minds of the highest order, these two things are reciprocally to each other, *both* cause and effect, producing an efficiency in mind, somewhat similar to momentum in machinery, where the weight imparts continuation to the velocity, and the velocity imparts power to the weight. In Science, therefore, the *whole* truth must be told. The boldest political writer of the last century was once asked by a friend of his, a brother author in the bargain, how it happened that whatever came from his pen, excited so great a sensation, and was instantly read by every one, whereas, added his friend, when I write any thing, no such effects are discernible. Sir, said the former in reply, if I were to take a shoe, and cut it longitudinally, into two equal parts, and then show one of the parts so cut, to a savage, and ask him what it was intended for, he would twist it and turn it about in all directions, and presently hand it back again to me, saying he was quite puzzled, and could not say for what it was meant; but if I were to show the same savage the whole shoe, instead of the half of one, he would instantly reply that it was *meant for the foot*. And this is the difference between you and me—you show people half the truth, and nobody knows what it is meant for; but I show them the whole of the truth, and then every body knows that it is *meant for the head*.

which has been termed the death watch, is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and to allure his mistress.

CCLXI.

WHEN articles rise, the consumer is the first that suffers, and when they fall, he is the last that gains.

CCLXII.

BED* is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

CCXLIII.

*"Evertere domus totus opiantibus ipsis,
"Dii faciles."*

NOTHING is more frequent than the verification of this line of the satirist, and our history is little more than an

* As a proof that indulgence in Bed has a two fold tendency to shorten life, I shall here observe that Sir John Sinclair in his remarks on longevity, discovered that it was compatible with every walk of life, with every profession, habit, or occupation, save and except the peculiar cases of those engaged in manufactories of articles of a deleterious and destructive nature; as for instance, the oxydising of some of the metals. Old men, it would seem, were to be found amongst those who had travelled, and those who had never been out of their own parish. Excess could produce her veterans, no less than temperance, since some had kept off the grim tyrant by libations of wine, as successfully as others by potations of water; and some by copious applications of brandy and of gin, seem to have kept off their summons to the Land of Spirits. In short, it appeared that many who agreed in scarcely any thing else, agreed in having attained longevity. But there were only two questions, in which they all agreed, and these two questions, when put, were always answered in the affirmative, by the oldest of those Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners to whom they were proposed. The questions were these: were you descended from parents of good stamina? and *have you been in the habit of early rising?* Early rising therefore not only gives us more life in the same number of our years, but adds likewise to their number; and not only enables us to enjoy more of existence in the same measure of time, but increases also the measure.

exemplification of the truth it contains. With toil and trouble, and danger and difficulty, we pass our lives either in pursuing evil, under the semblance of good, or of fleeing good, under the semblance of evil; desiring that which we ought to dread, and dreading that which we ought to desire, embracing that which turns out a torment, and avoiding that which would become a cure. The reason is to be found in our own vanity, which dictates unto us, that we are wiser than nature, or Nature's God; who nevertheless can humble us in spite of all our pride, foil us in spite of all our wisdom, but who can also in spite of all our presumption pardon, and in spite of all our folly, save us. Pilgrimages were performed, masses were muttered, and solemn supplications made, to insure a male heir to the Second James; the prayers of the righteous prevailed, and no true Catholic doubted of the cause. But what was the consequence? this heir, the object of the father's fondest hopes, and fervent prayers, proved his ruin; for this event united the whole kingdom in the firmness of despair, against the monarch; The nation was prepared to tolerate a Catholic ascendancy for the *life of James*, but they now saw in the gift of an heir, all hopes of a Protestant succession blasted, and withered before their eyes; the people rallied, and the monarch fled. If we were inclined to come nearer to our own times, for an elucidation of the positions stated above, we might affirm that a matrimonial connection with the proudest and the oldest dynasty in Europe, was an event which Napoleon might have been at first suspected to have indulged in, rather as a gaudy creature of his imagination, than either the legitimate object of his ambition, or the attainable idol of his hope. It was realized; but our adventurer soon found, like him who sighed for Juno, that in possessing himself of the Royal Dame, he had embraced a cloud, fraught with darkness that eclipsed his glory, and thunders that destroyed his throne. The creature and the champion of a *new order of things*, when he deserted that cause, he was

nothing; suspected by his old associates, and despised by his new ones, he was wrong when he told an English nobleman at Elba, that he owed his downfall to one thing alone, “*that of having given kings credit for gratitude;*” a simpler cause might have been assigned, that of *not* having given Frenchmen credit for memory.

CCLXIV.

THAT state of ataraxy and of imperturbability affected by some of the antients, and particularly by those of the school of Zeno, is more likely to make men stocks and stones, than saints or seraphs, and to root them more deeply in earth, rather than to exalt them to heaven. For it is far more easy not to feel, than always to feel rightly, and not to act, than always to act well. For he that is determined to admire only that which is beautiful, imposes a much harder task upon himself, than he that being determined not to see that which is the contrary, effects it, by simply shutting his eyes.

CCLXV.

ARE the interests of Science best promoted by a monarch who like the fourteenth Louis rewards the efforts of science without enjoying them, or by one who like the second Charles, has taste to enjoy her efforts, but not liberality to reward them. It is well when both the taste to appreciate, and the inclination to encourage, are *united* in a Royal Head; they form the brightest jewels in the diadem, each giving and receiving lustre from each.

CCLXVI.

“*VOX Populi Vox Dei.*” The voice of the People is the voice of God; this axiom has manifold exceptions, and “*Populus vult decipi,*” is sometimes much nearer the truth;

and Horace was of the same opinion, when he extolled that inflexible integrity which was not to be influenced by the "*Civium ardor prava jubentium*." The fury of the citizens insisting on that which was wrong. But this voice of the people has not only been violent where it was wrong, but weak and inefficient where it was right; for the million though they are sometimes as strong as Sampson, are also as blind. It happens that most of those great events which have been pregnant with consequences of the highest import to after times, have been carried, not with the voice of the people, but *against* it; they have been carried by active and enlightened minorities, having the means, in open contradiction to the will and the wishes of the majority. These political and moral whirlwinds, eventually productive of good, have proceeded in direct opposition to the breath of public opinion, as thunder-clouds against the wind. But to show the truth of the position stated above, that popular opinion has been both weak and inefficient, even when it was right, I might without danger of being contradicted, affirm that if heads could have been *fairly* counted, Socrates would not have been sacrificed in Athens, nor Charles in England, nor Louis in France; Rome would not have been deluged in blood by proscriptions at the instigation of a cruel triumvirate, who met to sacrifice friendship at the shrine of revenge; neither would Paris have been disgraced by judicial murders, conducted by such a wretch as Robespierre, who had nothing brave about him, but the boldness with which he believed in the want of that quality in others. These things are, if possible, more degrading to the people that permit them, than to the parties that perform them, and that era which was termed the reign of terror, has been more fitly designated as "*the reign of cowardice*."

CCLXVII.

IT has been asked whether we are in the dotage, or

the infancy of science; a question that involves its own answer; not in the infancy, because we have learnt much; not in the dotage, because we have much to learn. The fact is, we are in a highly progressive state of improvement, and it is astonishing, in how geometrical a ratio the march of knowledge proceeds. Each new discovery affords fresh light to guide us to the exploration of another, until all the dark corners of our ignorance be visited by the rays. Things apparently obscure, have ultimately illustrated even those that are obvious; thus the alchymist in his very failures has enlightened the chemist, and the visionary astrologer, though constantly false in his prophecies as to those little events going on upon the earth, has enabled the astronomer truly to predict those great events that are taking place in the heavens. Thus it is that one experiment diffuses its sparks for the examination of a second, each assisting each; and all the whole; discussion and investigation are gradually accomplishing that for the intellectual light, which refraction and reflection have ever done for the solar, and it is now neither hopeless nor extravagant to anticipate that glorious era, when truth herself shall have climbed the zenith of her meridian, and shall refresh the nations with her "*Day Spring from on high.*"

CCLXVIII.

NATIONS will more readily part with the essentials; than with the forms of liberty, and Napoleon might have died an emperor in reality, if he had been contented to have lived a consul in name. Had Cromwell displayed his hankerings for royalty somewhat sooner than he did; it is not improbable that he would have survived his power. Mr. Pitt gained a supremacy in this country, which none of his predecessors dared to hope, and which none of his successors will, I trust, attempt to attain. For twenty years, he was "*de facto,*" not "*de jure,*" a king. But he was wise in his generation, and took care to confine the swelling stream of his ambition, to channels that were *constitutional*; and with

respect to the impurity, the filth, and the corruption of those channels, he trusted to the vast means he possessed of alarming the weak, blinding the acute, bribing the mercenary, and intimidating the bold; confiding his own individual security, to that selfishness inherent in our nature, which dictates to the most efficient mind, to have too much respect for itself to become a Cataline, and too little esteem for others to become a Cato. There was a short period in the Roman History, when that nation enjoyed as much liberty as is compatible with the infirmities of humanity. Their neighbours the Athenians, had much of the form, but little of the substance of freedom; disputers about this rich inheritance, rather than enjoyers of it, the Athenians treated liberty, as Schismatics religion, where the true benefits of both, have been respectively lost to each, by their rancorous contentions about them.

CCLXIX.

IT is a dangerous experiment to call in gratitude as an ally to love. Love is a debt, which inclination always pays, obligation never, and the moment it becomes luke-warm, and evanescent, reminiscences on the score of gratitude, serve only to smother the flame, by increasing the fuel.

CCLXX.

SUBTLETY will sometimes give safety, no less than strength, and minuteness has sometimes escaped, where magnitude would have been crushed. The little animal that kills the Boa, is formidable chiefly from its insignificance, which is incompressible by the folds of its antagonist.

CCLXXI.

IT would be better for society if the memory of the giver were transferred to the receiver, and the oblivious for-

getfulness of the obliged were consigned to the breast of him that confers the obligation.

CCLXXII.

THE pride of ancestry is a superstructure of the most imposing height, but resting on the most flimsy foundation. It is ridiculous enough to observe the hauteur with which the old nobility look down upon the new; the reason of this puzzled me a little, until I began to reflect that most titles are respectable, only because they are *old*; if new, they would be despised, because all those who now admire the grandeur of the stream, would see nothing but the impurity of the source. But a government that is pure and paternal, confers the highest value, even on the cheapest things, simply by the mode of bestowing them; while a government that is selfish and corrupt, renders the most precious things the most despicable, by a base and unworthy appropriation; the wearer of the mural wreath, or civic crown, would feel degraded by an association with some that glitter in the golden garter or the diamond star,

“—————*Cuperet lustrari, si qua darentur*

“*Sulphura cum tædis, et si foret humida laurus.*”

CCLXXIII.

THE covetous man reverses the principle on which Æsop chose his burthen, and oppresses himself with a heavier load of provision, the nearer he gets to the end of his journey.

CCLXXIV.

MAGNANIMITY is incompatible with a very profound respect for the opinions of others, on any occasion, and more particularly where they happen to stand between us and the truth. Had Jesus respected *all* the forms, usages, ceremonies, and tenets of his countrymen, there had been no

redemption; and had Luther been biassed by the opinions of his contemporaries, by the dogmas of synods, the creeds of councils, or the authority of titles, there had been no reformation.

CCLXXV.

IF you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you. There is a diabolical trio, existing in the *natural* man, implacable, inextinguishable, co-operative, and consentaneous, Pride, Envy, and Hate; Pride, that makes us fancy we deserve all the goods that others possess; Envy, that some should be admired, while we are overlooked; and Hate, because all that is bestowed on others, diminishes the sum that we think due to ourselves.

CCLXXVI.

IT is far more easy to pull down, than to build up, and to destroy, than to preserve. Revolutions have on this account been falsely supposed to be fertile of great talent; as the dregs rise to the top, during a fermentation, and the lightest things are carried highest by the whirlwind. And the practice of this proposition bears out the theory; for demagogues have succeeded tolerably well in making ruins; but the moment they begin to build anew, from the materials that they have overthrown, they have often been uselessly employed with regard to others, and more often dangerously with regard to themselves.

“Fractâ compage ruebant.”

CCLXXVII.

OF present fame think little, and of future less; the praises that we receive after we are buried, like the posies that are strewed over our grave, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead; the dead are gone,

either to a place where they hear them not, or where, if they do, they will despise them.

CCLXXVIII.

WE strive as hard to hide our hearts from ourselves, as from others, and always with more success; for in deciding upon our own case, we are both judge, jury, and executioner; and where sophistry cannot overcome the first, or flattery the second, self-love is always ready to defeat the sentence by bribing the third; a bribe that in this case is never refused, because she always comes up to the price.

CCLXXIX.

AS large garrisons are most open to multifarious points of attack, and bloated bodies expose a large surface to the shafts of disease, so also unwieldy and overgrown establishments only afford an enlarged area for plunder and speculation. He whom many serve, will find that he must also serve many, or be himself disserved, and the head of a large establishment is too often only the head of a gang of petty conspirators, who are eternally plotting against their chief.

CCLXXX.

IT has been considered a matter of the greatest difficulty to reconcile the foreknowledge of God, with the free agency of man. I shall venture a few remarks on this subject, which will be understood, I hope, by every one, and may be assented to perhaps by some. The difficulty of this question I humbly conceive to lie principally, if not wholly, in our misappropriation of the term *foreknowledge*. The truth is, that foreknowledge belongs unto *man*, not unto God. Foreknowledge must of necessity, and from its very nature belong solely to creatures of time, to finite and

created intellects, but not to that intellect that is infinite, and creates. It is most probable that there are many orders and degrees of finite and created intellectual beings, and to all of them foreknowledge in a higher or lower degree may belong; but *we* can trace it only in *man*; in man it may be found under various modifications, but mostly in a very infantine and imperfect state, having much more to do with probabilities than with certainties, whether it enable the peasant to foretel a storm, or the philosopher an eclipse. Foreknowledge therefore, as it exists in man, can extend its views no farther into time, as compared with eternity, than the snail his horns into space, as compared with infinity. But to attribute the faculty of foreknowledge to God, this I conceive is to degrade rather than to exalt him; that which is past, and that which is to come, are both to him one *eternal now*; he sees every thing, he *foresees* nothing, for futurity itself is present with him. Before or after, far or near, above or below, these are all intelligible terms, when applied to things created, and which exist in time, and in space, but these terms apply not to the omniscient, self-existent, eternal and omnipresent Creator. To admit the omnipresence of God in space, but to deny his omniscience in time, is to half dethrone him. All ideas therefore of succession as to time, and of distance as to space, relate not unto God, but unto man. God is at once, "*first, last, midst, and without end,*" and time itself is but a drop in that ocean of eternity, which he alone, both fills and comprehends. All things therefore are present to Him, the motive no less than the moment, the action no less than the man; to a Being that is omnipresent in time, all future actions may be looked upon as *done*; they are seen therefore because they are done, *not done because they are seen*; and if this be true, it follows that foreknowledge, as applied to God, with its necessary deduction, foreordination as applied to man, with all its lame conclusions, and libertine consequences, falls, a baseless fabric, to the ground.

CCLXXXI.

IGNORANCE lies at the bottom of all human knowledge, and the deeper we penetrate, the nearer we arrive unto it. For what do we truly know? or what can we clearly affirm? of any one of those important things upon which *all* our reasonings must of necessity be built,—time and space, life and death, matter and mind. Of matter and of mind, one philosopher has no less absurdly, than irrefutably, proved the *nonexistence* of the first, and thousands have attempted to prove the annihilation of the last. Common sense however punishes all departures from her, by forcing those who rebel against her, into a desperate war with all facts and experience, and into a civil war, still more terrible, with each other, and with themselves; for we retain both our bodies, and our souls, in spite of the sceptics, and find,

“ That parts destroyed diminish not the whole,
 “ Though Berkeley* take the body, Hume the soul.”

But it is not to be wondered at, that those workmen should blunder who know so little of their tools, and if untenable theories, should be the consequence of building by rules whose principles are erroneous, and with materials whose properties are not understood; for the tower of Babel is not the only monument of human pride, that has failed from human ignorance. Alas! what is man? whether he be deprived of that light which is from on high, or whether he discard it; a frail and trembling creature, standing on time, that bleak and narrow isthmus between two eternities, he sees nothing but impenetrable darkness on the one hand, and doubt, distrust and conjecture still more perplexing on the other. Most gladly would he take an observation, as to whence he has come, or whither he is going, alas, he has not the means; his telescope is too dim, his compass too wavering, his plummet too short. Nor is that little spot, his present state, one whit more intelligible, since it may prove a quicksand that may sink in a mo-

* See Hypocrisy, a Satire with notes.

ment from his feet ; it can afford him no certain reckoning, as to that immeasurable ocean that he *may* have traversed, or that still more formidable one that he *must* ; an awful expedition, that is accelerated by every moment by which it is delayed ; neither is the outfit less gloomy, or less forbidding than the voyage itself ; the bark, is a coffin ; the destination, darkness ; and the helmsman, death.

CCLXXXII.

CHRISTIANITY has been emphatically termed the social religion, and society is the proper sphere of all its duties, as the ecliptic is of the sun. Society is a sphere that demands all our energies, and deserves all that it demands. He therefore that retires to cells and to caverns, to stripes and to famine, to court a *more* arduous conflict, and to win a richer crown, is doubly deceived ; the conflict is less, the reward is nothing. He may indeed win a race, if he can be admitted to have done so, who had *no* competitors, because he *chose* to run alone ; but he will be entitled to no prize, because he ran out of the course. “ *Who hath required this at your hands?* This single question ought to have made the ascetic pause, before he weaved his horse-hair, or platted his thong. Alas, how has the social and cheerful spirit of christianity been perverted by fools at one time, and by knaves at another ; by the self-tormentors of the cell, or the all tormentors of the conclave. In this enlightened age, we despise perhaps the absurdities of the one, and the atrocities of the other ; the day is gone by when saints could post to paradise by the smack of their own whip, as if virtue like beauty were only skin deep, and devotion, like a top, could not be kept up, but by flogging ; as though the joys of heaven, like the comforts of an inn, required to be heightened by the privations of the journey, and the ruggedness of the road. But after we have laughed at these things, let us look a little seriously at ourselves. Are there no other words ending in *ism*, that are now creating as many self-

tormentors as Catholicism has lost? are there no Protestants who are their own Popes? and are there no dissenters from truth, as well as from error? are there none whom Calvin has placed upon a spiritual pinnacle far more giddy and aspiring than the marble pillar of St. Simeon? and are there none whom he torments with the scorpion-stings of a despair ten times more horrible than the whips of St. Dominic; who have perhaps escaped the melancholy of madness, only by exchanging it for the presumption of pride, denying that eternal mercy to others, of which they themselves also once despaired, as though that were a fountain that thirst could diminish, or number exhaust.

CCLXXXIII.

WARBURTON affirms that there never was a great conqueror, legislator, or founder of a religion, who had not a mixture of enthusiasm, and policy in his composition; enthusiasm to influence the public mind, and policy to direct it. As I mean to confine myself, in this article, to war, and warriors, I think it right to premise that policy is a much more common ingredient in such characters, than enthusiasm. I admit that in some particular idiosyncrasies, as for instance in that of Cromwell, or of Mahomet, this heterogeneous mixture may have been combined, but even then, these contradictory elements, like oil and vinegar, required a constant state of motion, and of action, to preserve their coalescence; in a state of inaction, and of repose, it was no longer an union, but the policy invariably got the ascendancy of the enthusiasm. William the Third, on the contrary, and Washington, united three great essentials, much more homogeneous than those insisted on by Warburton; courage, coolness, and conduct; but enthusiasm is the last thing I should impute to either of these men. If we look into White's institutes of Tamerlane, or more properly speaking, of Timour the lame, we shall find that there never was a character who had less to do with enthusiasm, than this

Tartar hero, nor that despised it more. His whole progress was but one patient and persevering application of means to ends, causes to consequences, and effects to results. Without the slightest particle of any thing visionary or enthusiastic in himself, and with a certain quantum of contempt for these qualities in others, he commenced his career by being a lame driver of camels, and terminated it, by reigning over twenty-six independent principalities. Therefore we must not take every thing for gospel, that comes from the pen of such a writer as Warburton, who on one occasion shuddered at the sceptical doctrines of antiquity, as subversive of the *established gods of Athens!!* But to return to war, and warriors. There are some ideas afloat on this subject, that I cannot help conceiving to be both ruinous and wrong. I shall not despair of producing my own convictions on this subject, with that portion of my readers, who think with me, that every war of mere ambition, aggression, or aggrandisement, is an evil both hateful and degrading, who think it a nuisance that ought to be abated, and who abominate every thing appertaining thereto, or connected therewith. Considered in the abstract, and unconnected with all veivs of the causes for which it may be undertaken, surely war is an evil that none but a misanthrope could conscientiously rejoice in, or consistently promote. But all men think not thus; there are minds, and powerful ones too, endowed with a right feeling, on every other subject, who seem to labour under some mental hallucination on this. In the first place, I am so unfortunate as not to be able to discover those marvellous efforts of talent, gigantic combinations of power, and exundant fertility of resource, which some would persuade us are essential to great commanders, and confined to them alone.* But setting aside the truism, that fortune,

* With the exception of Victor, Marmont, and Suchet, all the modern French generals have been men of no very splendid intellectual or ascetic endowments; the rudiments of all they know, they seem to have gained in the ranks, and to have gleaned all their talents, in the

though blind, has often led the most sharp sighted hero to that victory which he would have lost without her, what qualities are there in a conqueror, which have not been held in common by the captain of a smuggler's crew, or a chief of banditti; the powers of these latter have been exhibited on a narrower stage, rewarded by a less illustrious exaltation, and recorded in a more inglorious calendar. With some few excep-

field wherein they were exerted. In *one* respect these men were superior to their master, but it was on a point where courage was more prominent than talent; they said to their soldiers, "*come on.*" Their master sometimes contented himself with saying, "*go on.*" Napoleon himself had great talent, and to deny him this would be a gross libel on mankind; it would be no less than an admission that all Europe had for fourteen years been outfought in the field, and outwitted in the cabinet, by a blockhead. But when we have allowed him talent, we have allowed him all that he deserves. I confess there is one thing that excites in me the greatest astonishment, which causes me to wonder with exceeding wonder, "*μεγαλω θαυματι θαυματιζομενος,*" and that is the circumstance that any lover of rational liberty, or constitutional freedom throughout the whole civilized world, should be found in the list of this man's admirers. To every thing connected with freedom he was the most systematic and deliberate foe that ever existed upon the face of the earth. No human being was ever entrusted with such ample means, and brilliant opportunities of establishing his own true glory and the solid happiness of others; and where can history point out one that so foully perverted them to his own disgrace, and the misery of his fellow men. He has been described by one who witnessed only the commencement of his career, as the "*child and champion of Jacobinism,*" but if he were the child of Jacobinism, he was the *champion of Despotism*, and those who wished to rivet the chains of slavery, chose a paradoxical mode of forwarding the work, by opposing the workman. This therefore is the man whom I cannot find it in my heart, either to pity, or to praise. Are we to praise him for that *suicidal selfishness* that dictated his treachery to Spain, and his march to Moscow? are we to pity him because having ceased to be a field-officer, he could not begin to be a philosopher, but having books to read, ample matter to reflect upon, men to talk to, women to trifle with, horses to ride, and equipages to command, he died at last of ennui upon a rock, from a cause not the most likely to excite the sympathy of the patriot, nor the regret of the philanthropist? it was this,—that Europe would not supply him with any more threats to cut, or provinces to plunder.

tions he is the ablest general, that can practise the greatest deceit, and support it by the greatest violence; who can best develope the designs of others, and best conceal his own; who can best enact both parts of hypocrisy, by simulating to be what he is not, and dissembling that which he is; persuading his adversary that he is most strong when he is most weak, and most weak, when he is in fact most strong. He is not to be over scrupulous as to the justice of his cause, for might is his right, and artillery his argument; with the make-weight of courage thrown into the scale, there are few requisites for a Jonathan Wild, or a Turpin, that are not equally necessary for a Tippoo, or a Tamerlane. The difference is less in the *things*, than in the names. Thus the callous effrontery of the one, becomes the coolest presence of mind in the other, fraud is dignified by the title of skill, and robbery with that of requisition. To plot the death of an individual is a conspiracy, but to confederate to destroy a people, is a coalition; and pillage and murder seem to lose their horrors, in precise proportion to the magnitude of their scale, and the multitude of their victims. But a consummate captain must have courage, or at least be thought to have it, for courage, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and he is by common consent allowed to sport with the lives of others, who is supposed to have no value for his own. But the time is fast approaching with the many, and *now is* with the few, when mere military talent, *abstractedly* considered, and without any reference to the ends for which it be displayed, will hardly secure its possessor, a glory more long lived than a gazette, or a memorial more splendid than a sign-post. The fact is that posterity has and will appreciate the merit of great commanders, not by the skill with which they have handled their tools, but by the uses to which they have applied them. But suppose we were to grant that the art of cutting throats *were* a very difficult art, yet even then the merits of this art must be measured, not by its difficulty, but by its utility; and the value of the remedy must be adjusted by the propriety of the application; but in resorting to such a remedy as war, I

suspect it will be found that all the difficulties of such phlebotomy belong to the patient, but the facilities to the surgeon. Mere martial glory, independent of all considerations as to the necessity and the justice of our arms, is now fast descending, with many other worn out fooleries, to the tomb of all the Capulets, where attended by bankrupt agents, disgorged contractors, and starving commissaries, let us pray that with all due military honours, it may be speedily buried and embalmed; let hireling poets indite its dirge, and meddling monks say masses for its soul. All wars of interference arising from an officious intrusion into the concerns of other states, all wars of ambition carried on for the purposes of aggrandizement, and all wars of aggression undertaken for the purpose of forcing an assent to this or that set of religious opinions, all such wars are criminal in their very outset, and have *hypocrisy* for their common base. First there is the hypocrisy of encumbering our neighbour with an officiousness of help, that pretends his good, but means our own; then there is the hypocrisy of ambition, where some restless and grasping potentate, knowing that he is about to injure and insult, puts forth a jesuitical preamble, purporting that he himself has been first insulted, and injured; but nations have the justest cause to feel a fear that is real, when such begin to express a fear that is feigned. Then comes the hypocrisy of those who would persuade us that to kill, burn, and destroy, for conscience sake, is an acceptable service, and that religion is to be supported by trampling under foot those primary principles of love, charity and forbearance, without which it were better to have none. Lastly comes a minor and subordinate hypocrisy, common to the three kinds I have stated above; I mean that of those who pretend most deeply to deplore the miseries of war, and who even weep over them, with the tears of the crocodile, but who will not put a stop to war, although they have the means, because they find their own private account in continuing it, from the emoluments it bestows, and from the patronage it confers. Like Fabius, they also *profit by delay*,

‘cunctando restituere rem,’ but they do so with a very different motive, not to restore the shattered fortunes of their country, but their own. Neither must we forget, in this view of our subject, the raw and ignorant recruit, whom to delude and to kidnap, a whole system of fraud and hypocrisy is marshalled out and arrayed; The grim idol of war is tricked out and flounced in all the colours of the rainbow, the neighing steed awaits her nod, music attends her footsteps, and jollity caters at her board; but no sooner is the sickle exchanged for the sword, and the fell contract signed, than he finds that this Bellona whom he had wooed as a goddess in courtship, turns out to be a dæmon in possession, that terror is her constant purveyor, and that her alternate caterers are privation and waste; that her sojourn is with the slain, and her abode with the pestilence, that her fascinations are more fatal than those of the basilisk, that her brightest smile is danger, and that her warmest embrace is death. But we are told that civilization marches in the rear of conquest, and that barbarous nations have received this boon at least, from the refined and polished blades of their victors. But this argument in favour of war, may I trust, be neutralized, by the consideration that the strongest hands have not always been united to the brightest heads; for the rudest nations have in their turn retaliated on the most refined, and from a darkness more dense than that of Egypt, the thunderbolt of victory has been elicited, as the brightest lightning from the blackest cloud. Greece has twice surrendered her independence and her liberties to masters in every thing, but force far inferior to herself; the first treated her as a mistress, the second as a slave. And imperial Rome* herself, in her

* “No Freedom no, I will not tell

How Rome, before thy weeping face

With heaviest sound a Giant Statue fell;

Pushed by a wild and artless race

From off its wide ambitious base:

When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,

And every blended work of strength and grace,

high and palmy state when in the proudest possession of all the arts of *each* Minerva, was doomed in her turn to be the prey of a savage horde that despised both, and studied neither. But if the argument I am combating ever had any force, it could only have been when knowledge was in its infancy, and the world in its childhood. The general spread of civilization, by commerce, the sciences, and the arts, those legitimate daughters not of war but of peace, not of the vulture, but of the halcyon, these are the blessings that will make the hardest advocate shrink from recommending warfare as a *present* instrument of civilization; particularly in an era that presents us with means far more grateful, elegant, and efficacious, an era when we have the safety-lamp of science to resort to, a lamp that gives us all the light, but none of the conflagration. In fact the demoralizing tendencies of war are so notorious, that to insist upon them would be to insult the understanding of my readers, and to purchase refinement at the expence of virtue, would be to purchase tinsel at the price of gold. The most peace-loving minister that ever governed the affairs of a nation, decidedly declared, that even the most successful war often left a people more poor, always more profligate than it found them. Where a nation rises with one consent to shake off the yoke of oppression either from within or from without, all *fair* concessions having been proposed *in vain*, here indeed we have a motive that both dignifies the effort, and consecrates the success; here indeed the most peaceable sect of the most peaceable religion might conscientiously combine. But alas how few wars have been justified by such a principle, and how few warriors by such a plea; and when they have, how unfortunate have they usually been in the choice of their leaders; in the motley mob of conquerors, and of captains how few Washingtons or Alfreds shall we find. The children

With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a savage yell to thousand fragments broke."

Collins' Ode to Freedom.

of those days, when the world was *young*, rude as the times they lived in, and rash at once from ignorance and from inexperience, amused themselves with the toys and the trumpets, the gewgaws and the glitter of war. But we who live in the maturity of things, who to the knowledge of the present, add a retrospection of the past, we who alone can fairly be termed *the antients*, or be said to live in the *olden time*, we, I trust, are no longer to be deluded or befooled by this brilliant but baleful meteor, composed of visionary good, but of substantial evil. We live in the manhood and in the fullness of time, and the triumphs of truth and of reason, triumphs bright as bloodless, these are the proper business and the boast of those, who having put away childish things, are becoming men. There are some that with oracular gravity will inform us, that as wars have ever been, they must on that account continue to be; but they might as well assert that the imbecillity and ignorance that marked the conduct of our forefathers, those antient *moderns*, who lived in the infancy of the world, and in the childhood of time, must and doth exist at present, because it existed then. With one solitary exception, *all warfare is built upon hypocrisy, acting upon ignorance*; ignorance it was that lent success to Mahomet's miracles, and to Cromwell's cant. For lack of knowledge a people is destroyed, and knowledge *alone* it is, that is worthy of holding the *freest* minds in the firmest thralldom. Unlike those of the warrior, the triumphs of knowledge derive all their lustre, not from the evil they have produced, but from the good; *her* successes and *her* conquests are the common property of the world, and succeeding ages will be the watchful guardians of the rich legacies she bequeaths. But the trophies and the titles of the conqueror are on the quick march to oblivion, and amid that desolation where they were planted, will decay. For what are the triumphs of war,* planned by ambition, exe-

* Speaking of the conqueror, the inspired writer observes that "*before him the land is as the Garden of Eden, behind him as the desolate wilder-*

cuted by violence, and consummated by devastation, the means are the sacrifice of the many, the end, the bloated aggrandizement of the few. Knowledge has put a stop to chivalry, as she one day will to war, and Cervantes has laughed out of the field those self-constituted legislators that carried the *sword* but not the *scales* of justice, and who were mounted and mailed. I am no advocate for a return of this state of things; but when that heroic and chivalric spirit *was* abroad, when men volunteered on dangers for the good of others, without emolument, and laid down the sword when that for which they resorted to it was overcome, then indeed a measure of respect and admiration awaited them, and a feeling, honourable to both parties, was entertained. But is it not both absurd and ridiculous to transfer this respect and esteem to those who make a trade of warfare, and who barter for blood? who are as indifferent as the sword they draw, to the purposes for which it is drawn, who put on the badge of a master, wear his livery, and receive his pay. Where all is mercenary, nothing can be magnanimous: and it is impossible to have the slightest respect for an animated mass of machinery, that moves alike at the voice of a drum, or a despot: a trumpet, or a tyrant: a fife, or a fool.

ness," and that poet who drank deepest of the sacred stream, has the following lines:

" They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault; what do these worthies
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors; who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 Till conqueror Death discovers them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward."

JOHN MILTON,

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REMARKS
ON THE
TALENTS OF LORD BYRON,
AND THE
Tendencies of *Don Juan*.

Aut minus impurus, minus aut jucundus, adesto,
Et minus exundans felle, minusve sale ;
Et culpare tuam, piget et laudare, Camœnam,
Materiem, Dæmon struxit ;---Apollo, Modos.

TRANSLATION.

Or less impure, or less attractive sing,
And less of wit, or less of rancour bring ;
It grieves to reprobate, it grieves to praise,
The Theme a Dæmon lent, a God the Lays.



COMITI DE M

SUMMO INTER GALLOS DUCI,

ET

ERUDITISSIMO REIPUBLICÆ LITERARUM CIVI

C. C. C.—S. D.

TIBI, et Nati et Nobilitate, non minus quam Mavorte et Minervâ, insigni, hoc opusculum inscribo. Minime spero aliquid in his chartis inesse, quod vel delectare poterit, vel prodesse illius ingenio, qui omnia perlegit; quæ perlegit, reminiscitur; quæ reminiscitur, intellexit. Olim inter lituos et tubas congregiebamur; ferebant bella, nihilominus non frigebant Musæ; nec inter Aquilas, Hierosolymitanum illud valedictum conclamabant—“μεταβαίνωμεν.” Mavortia cessit Palas, Apollineæ. Patriam, togatus exornes, quam armatus, defendisti; olim ense, nunc consiliis conspiciendus. Nostri non immemor, Vive, Valeque.

Londini, Nov. 15, An. Sal. 1819.

Remarks

ON

DON JUAN.

IT has been asked why this very extraordinary Poem of Don Juan remains unnoticed, by those on whom this office more peculiarly devolves: *The reasons are known by many, but they will be avowed by none.* This consideration must be my excuse for intruding on a department of literature, which I would willingly have left to abler hands. In fact, I have been more occupied of late, in writing what others may criticise, than in criticising what others may write. This little effort, therefore, is the hasty production of such moments as I could snatch from a much larger undertaking, on the prosecution of which I have expended some time and thought; but to what purpose, others must judge. His Lordship will, in all likelihood, either not read these remarks, or if he does, he will despise them. The contempt however will *not* be reciprocal;—had his Lordship been a puny champion, I would not have selected a shaft from the quiver, nor a *pebble* from the brook. His Lordship will be surprised to find, however, that the opinions here advanced on his poetical achievements, are the general

opinions; should they turn out to be as *just* as they are general, would it then become his Lordship to despise them? I conceive that to be true greatness, which would not be *falsely* accused, for the sake of others; nor *truly*, for its own. I admit that there are a few who think that some of the objectionable parts of Don Juan are reclaimed by others that are both beautiful and faultless. But alas! the poison is general, the antidote particular; the ribaldry and the obscenity will be understood by the *many*; the profundity and the sublimity will be duly appreciated, *only by the few*. We might also add, that as disease is more contagious than health in the natural world, so in the moral, vicious propensities are stronger than those that are virtuous. As his Lordship has threatened us with ten cantos more of Don Juan, in case the two before us should be *favourably* received by the public, I shall relate a little anecdote in hopes that he will profit by the hint it contains. The witty lady L. on being reproved by some one, for having Don Juan in her library, replied, "Oh but you don't see in what good company I have placed him;" on looking again, it was found that her Ladyship had put the volume between Young and Cowper;—"As Don Juan," continued she, "is but a youth as yet, and vastly agreeable, I have put him there, *in hopes of his reformation*."

In the review of so stupendous a subject as the talent of Lord Byron, and so interesting a one as the *tendencies* of such talent, it will be out of my power to confine myself *entirely* to Don Juan; my remarks will sometimes be general, and sometimes particular; never *personal*, except where it is impossible to separate the poet from his theme.

Lord Byron might have been not only the best, but the greatest poet of past or present times, with the exception of Shakspeare alone; he has chosen to be the most mischievous and dangerous without any exception. His Muse possesses the precise quantum of evil, to effect the greatest

possible quantum of harm ; had she more, or had she less, in either case she would not be so destructive ; were her poison more diluted, it would not kill ; were it more concentrated, it would nauseate, and be rejected. The impurity of Rochester is too disgusting to do harm ; the morality of Pope is too neutralized to do good : but the Muse of Byron has mixed her poison with the hand of an adept ; it is proffered in a goblet of chrystal and of gold ; it will please the palate, remain on the stomach, and circulate through the veins.

Truly we live in precious times at present ; we have a Carlisle with his *dram* for the ignorant, and his Lordship with his *liqueur* for the enlightened ; poisons precisely adapted to their respective recipients ; both equally sure, and equally dangerous ; but differing from each other, only as the *grape* from the *grain*, or the *nut* from the *juniper*.

Francis Quarles must have been a prophet, as well as a poet, or he could not thus have fulfilled the *double* office of the *Vates*, and anticipated in the sixteenth century, the glories of the nineteenth ! “ *Redeunt Saturnia Regna !*”

“ Our coblers shall translate their *souls*
 From caves obscure and shady,
 We'll make Tom T—— as good as my Lord,
 And Joan as good as my Lady.
 We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
 Into the Roman *See* ;
 We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
 And hey ! then up go we ! !”

But it is time to return to our subject. Like Shakspeare, who alone has surpassed him, the genius of Lord Byron must not be tried by the established and ordinary canons of criticism. Such writers can make rules, rather than follow them. Like the peaks of Chimborazzo, or Cotopaxa, they rise above all measured distance, and ordinary spectators guess at their height, chiefly by their inability to

arrive at it; they rate them rather by the inferiority of others, which they can ascertain, than by their own elevation, which they cannot. Although men of no talent break through all rules of criticism, only to be laughed at and despised, yet it must be confessed that her scant domain may accord well enough with the regulated and chastised, but subordinate genius of an Addison, and by confining, concentrate it: but a mind like that of a Shakspeare, or a Byron, is restless and impatient of critical control and limitation. "*Æstuat infelix angusto in limine.*" It soars above such barriers, and beyond them, only to secure a more extensive fame, a more exalted admiration; like a horse of the highest blood, true genius never shews itself to such an advantage as in the moment of her escapade from all restraint of rein and of curb.

In the order of succession, poetry certainly preceded all rules and canons about it; and a Homer has made an Aristotle, although an Aristotle has never yet made a Homer. In fact the most brilliant conquests of the poet, no less than of the hero, have been achieved either before rules, or without them. Burns knew but little of Bentley; and Shakspeare, still less of Longinus; and Alexander had conquered the world, long before Polybius had told him how to accomplish it. There are Hannibals in *both* departments, who scorn to learn the art of writing from the commentators, or of fighting from the rhetoricians. The stupendous powers of a Byron can charm not only without all rules of criticism, *and what is far more deplorable, of morality*, but even *against* them. Deep as he has dipped his pen into vice, he has dipped it still deeper into immortality, and he must and will continue to be read and admired, in spite alike of our vituperations, and of his own delinquencies. Alas! we envy him not the fiend-like satisfaction, (if such it be) of shining, only to mislead; of flashing, only to destroy. His beams are a beacon set up by the Genius of evil; a beacon that

would warn us *from* that which is *safe*, only to decoy us *to* that which is *dangerous*; having a false light to amuse, a Syren to allure, a Circe to intoxicate; lest we should perceive that the fatal coast is covered with wrecks. Were we to attempt to illustrate this phænomenon of the intellectual world, by any comparison drawn from the natural, we should depict it as an unclassed and non-descript concreation, that can wallow like the quadruped, or sting like the serpent, or soar like the eagle; producing, however, a sensation of the sublime in the spectators; the invariable effect of that which is at once both beautiful, and terrible, and new.

The invention of printing has given this author's efforts omnipresence, his own invention has insured them durability. He has therefore committed that which he cannot efface, he has uttered that which he cannot recal. "*Fugit irrevocabile verbum.*" How much are such authors to be pitied if they have feeling; how much more if they have none. There is *A Greater Teacher* than any critic, and a sterner one too; there is an awful moment when such a monitor might whisper: "You have manifested the possession of the highest talent, only by the lowest perversion of it; and as far as this world is concerned; whatever may be the measure of your remorse, or the paroxysms of your despair, two inexorable necessities now await you; one part of you is going where it must cease to benefit your fellow men; another part of you *must remain*, where it cannot cease to injure them."

The poem opens with some very vapid and inharmonious lines, not at all unworthy of the meere driveller of the day; all that we can discover from them is, that his Lordship has a very comfortable contempt for the whole herd of Heroes and of Conquerors, "*Who filled their sign-posts then, as Wellesley now,*" and whom his Lordship can hardly pardon, for occupying some little of that public attention

which he would so willingly engross to himself. “*Virum
volitare per ora* :—

I.

“ I want a hero : an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one ;
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I’ll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan,
We all have seen him in the Pantomime
Sent to the devil, somewhat ere his time.

II.

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their title of talk,
And fill’d their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now ;
Each in their turn like Banquo’s monarchs stalk,
Followers of fame, “ nine farrow ” of that sow :
France, too, had Buonaparte and Dumourier,
Recorded in the Moniteur and Courier.

III.

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,
Petion, Cloodt, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,
Were French, and famous people, as we know ;
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Dessaix, Moreau,
With many of the military set,
Exceedingly remarkable at times,
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

IV.

Nelson was once Britannia’s god of war,
And still should be so, but the tide is turn’d ;
There’s no more to be said of Trafalgar,
’Tis with our hero quietly inurn’d :
Because the army’s grown more popular,
At which the naval people are concern’d :
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.”

The absurdity of the two last lines of our quotation will be evident to all our readers ; the complaint they would

insinuate against a certain Illustrious Personage, is both misapplied, mistimed, and misplaced : but this comes of writing satires in Italy,

“ On ‘ *Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,*’

Yet sometimes dare to venture on ‘ *the dangers of the seas.*’ ”

After a few more of his Lordship’s usual preliminary sarcasms, “ *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis,*” we enter on those three important particulars, equally necessary in the developement of the hero, as of the highwayman ; namely, the birth, parentage, and education of Don Juan. We shall hereafter find that his Lordship fits him out for his voyage through life, with a plentiful scarcity of principle, which defect is however made up, by a compensating *quantum* of courage. The personal endowments of vigour and of form, belong to Don Juan, of course, by the hereditary right of all heroes, from the Achilles of Homer, down to the Lucifer of Milton. In fact his Lordship’s receipt for a hero is both a short, and a strong one ; but he has cast *so many* from the *same* crucible, that we are almost tired of them : his receipt would seem to be this ;—Let your hero have no value for his own life, soul, or character ; and on the strength of this, let him be privileged to make as free as he pleases with the lives, souls, and characters of others. *Secundum artem poeticam fiat heros.*

Now it is difficult to say which writer is the most dangerous, and which pen the most demoralising ; that which makes vice respectable, or, that which makes virtue ridiculous. His Lordship has saved us the trouble of the solution, as far at least as relates to himself ; for he has uniformly attempted both. As the darkest vice will be in some degree redeemed and rescued from our utter contempt, if surrounded by qualities that are brilliant and imposing ; so also the highest virtue will hardly bear to be associated with circumstances

that are degrading and familiar, without risk of losing something of our reverence, and our esteem. In the splendour of a brave despair it is, that we lose sight for a moment of the revolting villanies of a Macbeth, or a Richard; and on the contrary, although Socrates was equally calm and resigned, when he received the contents of Xantippe's utensil, as when he accepted the poisoned bowl of the Areopagus, yet we find it as difficult to refrain from a smile in the one case, as from a tear in the other. Courage, therefore, either *physical*, in despising all danger, or *moral*, in despising all opinion, seems to be that cardinal virtue in the poetical creed of his Lordship, which, like charity in the creed of the Christian, is *supposed* to cover a multitude of sins. But the conclusion is as *false* in the *one* case, as in the *other*; for the true meaning of the scriptural passage happens to be, that charity covers a multitude of sins in *other people*, not in *ourselves*; and as to that courage which his Lordship has invariably given his heroes, as a compensation for so many defects; it is manifest that this quality abstractedly considered, must be a negative one. For although mere courage will make a good man better, it invariably makes a bad man worse. This quality is to the mind just what the manure is to the soil; *it will increase the crop*; but whether it be of *thorns* or of *thistles*, or of *wheat* and of *wine*, will depend not on the manure that is spread, but on the seed that is sown.

We come now to the parentage and education of Don Juan. Such subjects give ample scope to his Lordship's Muse, to disport herself either in the *narrow* nooks, and *crooked* creeks of private scandal, or in the more enlarged sea of public animadversion. "*In utrumque paratus*" We shall not gratify his Lordship by withdrawing the veil from the character of Donna Inez, the mother of Don Juan. His readers will form their own conclusions, which I fear will not be the most creditable to his Lord-

ship. Even in the little animosities of the married state, there is something sacred and hallowed from the profanation of publicity, into which present readers ought not, and future readers will not intrude, nor inquire. In this unfortunate rupture, there is much that is paradoxical, of which this circumstance is not the least, that all the strength and the dignity of the quarrel happens to be on the side of the *weaker vessel*, and all the irritability and the infirmity on that of the *stronger*. We shall willingly recommend it to his Lordship to dismiss this subject from all his future lucubrations; it is a subject which the present age cannot but despise, and which posterity cannot but neglect. "*Solvantur tabulæ.*" Had he confined himself to this theme alone, "*Si sic omnia,*" I should not have promised to his Muse a longer existence than Pope assigned to the numbers of Settle. There are some pairs so ill assorted, that we ought to be more surprised at their *union*, than their *separation*; perhaps, the enigmatical part of this domestic division, might be explained, by observing that the *mathematics*, and what his Lordship would term *methodism*, were two things not likely to amalgamate the most happily with *poetry* and with *infidelity*. The *angles* of the first might appear to his Lordship to be too pointed and proximate; and the *angels* of the other too obscure and remote. But there are other *angels* of a more solid kind, which sometimes have *weight*; for Cupid can tip his darts with gold as often as with love, and sometimes with both; in which case, Hudibras seems to think they are irresistible:

- " 'Tis true no lover has the power
- " To enforce a desperate amour,
- " As he that has two strings to his bow,
- " And burns for love and money too;
- " For then he's brave and resolute,
- " Disdains to render in his suit,
- " Has all his flames and passions double,
- " And hangs or drowns with half the trouble."

We shall now quote the principal features in the character of Donna Inez, the mother of Don Juan.

X.

“ His mother was a learned lady, famed
 For every branch of every science known---
 In every christian language ever named,
 With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,
 She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
 And even the good with inward envy groan.
 Finding themselves so very much exceeded
 In their own way by all the things that she did.

XI.

Her memory was a mine : she knew by heart
 All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
 So that if any actor miss'd his part.
 She could have served him for a prompter's copy ;
 For her Feinagle's were an useless art,
 And he himself obliged to shut up shop---he
 Could never make a memory so fine as
 That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.

XII.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,
 Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
 Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
 Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity ;
 In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
 A prodigy---her morning dress was dimity,
 Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
 And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

His lordship now begins to fear that he has given the Donna Inez too many accomplishments ; he therefore attempts to make his *irony* more biting, by slyly insinuating, that in his own private opinion, she was but a smatterer ; a slight knowledge of the Hebrew, is made the vehicle of no small quantum of blasphemy.

The fifteenth stanza is rather paradoxical; it is at once the most *obscure*, and the most *luminous* in the whole poem; *for it is composed entirely of stars!!* We presume therefore that this poetical *constellation*, like some of the *celestial*, contained *so many monsters*, that it *frightened* even his editor; who, if we may judge from what he has ventured to publish, is a man not to be alarmed by *trifles*.

XVI.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or "Cœlebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,
To others' share let "female errors fall,"
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

XVII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—
Of any modern female saint's comparison;
So far above the cunning powers of hell,
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;
Even her minutest motions went as well
As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

XVIII.

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Inspid in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learned to kiss,
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence and bliss,
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours)
Don Jose, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruits without her leave.

XIX.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dream'd his lady was concern'd:

The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
 To see a kingdom or a house o'turned,
 Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said *two*,
 But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

XX.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
 A great opinion of her own good qualities ;
 Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
 And such, indeed, she was in her moralities ;
 But then she had a devil of a spirit,
 And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
 And let few opportunities escape
 Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

XXI.

This was an easy matter with a man
 Oft in the wrong, and never on his guard ;
 And even the wisest do the best they can,
 Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,
 That you might " brain them with their lady's fan ;"
 And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
 And fans turn into faulchions in fair hands,
 And why and wherefore no one understands.

XXII.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
 With persons of no sort of education,
 Or gentlemen, who, though well-born, and bred,
 Grow tired of scientific conversation :
 I don't choose to say much upon this head,
 I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
 But—Oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
 Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all ?"

Forgetting, if we can, the paltry purpose for which these stanzas are composed, and looking more to their manner and their matter, than to their malignity, we must confess that they are a master piece of their kind. In the whole compass of the English language, it would be difficult to find any thing more cutting and sarcastic, combining so much ease with so much strength, and so much acrimony with so much elegance. Words are so completely at the command of the poet, that he can perform as many tricks

with them, as a juggler with his balls. Playful or serious, volatile or profound, he never quits us till he has accomplished his object, of making us, *for the moment*, despise that which we were predetermined *not* to despise, and even *ourselves* in the bargain, for being *possessed*, as it were, and overruled by the witchery of that genius, which we would gladly execrate, but are necessitated to extol.

The last stanza of our quotation will require some particular remarks. It forms the conclusion of a long diatribe on those ladies (whose *Nom de Guerre* perhaps is *The Blues*,) who have dared to leave the solid accomplishments of pies and of puddings, in order to prepare for their liege lords the more refined and less cloying banquet of intellect and of mind. This seems to be a crying sin in the opinion of his Lordship, whose ideas of women (as of Paradise) are rather of Turkish than of European origin, since he would gladly barter away their souls, to purchase for his idols some additional fascinations of body. But his Lordship cannot be ignorant, that a high tone of intellectual improvement in the female, is the securest and the surest guarantee to society, for a similar and corresponding advancement in the male. In our youth we are ignorant from *idleness*; and we continue so in our manhood from *pride*; we are ashamed to ask for information. But if society constantly threw us into the company of well educated women, this very pride would prevent that ignorance which it at present confirms; we should be ashamed of an inferiority that wounded us in so tender a part, and should vigorously exert ourselves to deserve that consideration from the softer sex, which it is impossible for the most unambitious mind not to desire, or the most insensible to despise. Our gentlemen would immediately cease to be less knowing than their *grooms*, less docile than their *dogs*, and worse disciplined than their *horses*. We therefore hail with the sincerest delight every spark and ray of improvement in the female mind, as the day-star

and precursor of an increase of intellectual light and brilliance in the male; and we solemnly protest against every effort to depreciate or to decry female attainment, as the *avant-courier* of a state of sensuality and barbarism; and we think the attempt only the more dangerous and deplorable, the more of talent we see employed by him that undertakes it. “*Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.*” I shall close this part of my subject, with a quotation from a French writer of profound observation and admitted ability. “Let us observe,” says Bayle, in his article on Boccacio, “that no writers slander the fair sex so much, as those who have most frequented, and loved, and idolized it! and therefore women ought to mind their slanders but little; they are proofs of their empire; the murmurings of a slave, who feels the weight of his chains; or in his liberty sees the marks of his servitude remaining on his body.”

XLI.

“His classic studies made a little puzzle,
Because of filthy loves of gods and goddesses,
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,
But never put on pantaloons or boddices;
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,
And for their *Æneids*, *Iliads*, and *Odysseys*,
Were forced to make an odd sort of apology,
For Donna Inez dreaded the mythology.

XLII.

Ovid’s a rake, as half his verses shew him,
Anacreon’s morals are a still worse sample,
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,
I don’t think Sappho’s Ode a good example;
Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn
Where the sublime soars forth on wings more ample;
But Virgil’s songs are pure, except that horrid one
Beginning with ‘*Formosum Pastor Corydon.*’

XLIII.

Lucretius’ irreligion is too strong
For early stomachs, to prove wholesome food;
I can’t help thinking Juvenal was wrong,
Although no doubt his real intent was good,

For speaking out so plainly in his song,
 So much indeed as to be downright rude ;
 And then what proper person can be partial
 To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial ?

XLIV.

Juan was taught from out the best edition,
 Expurgated by learned men, who place,
 Judiciously from out the schoolboy's vision,
 The grosser parts : but fearful to deface
 Too much their modest bard by this omission,
 And pitying sore his mutilated case,
 They only add them all in an appendix,
 Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an index ;

XLV.

For there we have them all at one fell swoop,
 Instead of being scatter'd through the pages ;
 They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome troop,
 To meet the ingenuous youth of future ages,
 Till some less rigid editor shall stoop
 To call them back into their separate cages,
 Instead of standing staring altogether,
 Like garden gods—and not so decent either."

In the stanzas quoted above, our system of education becomes the object of attack, and a single unfortunate edition of Martial is made the basis of a general satire, in which the superstructure is much too wide for the foundation, and, like an inverted pyramid, it is not calculated to resist much opposition. In fact, his Lordship has here displayed more flippancy than philosophy, more wit than penetration, and more *temerity* than either. We will concede to his Lordship, that some of the ancients have passages that are as seductive and dangerous to others, as they are disgraceful to themselves ; and that the rays of their genius, like the beams of the sun, have produced some things that are poisonous amidst an exuberance of that which is salutary ; but we read them, for those "spoils of time," the treasures of history and of knowledge that they contain ; we read them for the sake of their enlarged conceptions and profound

remarks; for the strength and the elegance of their compositions; for those grand and lofty aspirings, in which we trace at once the hope and the pledge of their immortality. But surely this attack on the morality of the ancient writers comes with a very ill grace from one who has given us as much impurity, with much *more* blasphemy, and far *less* erudition; a blasphemy too that is both uncalled for and gratuitous, inasmuch as it is directed against a system so pure and spiritual, that it surpassed even the conception of the finest minds of antiquity, "*such knowledge was too wonderful for them, they could not attain unto it.*" His Lordship accuses the ancients of impurity, while his own writings contain all their poison, but none of *their* antidote. "*Clodius accusat mæchos, Catilina, Cethegum.*" Surely this is an accusation rather awkwardly advanced, by one who has spent so great a part of his life in tricking out a Muse, who is at best but an *harlot*; who, having allured us to the garden of his sensuality, would fain have us walk amidst its precipices and its pitfalls, lighted up only by the torches of a lust that is disgusting, and the flashes of a wit that is obscene; while he himself, as grand master of the orgies, stands calmly by to predict our fall, and with a Satanic sneer to exult over our humiliation.

LXXIX.

"And then there are such things as love divine,
 Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and pure,
 Such as the angels think so very fine,
 And matrons, who would be no less secure;
 Platonic, perfect, 'just such love as mine;'
 Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure,
 And so I'd have her think, were I the man
 On whom her reveries celestial ran.

LXXX.

Such love is innocent, and may exist
 Between young persons without any danger,
 A hand may first, and then a lip be kist;
 For my part, to such doings I'm a stranger,

But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost list
 Of all o'er which such love may be a ranger ;
 If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,
 But not my fault---I tell them all in time.

LXXXI.

Love then, but love within its proper limits,
 Was Julia's innocent determination
 In young Don Juan's favour, and to him its
 Exertion might be useful on occasion ;
 And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
 Etherial lustre, with what sweet persuasion
 He might be taught, by love and her together---
 I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII.

Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
 In mail of proof---her purity of soul,
 She, for the future of her strength convinced,
 And that her honour was a rock, or mole,
 Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
 With any kind of troublesome controul ;
 But whether Julia to the task was equal
 Is that which must be mention'd in the sequel."

In this description of the struggles and the workings of Donna Julia's mind with respect to Don Juan, previously to their first and mutual transgression, his Lordship displays a most consummate knowledge of all the mere subtle and refined self-delusions of the human heart. This is perhaps the least objectionable part of the poem, since all who chuse to avoid the beginnings of evil, the "*sceleris primordia*:" all who know the weakness of reason, and the strength of passion, may profit by the catastrophe of this amour. But in the subsequent description of Donna Julia's delinquency, his Muse has lost again, what little she had gained in the approbation of the moralist. As this poem unfortunately is in every one's hands, it is perhaps unnecessary to say that the Donna Julia is at length surprised in her bed-room, under circumstances extremely awkward, by her own husband and a whole

posse comitatus of attendants, well supplied with flambeaux, torches, and weapons of all descriptions. The lady, however, is more than a match for all this formidable array; and by the brilliance of her wit, and the *presence of her mind*, bids fair to prove *the absence of her lover*, and to gain a most complete victory, when an unforeseen little incident, no more nor less than the shoe of Don Juan, snatches the triumph from the hands of the fair delinquent, in the very moment of her attaining it. We must however admit that she conducts her own defence so inimitably, that whatever might be her fate in Doctors' Commons, or in *Banco Regis*, we should assure her a favourable verdict in the Court of Parnassus, were Apollo the judge, and the *three* Graces, with the *nine* Muses, the jury.

- “ Now Julia found at length a voice, and cried,
 “ In heaven's name, Don-Alfonso, what d'ye mean ?
 “ Has madness seized you ? would that I had died
 “ Ere such a monster's victim I had been !
 “ What may this midnight violence betide,
 “ A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen ?
 “ Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would kill !
 “ Search then, the room !—Alfonso said, ‘ I will.’

CXLIII.

He search'd, *they* search'd, and rummaged every where,
 Closet and clothes'-press, chest and window-seat,
 And found much linen, lace, and several pair
 Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs, complete,
 With other articles of ladies fair,
 To keep them beautiful or leave them neat :
 Arras they prick'd and curtains with their swords,
 And wounded several shutters, and some boards.

CXLIV.

Under the bed they search'd, and there they found---
 No matter what---it was not what they sought ;
 They open'd windows, gazing if the ground
 Had signs or footmarks, but the earth said nought ;

And then they stared each others' faces round :

'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers thought,
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,
Of looking in the bed as well as under.

CXLV.

During this inquisition Julia's tongue

Was not asleep—"Yes, search and search," she cried,
"Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong ;
"It was for this that I became a bride !
"For this in silence I have suffer'd long
"A husband like Alfonso at my side ;
"But now I'll hear no more, nor here remain,
"If there be law, or lawyers, in all Spain.

CXLVI.

"Yes, Don Alfonso ! husband now no more,
"If ever you indeed deserved the name,
"Is't worthy of your years ?—you have threescore,
"Fifty, or sixty---it is all the same—
"Is't wise or fitting causeless to explore
"For facts against a virtuous woman's fame ?
"Ungrateful, purjur'd, barbarous Don Alfonso,
"How dare you think your lady would go on so ?

CXLVII.

"Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold
"The common privileges of my sex ?
"That I have chosen a confessor so old
"And deaf, that any other it would vex,
"And never once he has had cause to scold,
"But found my very innocence perplex
"So much, he always doubted I was married--
"How sorry you will be when I've miscarried !

CXLVIII.

"Was it for this that no Cortejo ere
"I yet have chosen from out the youth of Seville ?
"Is it for this I scarce went any where,
"Except to bull-fights, mass, play rout, and revel ?
"Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,
"I favour'd none---nay, was almost uncivil ?
"Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,
"Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely ?

CXLIX.

- " Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani
 " Sing at my heart six months at least in vain ?
 " Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,
 " Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain ?
 " Were there not also Russians, English, many ?
 " The Count Strongstoganoff I put in pain,
 " And Lord Mount Coffee-house, the Irish Peer,
 " Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last year.

CI.

- " Have I not had two bishops at my feet ?
 " The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan Nunez,
 " And is it thus a faithful wife you treat ?
 " I wonder in what quarter now the moon is :
 " I praise your vast forbearance not to beat
 " Me also, since the time so opportune is—
 " Oh, valiant man ! with sword drawn and cock'd trigger,
 " Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty figure ?

CLI.

- " Was it for this you took your sudden journey,
 " Under pretence of business indispensable
 " With that sublime of rascals your attorney,
 " Whom I see standing there, and looking sensible
 " Of having play'd the fool ? though both I spurn, he
 " Deserves the worst, his conduct's less defensible,
 " Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,
 " And not from any love for you nor me."

The unlucky incident of the shoe, followed up by the discovery and flight of her lover, were astounding facts that neither the wit nor the eloquence of Donna Julia could overcome. She retires to a nunnery, and writes a letter to Don Juan, quite equal *in its way* to the celebrated epistle of Eloisa. I shall quote one stanza, for the benefit of all ladies exposed to similar temptations.

CXCIV.

- " Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 " 'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range
 " The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart ;
 " Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange

Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart ;
 " And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;
 " Men have all these resources, we but one,
 " To love again, and be again undone. " "

After the receipt of Donna Julia's letter, we hear no more of Don Juan in this Canto ; having caused a divorce at the age of sixteen, he may be allowed a little breathing time before he sets out in his travels.

His Lordship next takes a cursory review of his brother poets ; but this author's poetry, like the prose of Voltaire, is indebted for much of its pungency, not to the attic salt alone, but to a spice or two of blasphemy scattered up and down, and here and there, with no sparing hand.

CCIV.

If ever I should condescend to prose,
 I'll write poetical commandments, which
 Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those
 That went before : in these I shall enrich
 My text with many things that no one knows,
 And carry precept to the highest pitch :
 I'll call the work ' Longinus o'er a Bottle,
 Or, Every Poet his *own* Aristotle.'

CCV.

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope ;
 Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey ;
 Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
 The second drunk, the third both quaint and mouthy
 With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,
 And Campbell's Hippocrene is somewhat drouthy :
 Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers, nor
 Commit flirtation with the Muse of Moore.

CCVI.

'Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,
 His Pegasus, nor any thing that's his ;
 Thou shalt not bear false witness like ' the Blues,
 (There's one, at least, is very fond of this)
 Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose ;
 This is true criticism, and you may kiss---
 Exactly as you please, or not, the rod,
 But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G---d !'

These gentlemen are here treated cavalierly enough by his Lordship, but as they have the power to defend themselves, and as no one ever yet suspected that "*genus irritabile*" of the want of a will to do so, I shall leave them to draw their pens, and shed their ink, at their own discretion. Compared with his Lordship they may not be "*cantare pares*," but none will doubt that they are "*respondere parati*."

CCXVIII.

"What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper :
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
 Whose summit, like all hills, are lost in vapour ;
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
 And bards burn what they call their ' midnight taper,'
 To have, when the original is dust,
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

The reflections contained in this stanza are as pure as they are beautiful ; fame is indeed a bubble ; but can his Lordship sincerely think so, when he has *paid so tremendous a price to obtain it* ! What are the sacrifices of time, or of health, or of money, or even of life ? They weigh but as the dust in the balance, when compared with those awful and eternal interests which he has surrendered up as a burnt sacrifice, at the shrine of that idol which he here pronounces to be so unworthy of his adoration. Alas ! the idolator is as blind as the idol, and the time may come when he may wish that he were as *perishable* too !

The second canto opens with a recommendation to the respective pedagogues of all nations, vigorously to act the part of Horace's Orbilius, and to flog their pupils well. We rather suspect that his Lordship now feels in himself the *effect* of this *defect* ; for, we may say with Polonius, that, "*this effect defective comes by cause* ;" and our author is not without some few signs and symptoms of that irritable and wayward being 'yclep'd a spoilt child. He next proceeds

to account for that which seems to have puzzled the tutors of Don Juan :—

“ A youth of sixteen, causing a divorce,

“ Puzzled his tutors very much of course.”

Having settled this point, he indulges us with a choice *morceau* of his Pyrrhonian, or, if you please, *Byronian* philosophy; for be it known, that his Lordship can philosophise at times, and even moralize too; for in the last stanza of the last canto of Harold, he leaves a remarkable legacy to his readers, “ *The moral of the tale:*” he leaves it *to all who can find it*; but this valuable legacy, like the Irishman’s property in Tipperary, seems to be so well secured, that his Lordship has not yet been able to get at it himself.

IV.

“ Well—well, the world must turn upon its axis,
And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails,
And live and die, make love and pay our taxes,
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our sails;
The king commands us, and the doctor quacks us,
The priest instructs, and so our life exhales,
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.”

Don Juan is now dispatched by his mother from the scene of his late intrigue, and shipped off from Cadiz for a course of four years’ travel. His establishment consists of a favourite spaniel; a valet, to take care that no one shall cheat his master, but himself; a tutor, to furnish his head with *new* ideas, and his table with *old* wine; and a letter of advice from his mother, which was presented, but not *perused*; with two or three letters of credit, which were *perused*, but *not* presented. His destination is from Cadiz to Leghorn, but they encounter a terrible hurricane, which sinks the ship in the gulf of Lyons, after which some few of the sailors take to the boats, with Juan, his valet, and his tutor. Their sufferings, protracted by *Cannibalism*,

terminate at last, by their only remaining boat being dashed to pieces on the breakers, and Juan remains the sole survivor of the whole crew; thrown upon the beach by the surf, half naked, starved, and in a state of insensibility, "*Vivit, at est vitæ nescius ipse suæ.*"

The place on which he is cast, happens to be one of the wilder and smaller Cyclades, tenanted by an old Greek, who had amassed immense treasures by piracy, and who had an only daughter called Haidee, "the greatest heiress of the Grecian Isles."

CVIII.

"There breathless with his digging nails he clung
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave :
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain,
And deem that it was saved perhaps in vain.

CX.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast
And down he sunk ; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses passed :
He fell upon his side, and his stretched hand
Droop'd dripping on the oar, (their jury-mast)
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay."

In this situation he is discovered by Haidee and her maid ; here the usual style of these things is reversed, as the lady saves the life of her lover ; after which our hero enters upon intrigue the second, which terminates in his Lordship's usual manner.

It is manifest that this story combines within itself every capability for the display of genius, and allows the fullest scope to his Lordship's most versatile and extraordinary powers. Here therefore is selfishness, for his sarcasms ;

love, for his licentiousness ; superstition, for his ribaldry ; and danger, despair, and death, for his sublimities.

“ *Quicquid habent Veneres Venerûm, Charitesve Leporûm ;*
 “ *Quicquid Musa Joci, quicquid Apollo Salis,*”

“ *Words that breathe, and thoughts that burn ;*” all that is attractive, or terrible, or revolting, is here scattered before us, with the most prodigal vivacity of youth, and the profoundest experience of age. Much is misapplied, still more is misplaced ; but omnipotent genius presides over this chaos of wonders, and secure in her own resources, despises alike the censure and the praise of those who are permitted to see, rather than to comprehend, the marvellous creations of her will. This story of the shipwreck, in fact, is the principal feature in the whole poem, and occupies about one fourth of its bulk. It is also clear that his Lordship fully feels all the capabilities of his story, and screws all his powers to the sticking place. The consequence is, that he has produced some stanzas that no one but himself *could*, and some that no one but himself *would*, have written. Amidst a mass of much that we shall not dare to quote, and much more, that we will not presume to defend, it is, nevertheless, the duty of every candid inquirer, while he enforces every well founded accusation, or objection, to clear the object of his examination, from all that are not so. Now it has been said, that many of the scenes in this story of the shipwreck, are out of nature, that they are too horrible, too disgusting, and too degrading for reality. That it is a caricature, rather than a picture. But there are few who will deny that the great cardinal de Retz was a very close and profound observer of human nature, and that he was not more remarkable for sagacity, than for truth. It is curious that he very narrowly escaped shipwreck, *with a crew composed of the same materials*, and under a situation and circumstances very

similar to those described by Lord Byron. I shall quote his account of that event, which was real, in order that my readers may compare it with the similar event in the poem, which is fictitious.

The Cardinal, after having passed the boisterous gulph of Lyons, left Porto Vecchio, during the night, in the course of which, he says, "We were attacked, with perhaps the greatest storm that ever was seen at sea. The Pilot in Chief of the galleys of Naples, who was on board of us, and who had used the sea for fifty years, said that he had never seen the like. Every body were at their prayers, or were confessing themselves, *and none but Don Ferdinand Carillo, who received the communion every day when he was on shore, and who was a gentleman of an exemplary piety, forbore shewing any forwardness to prostrate himself at the feet of the priests.* He left others at liberty to do what they pleased, but he kept himself quiet, and he whispered these words in my ear, "*I am much afraid that all these confessions, extorted only by fear, are nought.*" He remained all along upon the deck, giving his orders with surprising coolness, and heartening, but mildly and civilly, an old soldier, who appeared a little frightened. I shall always remember that he called him, *Sennora Soldada de Carlos Quinto.* The private captain of the galley, caused in the greatest height of the danger, *his embroidered coat, and his red scarf,* to be brought to him; saying, that a true Spaniard ought to *die* bearing his king's marks of distinction. He sat himself down in his great elbow-chair, and with his foot struck a poor Neapolitan in the chops, who not being able to stand upon the coursey of the galley, was crawling along, crying out aloud, "*Sennor Don Fernando, por l amor de Dios Confession.*" The captain, when he struck him, said to him, "*Inimigo de Dios pienes Confession,*" and as I was representing to him, that his inference was not right, he said that that old man gave offence to

the whole galley. *You cannot imagine the horror of a great storm ; you can as little imagine the ridicule of it.* A Sicilian Observantine monk was preaching at the foot of the great mast, that Saint Francis had appeared to him, and had assured him that we should not perish. I should never have done, were I to undertake to describe all the ridiculous frights that are seen on these occasions."

These are the cardinal De Retz's own words, in his account of a storm, which he witnessed. Of the prophecy of the Observantine monk, we may remark, that it turned out to be a safe one, in a *double* sense ; for if it had failed, there would have been nobody to contradict it.

I shall now quote some passages from his Lordship's description of a wreck that was fictitious, that my readers may see how far it is borne out, by the cardinal's account of one that was real :

XXXIV.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
 As ruin and true religion ; thus it was,
 Some plundered, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,
 The high wind made the treble, and as bass
 The hoarse harsh waves kept time ; fright cured the qualms
 Of all the luckless landsman's sea-sick maws :
 Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,
 Clamoured in chorus to the roaring ocean.

XXXV.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for
 Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,
 Got to the spirit-room, and stood before
 It with a pair of pistols ; and their fears,
 As if Death were more dreadful by his door
 Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,
 Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,
 Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

XXXVI.

" Give us more grog," they cried, " for it will be
 " All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, " No !
 " 'Tis true that death awaits both you and me.
 " But let us die like men, not sink below

“ Like brutes ;”—and thus his dangerous post kept he,
 And none liked to anticipate the blow !
 And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,
 Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

XLIV.

The ship was evidently settling now
 Fast by the head ; and, all distinction gone,
 Some went to prayers again, and made a vow
 Of candles to their saints—but there were none
 To pay them with ; and some look'd o'er the bow ;
 Some hoisted out the boats ; and there was one
 That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,
 Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

LIV.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
 And in them crowded several of the crew
 And yet their present hope was hardly more
 Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
 There was slight chance of reaching any shore,
 And then they were too many, though so few...
 Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
 Were counted in them when they got afloat.

LV.

All the rest perish'd ; near two hundred souls
 Had left their bodies ; and what's worse, alas !
 When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
 They must wait several weeks before a mass
 Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,
 Because, till people know what's come to pass
 They won't lay out their money on the dead---
 It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

LXXII.

The seventh day, and no wind---the burning sun
 Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
 They lay like carcasses ! and hope was none,
 Save in the breeze that came not ; savagely
 They glared upon each other---all was done,
 Water, and wine, and food,---and you might see
 The longings of the cannibal arise
 (Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

It must be allowed, that a shipwreck is an event calculated to call forth all that is good, and all that is bad, in poor human nature ; which our operator has here spread out before us, on his dissecting table, but without the common decency of a napkin, or the usual precautions of aromatics. He handles, with equal indifference, the scalping knife or the scalpel, the saw or the lancet ; and having transported us into the very recesses of his laboratory, with the magic wand of Shakspeare, he proceeds to examine its most disgusting contents, with the scrutinizing microscope of Crabbe. Other anatomists cut up the dead for the future benefit and cure of the living ; but our present *Draecansir* will not even pause to inquire whether the breath be out of the body, or in the body, but he cuts up both the dead and the living, and cares not whether either are benefited by the operation, or neither. All he seems determined to do, is to shew us both the outside and the inside of man ; and if this can be effected better by laying bare a *living* heart, than a *dead* one, the horror and the cruelty of the experiment, weigh no more in the metaphysical balance of our operator, than in the scales of Shylock. Horace has observed, that he that first committed himself to the terrors of the sea, required a breast of threefold brass ; “ *robur et æs triplex*,” but to read Lord Byron’s picture of a shipwreck, without shuddering, will require a heart of harder materials. It is perhaps the most harrowing description in *language*, of the most horrid scene in *life*. He that sympathises is allowed no skreen ; he that suffers, no pillow ; even that very pride which supports us in our bitterest misfortunes, here lies stabbed and bleeding at our feet, covered with its own gore, and the *filth* of its dying but less dignified associates. All that is contemptible in folly, or mean in fear, or selfish in vice, or desperate in death, is here detailed and presented, with the indiscriminating minuteness of a Hogarth, and the

stern sublimity of a Salvador. But, with the resistless grapple of gigantic talent, he holds us to the scene, although we would gladly fly both from the poet, and from ourselves. If our infirmities *soar*, he can *pounce* them; if they *creep*, he can *mouse* them; and having disgusted us by one effort, he rises like Antæus, the stronger from his fall, and the higher from his degradation.

Now it ought not to be forgotten, that in *both* of the above descriptions, the crews are composed of *ignorant* and *bigotted* Catholics. The late shipwreck of the *Alceste*, under the command of Sir Murray Maxwell, affords a scene as creditable to our nature, as the two former are humiliating. His Lordship's *gallant ancestor* could also have supplied him with details of similar sufferings, where privations, danger, and death, served only to call forth the most magnanimous efforts of patience, courage, and resignation.

To what are we to ascribe a difference of conduct, so honourable, and exalted? *to one comprehensive word*; for which, I fear his Lordship has not a due estimation at present. But time is a great teacher, and has altered opinions more deeply fixed than those of a poet; there is an hour when neither women, wit, nor wine can restore our spirits, nor *soda water* our health; and it is not every one who has treated life as a masquerade, that has the hardihood to meet death in his *domino*. I cannot but suspect that his Lordship's views of Christianity are taken from a *bad* quarter; he has lived so much in Catholic countries where the "*opus operatum*," the *outward* forms and ceremonies of the *Church*, are every thing, and the *internal* obligations and spiritual efficacies of *religion* are nothing; that in his hurry to fly from such absurdities, he has taken a wider leap than his cooler and riper judgment will hereafter approve. But be this as it may, his Lordship could well afford to leave blasphemy and ribaldry to

his imitators; who, if they were deprived of them, would have nothing. There are moments, when in this lofty contempt of present things, we might anticipate some reverence for things that are to come. But alas, the present scene is not too low for his ridicule, nor the future too high for it, and we may apply to his Muse, that line from Virgil which was appropriated to the genius of Erasmus,—

————— “*Terras inter cælumque volabat.*”

This second Canto advances towards its conclusion, with a fascinating description of the amours of Haidee and of Juan. We do not augur the most happy termination to the loves of this interesting pair; one of whom has too little guile for a Calypso, and the other too little discretion for a Telemachus. It is with regret that we leave “two so young, and one so innocent” to the tender mercies of such a Muse as his Lordship’s; the happiness *she* bestows is but as the deceitful smoothness of the river, on the very brink and verge of the cataract;

“————— *ad præceps immane ruinæ,
Lævior en facies fit, properantis aquæ!*”

As their love, however, is by no means Platonic, it required to be fed on something more substantial than air; and Juan, in every sense, seems to be in more danger *from surfeit* than *starvation*. His Lordship, therefore, with all the gravity and conscious sufficiency of a professor on *this* subject, delivers some very sententious precepts, *ex Cathedrâ Epicuri*.

————— “some good lessons
“Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus;
Without whom Venus will not long attack us.”

Doctors, however, are not unanimous as to this conclusion; Ovid, indeed, who is good authority *here*, has said

“*Et Venus in Vinis, Ignis in Igne fuit;*”

but he qualifies this prescription, in another place, by re-

commending *moderation* in our cups; for wine, saith he, is to love what wind is to flame;

“*Nutritur vento, vento restinguitur ignis,*

“*Lenis alit flammam, grandior aura necat.*”

Aristophanes also, before Ovid, had christened wine, “*the milk of Venus.*”—But Athenæus ascribes the *chastity* of Alexander to his excessive computations; and Montaigne supports the argument of Athenæus, by the converse of the same proposition, when he attributes the successful gallantries of his cotemporaries to their temperance in the use of wine.

The Poem concludes with some ironical eulogies on constancy, its rarity, and its value, winding up with some caustic sarcasms, from the whole tenor of which, we are led to conclude that his Lordship has no higher an opinion of *man* nor of *woman*, than that profane *Wit*, who said that when there were but two brothers on the earth, one of them killed the other; and that when Eve had only Adam--

“*Elle aime mieux pour s'en faire conter,*

“*Prester l'oreille aux fleuretes du Diable,*

“*Que d'estre femme, et ne pas coqueter.*”

In the remaining pages, I must be more profuse in my remarks, and more sparing in my quotations. I shall cite no more than what is absolutely necessary to support and vindicate my observations. Had Lord Byron been previously unknown to the public, it would have been much more adviseable to have permitted ‘Don Juan’ to have floated unnoticed down the stream, upon the principle of Tacitus, “*spreta exolescunt.*” But it is highly probable that Lord Byron has four times the number of readers that Pope could ever boast of, even at the summit of his popularity. Lord Byron has been so often and so constantly before us, and his claims to our attention have

been so many, and so great, that it is very improbable any dissertation on his writings should increase the public curiosity—quite impossible that it should extinguish it.

Now the first impression that will be made on a general survey of *all* that his Lordship has written, will be the total want of that sincerity of feeling in himself, which he so successfully labours to excite in his readers. But the consequence of this is, that his Muse, like some of her own heroines, *takes* our hearts with far more ease than she *keeps* them. He has, however, such confidence in his own powers, that he *reverses* the rule of Horace, “*Si vis me flere,*” &c. and not only makes us weep without weeping himself, but laughs in our face for doing so. He must abstain from these contradictions, or his poetical dynasty, like the political one of Alexander, will be more *extensive* than *durable*. The heaven-born enthusiasm, the pure and lofty aspirations, so characteristic of the genuine poet, are feigned by him rather than felt, and assumed rather than inspired. That the illusion is admirably kept up and sustained, his readers must willingly concede; but the composition after all is artificial, and has much of the brilliance, but little of the *worth* of the diamond. I will not insult the understanding of the public, by quoting passages in support of the above proposition; the task would be both needless and endless; it would be neither more nor less than to cite the one half of his works, in opposition to the other. Those who chuse to amuse themselves, by pursuing such comparisons, may find that there is hardly a subject that his Lordship has not honoured *both* with his *scurrilities* and his *sublimities*. He can play either tragedy, comedy, or farce, like an actor, or defend either vice or virtue, like a counsellor, without being very seriously affected either by the one, or by the other. His Lordship's Muse, like Lucifer, can indeed at times assume

the appearance of an angel of light; like *Him*, she can impose upon the centinels, and intrude into Paradise, only to *blaspheme*, to *tempt*, and to *destroy*.

I shall now consider his Lordship's powers in a less obvious point of view. It is an admitted axiom of poetry, that we must not draw images from the immaterial or intellectual world, to illustrate the natural or artificial; although it is both allowable and elegant to draw images from the latter, to illustrate the former. Thus, for instance, a correct, but cold and tame translation, has been wittily compared to the *reversed* side of a piece of tapestry; very exact, but devoid of all spirit, life, and colouring; now it would be neither just nor witty to attempt to give a man a notion of the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, by comparing it to a bad translation. Such an illustration would be open to the charge of "*obscurum per obscurius*." But alas, it is as difficult to prescribe rules to genius, as limits to the wave, or laws to the whirlwind. This difficulty has been overcome, and this rule transgressed at various times by his Lordship, but with such inimitable grace, and unrivalled talent, that we cheerfully surrender up both the *constitution* and the *laws* of poetry, into the hands of that despot, who can please us more by breaking them, than petty kings by preserving them; and can render even our slavery to him, more sweet, than our subjection to another. I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of quoting one passage in Harold, canto fourth, because there happen to be *three* examples of the above remarks, in the small space of *two* stanzas; the poet is describing the cataract of Velino where the cliffs yield "a fearful vent

To the broad column, which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains, by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of Rivers, which flow gushingly

With many windings through the vale :---Look back !
 Lo ! *where it comes like an eternity*
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread,---a matchless cataract,

Horribly beautiul ! but on the verge
 From side to side beneath the glittering morn
 An Iris sits, amidst th' infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn ;
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene
Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

We have a fine instance of this kind of simile again in Juan ; his Lordship is describing the pleasure enjoyed by those " who watch o'er what they love, while sleeping."

" For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,
 " All that it hath of life with us is living,
 " So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,
 " And all unconscious of the joy 'tis giving,
 " All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd and prov'd,
 " Hush'd in the depths beyond the watcher's diving ;
 " There lies the thing we love, with all its errors,
 " And all its charms,---*like death without its terrors."*

I shall now offer a few remarks on that universal, and presiding principle, which forms the peculiar characteristic of his Lordship's Muse ; a principle inexhausted, perhaps exhaustless ; *confined* to none of his works, but pervading, more or less, the whole of them. I mean his supreme and undisguised contempt for every thing that appertains unto man ; his present pursuits, and his future destination.

" *Nihil humani a contemptu alienum putat.*"

It may be said indeed that his Lordship has attacked only the *consequences* of things that were bad in their originals ; and that the fault lies not in the satire, but in those that are the subjects of it. We admit that there is in the world much of what is absurd, and more of what is deplorable ;

little to approve, less to love, and much to pity. But what are we to think of that poet, *who makes no distinctions?* who for what is great and good, has no esteem? for what is vile and grovelling, no indignation? but treats them all alike with scorn, and merriment, and indifference. What are we to think of that cold-blooded being, who is never so happy as in detailing our present miseries, or detecting in our short-lived gratifications, the seeds of our future woe? whose joy, when he can predict our ruin, seems to be exceeded only by the verification of it. *The most charitable thing we can think of such an author, is the supposition I have previously advanced,—That he is not in earnest.* If his Lordship, however, is too fond of his sting to part with it altogether, let me recommend to his imitation, the example of the little bee, on his favourite *Hymettus*; she extracts from the *same* bed of flowers, *much* honey, but *little* poison; and that little, she uses rather as a *shield* than as a *sword*! We could have some charity for his Lordship, if he would only condescend to think any thing connected with humanity, truly worthy either of his pity or of his love; he deals indeed in both; but there is too much of what is assumed in the one, and of what is affected in the other. In his *sarcasms* alone, it is that he is both *cordial*, and *sincere*; *here* he luxuriates, *here* he is at home. He has an eternal sneer ever at command, not only for our forms, but also for our decencies; for our principles, no less than our prejudices; for all the errors that custom has reconciled, and for all the truths that wisdom has embalmed. Our philosophy, *in his eyes*, is as frivolous as our folly; if he talks of a palace, it must be dull; if of a hovel, it must be dirty; if of a priest, he must be bigoted; if of a king, he must be cruel. These unmanly scoffings and sarcasms, coming as they evidently do from the heart, and often directed against those who have dared to live well, in the exalted hope of living for ever—These constitute those in-

sults to society, which from their *manner* we cannot forget ; and from their *motive*, we cannot forgive. We have so much of this, even unto loathing, that we should quit his pages with disgust, were we not perpetually recalled to them, by the constant recurrence of those sublime perceptions, and vivid sensibilities, to all that is beautiful, or terrible, or majestic, in the vast volume of nature, spread before him, on earth ; beneath him and around him on ocean ; and above him, in the heavens. It is in such passages as *these*, that we sometimes detect an admission, perhaps an adoration, of that Being "*whom magnitude cannot encumber ; whom multitude cannot embarrass ; whom minuteness cannot escape.*" Let his Lordship direct his efforts more fully to *this* department of the Muse ; we promise him that it is the *attractive* pole of his magnet ; the *repulsive* however is so strong, that we are often, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended in the equilibrium of neutrality.

We live in an age when orators are trying how much treason they may talk without being *hanged*, poets how much nonsense they may write without being *neglected*, and libertines how much licentiousness they may venture upon, without being *execrated* and *despised*. We consider Don Juan to be a bold experiment, made by a daring and determined hand, on the moral patience of the public. Should the vanguard succeed, we are informed that ten cantos more are to follow year by year, after which, it is presumed that public feeling must surrender to these ten portentous cantos, like Troy to the ten years' siege. It is most melancholy to reflect that a man of Lord Byron's stupendous powers, should lend himself to such unworthy purposes as these ; led thereto by the grovelling gratification of dazzling the fool, or encouraging the knave ; of supporting the weakest sophistry by the strongest genius ; and the darkest wickedness by the brightest wit. He applies, alas, the beams of his mighty mind, not to comfort, but to *consume*

us, and *like Nero*, give us nothing *but a little harmony*, to console us for the conflagration he has caused. There are two considerations, however, which, when *united*, constitute the sum of the value of all sublunary things; the difficulty of acquirement, and its utility when acquired; but if the difficulty of the acquirement should be very great, and yet the thing when acquired should prove to be not only *useless*, but in the highest degree *pernicious* and *destructive*, then it would appear that such efforts are about as meritorious, as those of him, who would run the risk of robbing the rattlesnake of her poison, only to inoculate his neighbours.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; by indifference, which is the most common; and by religion, which is the most effectual. The pride of our *philosophy* he tramples under his feet, with a sneer more contemptuous than that of Diogenes; our *indifference* he awakens, by the most horrifying description of miseries, which he defies us either to overlook or to overcome; and that *religion*, which is our present solace, and will be our ultimate deliverance from evil, he would have us believe to be *herself* that greatest evil, from which we should make a dark and a desperate plunge to be delivered.

LXXXVI.

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,
 Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;
 Their throats were ovens, their swoln tongues were black,
 As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd
 To beg the beggar, who could not rain back
 A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd
 To taste of heaven—*If this be true*, indeed,
 Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

Whether the subject be others, or himself, there is scarcely a passage or a principle, wherein we are not continually called upon, either to rebuke our applause, or to

qualify our approbation. Nothing is more sublime than his genius, more rancorous than his revenge, more mean than his malevolence. But a head of *chrystal* is but a poor compensation for a heart of *stone*; and no eclipse in the *natural* world, can be half so disastrous, as that in the *moral*, when the darkness of all that is depraved, is seen to overwhelm the brightness of all that is intellectual. Whatsoever we love, whatsoever we loathe, whatsoever we seek, or whatsoever we shun, he has neither a smile for the one, nor a tear for the other, but a *sneer for them all*. Like some *uncharnelled* and *unearthly* thing, he would disdain to appear to have any thing in common with creatures so despicable as he has portrayed us to be. Cursed with "*the fulness of satiety*," how will he bear the ills of life, when its very pleasures fatigue him? He has yet to learn that mere pleasure, though it may refresh the weary, wearies the refreshed. Disgusted with others and with himself, there is but *one* chain that holds him to life; he would fain persuade us that it is wrought in a noble laboratory; but he is deceived; the links that compose it have all the impurity of alloy, but neither the fineness nor the *fixedness* of gold; and they are rivetted not by love, but by *lust*.

Whoever has read the pages of Lord Byron (and who has not?) must be struck with that surprising and successful versatility of genius, which is as wonderful as its power; but I shall not enlarge upon a subject so self-evident, that "those who run may read;" from Shakspeare to Hudibras, from Milton to Moore, there is neither chord, nor stop, nor key, nor compass of poetical harmony, that does not come at his call, and charm at his command. Such a writer has little occasion to borrow, nor can we often accuse him of it. In his satire, however, on English bards and Scotch reviewers, that fine simile of the eagle, in the lines on the death of Kirke White, is evidently taken from Waller, who having sent a song of his own compos-

ing to a lady, became himself a victim to his own numbers, when he heard them sung by the Syren :

“ That eagle’s fate and mine are one,
 “ Who on the shaft that made him die,
 “ Espied a feather of his own,
 “ Wherewith he wont to soar on high.”

It is not *impossible*, however, that his Lordship borrowed this simile *not* from Waller, but from the *original* Greek poet himself; and he had certainly as great a right to go to the fountain-head, as Waller. We all remember that the author of Hudibras has compared the *morning* to a *lobster*; and Lord Byron conceives that he has the same liberty to compare the evening to a dolphin. It is curious, however, to observe how differently these great masters manage a similar turn of thought :

Butler.

“ And, like a lobster boil’d, the morn
 “ From black to red began to turn.”

Lord Byron.

..... “ parting day
 “ Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 “ With a new colour, as it gasps away,
 “ The last still loveliest, till--’tis gone, and all is gray.”

As I have given his lordship full credit for the highest talent at all times, and for the lowest perversion of it at some times, it may be right to quote a few passages from Don Juan, to justify my encomiums. And here I could wish it to be understood, that I *except* nearly the whole of the last canto of Harold from the *censures* that these pages contain. I consider *that Canto* to be, in point of execution, *the sublimest poetical achievement of mortal pen*; others will have their opinion, this is mine. Had the last canto of Harold never appeared, I should not have censured his Lordship; perhaps I should not have praised him; I should, however, have been a *silent* reader of all that he has written; a silent admirer of *much*. The poem therefore of

Don Juan *abstractedly* considered, neither should, nor would have tempted me into the *arena* of criticism; but when I know that Don Juan proceeds from the *same* pen that stamped the last canto of Harold with immortality, it *then* becomes a poem of deepest interest and of inexpressible importance. Premising, therefore, that it is from the last canto of Harold that I should *principally* justify the praises I have offered up at the shrine of talent, I shall quote some *few* passages from a great number to be found in Don Juan, quite worthy of so exalted an association:—

CCXIV.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
 Which out of all the lovely things we see
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
 Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee:
 Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
 Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
 To double even the sweetness of a flower.

A ship sinking in a storm:—

LII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave;
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

LIII.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The following stanzas are perhaps as exquisite in "*the tender*," as the former in "*the terrible*." He is describing two lovers on a lonely island:—

CLXXXV.

They look'd up to the sky whose floating glow
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright :
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight ;
 They heard the wave's splash, and the wind so low,
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
 Into each other—and, beholding this,
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss.

CLXXXVIII.

They were alone, but not alone as they
 Who shut in chambers think it loneliness ;
 The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
 The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,
 The voiceless sands, and dropping caves that lay
 Around them, made them to each other preas,
 As if there were no life beneath the sky
 Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

CXC.

Haidee spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
 Nor offer'd any ; she had never heard
 Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
 Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd ;
 She was all which pure ignorance allows,
 And flew to her young mate like a young bird ;
 And never having dreamt of falsehood, she
 Had not one word to say of constancy.

These passages are exquisitely wrought up, and will increase the "loud lament," that they should be found in such bad company. We cannot help regretting, that the "fidus Achates," who supplied the elegant notes to the last canto of Harold, and who was justly rewarded with the honour of its dedication, was not at his Lordship's elbow, when Don Juan was on the anvil. I shall adorn my pages with four stanzas more from this poem, which

must conclude my quotations ; it is seldom that the dry *deserts* of criticism, can be enriched by such an *oasis* :—

CXCVIII.

The Lady watch'd her lover —and that hour
 Of Love's and Night's and Ocean's solitude,
 O'erflow'd her soul with their united power ;
 Amidst the barren sands and rocks so rude
 She and her wave-worne love had made their bower,
 Where nought upon their passion could intrude,
 And all the stars that crouded the blue space
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing face.

CXCIX.

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
 And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet, as real
 Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

CCII.

Haidee was Nature's bride, and knew not this ;
 Haidee was Passion's child, born where the sun
 Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
 Of his gazelled-eyed daughters ; she was one
 Made but to love, to feel that she was his
 Who was her chosen : what was said or done
 Elsewhere was nothing—She had nought to fear
 Hope, care, nor love beyond, her heart beat *here*.

CCIV.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
 Their hearts ; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
 Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted :
 Ocean their witness and the cave their bed,
 By their own feelings hallowed and united,
 Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed :
 And they were happy, for to their young eyes
 Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

As to his Lordship's *minor* publications, much might be said against many of them; little in praise of any of them. But he has *amber* enough to preserve half the Ephemerides of *Grub-street*. There is so much *floatage* and *buoyancy*, about his Lordship's greater efforts, that his smaller will be sustained by them. His name is so established, that it is out of his own power to write any thing that will sink; he ought therefore to write nothing that *deserves to do so*; were he to produce any thing very inferior, or unequal to himself, it would be saved either for the sake of contrast, or from curiosity. The fabric indeed of that fame which rests on calumnies, or personalities, will fall, unless the poetry be strong enough to support the edifice *without them*. Something more, however, of reverence for our constituted authorities, and our established forms, would better become one, who is too enlightened on other points, to be suspected of gross blindness on this; and is it not gross blindness not to see how easy licentiousness, *and its consequent slavery*, may be made the *grave* of subordination, founded on reason, and of a liberty built upon the laws?

The unexampled mutabilities, and dissimilitudes of the manner and the matter of his Muse, give us room to hope that he will one day present us with some thing *every way* worthy of his powers, and of his fame; something that the virgin may read without shame; the scholar, without disgust; and the moralist, without indignation; *this is the only theme he has not yet attempted*. These Protean capabilities, however, arise from the peculiar conformation of his mind. In developing character, as well as genius, most contradictions may be reconciled, if we can discover the ruling principle from which they proceed. Nothing, for instance, is more proverbial than the tergiversation of some *political* writers, who defend and attack all things by turns; who are irritable, but as impotent as the porcupine, and who *change their quills* as often. Yet even these weather-

cocks are more consistent to *one* principle, than the needle to the pole ; for they pursue it without *variation* and without *trembling*,—*The sale of their books*. Now we thoroughly acquit his Lordship of every *mercenary* principle ; yet *He* that is of all beings the most contradictory, to whom the skies are sameness, and the seas uniformity ; *who* differs more from *himself* at some times, than he does from all others at all times, is nevertheless under the joint, yet sovereign guidance of *two* principles of action ; the love of *variety* and the love of *fame*. His Lordship, therefore, like some other bodies equally *luminous* and *excentric*, happens to have *two foci* in his ecliptic, governing all his motions, accelerating now, and now retarding his career, and regulating both the times, and the places of his aberrations ; in his *aphelion*, he may freeze us ; in his *perihelion*, he may scorch us ; but in all his indifferences, as in all his intensities, in his apathies, or in his agonies, it is manifest that he is governed by *both* these principles, which are never *dormant* for a moment, although one may *predominate* at one time, and one at another. Now as there are no principles in nature which produce either good or evil without a mixture, so it may happen, that under the joint influence of those I have mentioned, his Lordship may one day chuse to have a creed, from *curiosity* ; to be moral as a nun, for its *novelty* ; and to fall in love with virtue, for the sake of *variety*.

His Lordship therefore having stalked around us, and about us, and near us, and from us, in all the mummery of high-flown sentiment, having wearied us both by the *sea* and by the *shore*, with his egotistical diatribes, and *inconsolable* appeals for *consolation*, the moment he finds his audience either slackening from satiety, or departing from disgust, he changes at once the actor and the scene ; like Kean, he can perform a harlequin, as well as a hero, and while he laughs in his sleeve at the *real* sympathies,

which his imaginary griefs had excited, there is only *one* thing that sincerely affects, or seriously alarms him, and this is the *want of an audience*; when he ceases to be the *Spectacle* and the Θεατῆζόμενος of the day, he ceases to live. With all the inspired irritability of Rousseau, and all the whining apathy of Sterne, the fact is, that his Lordship is more fond of that "*popularis aura*" which he affects to despise, than either the one or the other. Age is a relative thing, and it is possible to be very old in *constitution*, before we are so in years; as his Lordship laments that he is growing grey, I will cite one line from his favourite satirist, "*Sed, cum ad canitiem, tunc tunc ignoscere nolo.*" Had his Lordship commenced his career with levity and libertinism, with the buffoonery of Beppo, and the diablerie of Don Juan, and from these *proceeded* to the sublime scepticism of Harold, we might then have anticipated, *however faintly*, something like amendment for his old age. But he has *reversed* the thing; he grows worse as he grows old; and at the very moment when he himself informs us that time is *shedding his snows upon the outside of his head*, the inside of it, *like Hecla*, has become a volcano, and vomited forth an eruption, scorching earth with the fire of its *lust*, and darkening heaven with the smoke of its *infidelity*.

With [respect to those flagrant and frequent sneers and sarcasms, levelled at things hitherto esteemed sacred and venerable among men, I could wish that I had nothing to "*put down*," as I have nothing "*to extenuate*." My censure *here* must be *unmixed*. We are told that a man's religion is to himself and his God; but as Lord Byron is at once a great and a public character, and as he has chosen to give publicity to his religious opinions, they can no longer be matter either of privacy, or of insignificance. His Lordship's ideas of *any* point, have such prevalence, and will have such permanence, that it is of the highest consequence that they should be sound. Unfortunately

however, on this most important subject, he has left us *no choice*. He that doubts, and humbly and seriously proposes his objections, leaves us room to hope that he does this, not to overthrow *our* belief, but to build up, and to establish his *own*. *Such* a man, through the vestibule of doubt, *may* one day enter into the temple of truth. But can the most extensive charity hope this of him that “*sits in the seat of the scorner?*” He that doubts, *may* wish to believe; he that scoffs can have *no* such wish. He has no belief of his own, but scatters his sneers and his sarcasms, only to shake and undermine the belief of others. He would pull down a palace, but would not give us a hovel in its stead. He therefore that makes religion the subject of his ribaldry, would gladly make death the cause of his annihilation. And it is in perfect conformity with such tenets, that his Lordship sneers at Xerxes in Don Juan, because he offered a reward to him that could invent a new pleasure. His Lordship takes care to tell us that he himself is quite satisfied with the *old* ones, and he seems not to doubt of their sufficiency, but only to despair of their continuance; he concludes the pasage by a sneer on the *insufferable dulness* of paradise, before the introduction of sin; and deems banishment from such *insipid innocence*, a blessing. He indeed that lives only to love Earth, and to laugh at Heaven, would gladly die, only to sleep. Nothing better *can* happen to him; something worse *may*. The sensualist and the scoffer, dread a heaven which they could not enjoy, almost as much as a hell, which they would be sorry to enter. Earth therefore is their idol; continuance *upon* it their prayer; and annihilation *within* it their creed: But alas! what is the noblest of the sons of man, if he discards the hope of an hereafter? talent may render him more dangerous; wealth, more mischievous; wit, more fascinating; and courage, more daring. But without *this* exalted hope, he is an *argosy*, bound for a shipwreck, at

the end of his voyage; and his rich freightage will only accelerate his destruction, and sink him deeper in the abyss.

But his Lordship has too much intellect to scoff at revelation, *without* disbelieving it; nor to disbelieve it, without some grounds that are to him at least satisfactory. I can perceive from various parts of his writings, that he is no stranger to the philosophers, either ancient or modern; and I should suspect that Epicurus, and Lucretius are his favourites. But the philosophers who have written since the æra of Christianity, have given us nothing more convincing that those who preceded it. When therefore they demand from us Christians rational grounds for our belief of that which is above reason, and explanations of things which we in all humility do receive as mysteries, and which would *cease* to be that for which we receive them, if they could be explained; if the philosophers claim a victory on such pretensions, they are welcome to the triumph of having conquered that which we never meant to defend, and of seizing that which we had voluntarily abandoned. And yet with all his boasted reason, the proudest philosopher, no less than the humblest Christian, is compelled to believe much that *he* cannot comprehend, and to admit more, for which *he* cannot account. To be consistent with himself, he ought to be sure of nothing but his ignorance, and to doubt every thing but his doubts. If *We* betake ourselves to the strong holds of faith, *He* himself, if hardly pushed, “*is obliged to retire into the mists of conjecture, and to save his shattered forces by the obscurity of the night.*” Let him, therefore, either cease to sneer at the Christian, for believing some mysteries which he does not presume to explain; or cease himself to concede the existence of any thing which he cannot comprehend; and what *folly* would be more absurd than such philosophy? Were the Christian scheme *unsupported*, either by miracles or prophecy, its *internal* evidence, founded on the *excellence*

of its doctrine, must make it the creed of every well regulated mind. It is the safest system for our *life*; the sweetest for our *death*; and the sublimest for our *resurrection*. The safest, because annihilation is the *worst* thing that can happen to the Christian, even if he be in the *wrong*; but it is the *best* thing that can happen to the infidel, even if he be in the *right*; the sweetest, because it converts death, that “*tremendous leap in the dark*,” into an Arch, spanning the dread abyss, and joining heaven to earth, and earth to heaven; the sublimest, because it proffers an eternity, to be spent in infinite and encreasing approximations to the perfections of the Godhead, without the possibility of ever arriving at them; the only happiness *pure* enough for a being that is intellectual, or *full* enough for a being that is immortal. His Lordship cannot *despise* such a heaven as this, and my sincere hope is, that he will *deserve* it. I shall sum up my opinion of Don Juan, in the words of Scaliger, on a poem of cardinal Bembus, “*Hoc Poema vocare possis aut obscœnissimam elegantiam, aut elegantissimam obscœnitatem*.” I have not singled out his Lordship, as being the *only* modern who has indulged himself both in blasphemy and obscenity;—*but as the only one who has brought talent to the task*; if he would be as depraved as some are, *with impunity*, let him also be *as dull*; but this is the tax that he must pay for his talent;—It holds up a torch to his failings, and renders those delinquencies *conspicuous* in *him*, which would only be *contemptible* in *another*. His Lordship has here levelled an arrow, that is true to its aim; and its aim is, *to the heart*; genius has supplied the wing; wit, the point; and malignity the poison.

Like the vision that appeared to Nebuchadnezzar, his Lordship has indeed “*a head of gold*,” with his nether parts of “*sordid brass, and of miry clay*.” He might, indeed, as an associate of a Shakspeare and of a Milton, have passed like them, through the Vestibule, and have entered into the

holiest recess of the Temple of the Muses. As their legitimate High-priest, he might have commanded an universal reverence, and an unqualified approbation. He has falsified these bright characteristics, that stamped him for "dignity, composed and high exploit." There is indeed the "combination, and the form," but not "the seal," of the godhead; and he stands before us, as one whom the fire of Phœbus has *blasted*, rather than enlightened. The sacred beam he could not extinguish, it was bestowed on him to burn for ever, *α κτημα ες αιν*, and its birthright was immortality. The ray therefore remains; but like the eye of the basilisk, it shines only to fascinate; it fascinates only to destroy. There are moments indeed, when this emanation of the godhead within him, reasserts her high original, and escaping from the foul enthrallments of sensuality, inspires us with the hope, that she will be no longer degraded, nor dethroned. But, the struggle is often short, and always ineffectual; and the attempt has only served to *bind* the chains it cannot *break*. Alas, the inexorable genius of Byron has no more respect for his Muse than for his Mistress; he would exalt her only to humiliate; and he permits her to soar *above* the Earth, but not so high as Heaven.

LINES
TO
SANDT,
THE
Assassin of Rotzebue.

O Thou, the direst martyr of the time,
To Shadowy Virtue—but substantial Crime—
That wouldst have rush'd before the Eternal Throne,
Reeking with blood of others ! and thine own !
Think not beneath that guilt-ennobled name,
That *blot*, and *boast* of Rome, to shroud thy shame ;
Thou still art wrong, were erring Brutus right,
The *Pagan* fell in darkness,—Thou in light !

Fix'd thy relentless purpose to fulfill,
Through life or death, shame, glory, good, or ill,
Nurse'd in the lap of Reason, but to wound
Her breast, and break the laws, her guardian mound,
Did'st hope like *him*,* who William's life-blood spilt,
To wash out stain by stain, and guilt by guilt ?
Religion,—hadst thou own'd her mild control,
With loftier, kindlier views had fill'd thy soul,
Check'd thine officious pride, with calm reproof,
And shew'd thy tempting Angel's cloven hoof.

* Belthazar Gerard, who assassinated William the First, prince of Orange, at Delft. He entertained the design *six years* before its execution ! He said he did it to *expiate his sins* ; that Prince being at the head of the Protestants

'Thy doom,—O what created Thing might know,
Though Seraphs wept above and Man below,
Had *full* success that desperate hand beset,
That knock'd so fiercely at the gates of Hell!

Must general laws to partial dogmas bow?
Could Heaven have patience still, and could'st not Thou?
Think WHO obey'd, though *Herod* did command
Had'st thou to cast the stone a *purser* hand?
Would thy weak Arm th' avenging Sceptre sway?
Vengeance to GOD belongs;—He can repay,
Yea, and forbear;—to self-destruction driv'n,
Renouncing Earth, for what? *to forfeit Heaven!*
HE foil'd thy steel;—repent—and be forgiven.

TO THE MEMORY
 OF THE
 ABBÉ EDGEWORTH.

O Thou! that at thy king's command,
 While cannons roar'd, and clarions bray'd,
 Didst on his scaffold calmly stand,
 In Panoply by * *hands not made*;
 While hosts *less fearless* though in *mail* array'd,
 'Mid prosp'ring vice, by virtue half inspir'd,
 Thy noble bearing view'd, and menac'd, and admir'd;

'Tis not the lot of common clay,
 To win the glories of *that morn*,
 And bear a brighter crown away,
 Than from thy monarch's brow was torn!
 Thou didst a friendship court, in *perils* born,
 Rarely by subjects sought, or kings bestow'd,
 A friendship rock'd by *storms*, baptised in royal *blood*!

* Την απ' ανωθεν πανοπλιαν; This intrepid soldier of Christ was requested to attend the king of France on the scaffold. He cheerfully complied, although it was the universal opinion, that his life would be sacrificed. As the axe descended, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "*Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel.*" Struck and overawed by such magnanimity, displayed at *such* a moment, the troops, on his descent from the scaffold, presented arms, and made a lane for him to pass through their files *unmolested*!

TO CANOVA.

"Europe, the World has but one Canova!"



Had'st thou been born when Nature's hand
Was young, She'd copied thee ;
But She is old, and trusts to Time
To mar thy victory !

But Time will not avenge her cause,
Nor hear her envious sigh,
" *Thy* forms," He cries " my power confess ;
" But *His* my scythe defy.

" *Thy* Trojan Helen long is dead,
" The Grecian Venus lives,
" Eternal homage *still* receives,
" Eternal pleasure gives ;"

Then think not I can soothe thy sighs,
Or raise thy drooping head,
Alas ! *Thou* canst not more than *I*
Canova's chissel dread ;

Then let Us Both, such matchless skill
Not envy, but enjoy,
What *Thou* canst never imitate,
O why should *I* destroy ?

DON CARLOS.

"Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni."

O, why has he harness'd his warrior-steed ?
Is his spirit still *sateless* of fame ?
Expell'd is the Moor, and his countrymen freed,
And emblazon'd with heroes his name.

Has his castle no charms ? — 'tis the noblest in Spain,
Of Grenada the bulwark and pride !
Have youth, health, and beauty, been lavish'd in vain ?
Of renown and of riches—a tide ?

But she that could hear them, and share them, is gone,
Those eyes are extinguish'd in night,
That sadden'd or brighten'd for Carlos alone,
Or melted in streams of delight ;

Like the eagle he flew,—but he pined like the dove, —
Where the *Cross* with the *Crescent* had strife !
He liv'd but to love ! he died but to prove
How sweeter his love, than his life !

THE HORSE AND THE RIDER,

A FRAGMENT.

And some there were, who shudd'ring, said
He held communion with the dead,
 Deep in the midnight glen ;
What time, his *fix'd* and trembling steed,
Of old Godolphin's gen'rous breed,
 Ne'er felt a fear,—*till then !*

Nor height of hill, nor depth of dale,
Did ever o'er his strength prevail,
 Like that *mysterious hour* ;
No antler'd monarch of the wood,
Ere challeng'd from his boiling blood
 So full, so fast a shower !

No form was seen ! no voice was heard
And yet there was indeed a *Third*,
 —While all around was still ;—
That did unearthly parley hold !
But *what !*—the Rider never told,
 Perchance he never will.

FINIS.

THE
Conflagration of Moscow:

A POEM.

BY

THE REV. C. COLTON, A.M.

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND AUTHOR OF
'HYPOCRISY,' A SATIRICAL POEM, WITH NOTES
AND ANECDOTES.

"Κακωσμένου τε τῆ Νάου φλεγόμενου τε τῆ Ἀκροῦ, μηδὲν καταλιπόντες τῶν
πολεμίων." JOSEPHUS, lib. 7.

*Setting fire to the Temple, and consigning the whole City to the flames,
they were determined to leave nothing to the enemy."* Ibid.

FOURTH EDITION WITH EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

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BROWN, PATERNOSTER ROW;

By J. McCowan, Great Windmill Street.

1829.

PREFACE.

THIS Poem, in its first edition, was not unfavourably received, but it was considered too short. It is now three times as long. Perhaps I have added many faults, to remove one. Be that as it may, the Poem is now long enough—if good for any thing,—too long—if good for nothing. It was written at such intervals as could be spared from the prosecution of a larger work ; but although this may be some excuse for writing bad lines, I admit it is none for printing them,---If fine themes always made fine

poets, this little effort would be much more deserving of the public attention ; but the converse is unfortunately the case. The subject, indeed, deserves a pen that has more leisure, and more ability than mine. The Conflagration of Moscow is the most interesting event of these latter times--whether we consider the immensity of the force that was put in array against her, the magnanimity of the sacrifice, or the incalculable importance of the results. Our modern Manufacturer of Kings would certainly have issued a fresh batch from his imperial oven of the Kremlin, if it had not been overheated by some of the workmen.

I may be accused of not having treated my hero with sufficient respect, as in the opinion of many, he is still "majestic, though

in ruin." But he that had no dignity in success, can lose none in misfortune : nor have I changed my sentiments of him, with any change in his destinies. In a former work, written and published when he was in the plenitude of his power, I ventured to assume the *double* office of the *Vates*. It was clear that when " weighed in the balance " he would be " found wanting," from the moment that he put his own aggrandisement into one scale, against the repose of Europe in the other ; and I foretold his speedy downfall, from a full conviction that perfect selfishness must ever be destructive of Self. In the following pages I have chosen the safer office of an *ex post facto* predictor. In good truth, prophecy has been a dangerous trade for these last twenty

years. Dreaming, which goes by contraries, might have succeeded better. But I will hazard one prophecy---the name of Napoleon will go down to posterity "shorn of its beams;" the blackness of his heart will eclipse the brightness of his head. If his admirers affirm that necessity made him a tyrant, we will ask if he did not make himself a king. It is for them, and not for us, to separate the consequences from the cause. Some persons are already very angry with him for surviving his own defeat. But he that lived *only* to please himself, will hardly die to please others. His *political* death has taken place perhaps already; if so, the moralist may be allowed to cut up the *dead*, provided he does it like the anatomist---*for the benefit of the living.*

I have termed this adventurer the Spoiled Child of Fortune : her first smile was a long one, but it was her last—her frown was equally permanent and uninterrupted. The successes of this *Pantimoreumenos* were one uniform flow, his disasters were as uniform an ebb; and Moscow was the high-water mark. Had he read Herodotus, he would not have invaded the ancient capital of the Czars. That fatal dilemma which destroyed his army, might then have preserved it. That dilemma would have stared him in the face throughout every page of the Scythian expedition, and might be thus expressed—Come to us with *few* and we will overwhelm you—Come to us with *many*, and you shall overwhelm yourselves.—To history we leave him. But if there be an historian that can

forgive or palliate his wanton prodigality of blood, and his constant perversion of the greatest and noblest means, to the most sordid and selfish ends, such a writer, in order to be partial to the individual, must incur the charge of being most unjust and cruel to the species. The only reparation to be made to society for the guilt of such a life as that of Napoleon, must be the moral of it.

With respect to the execution of the subsequent trifle, I can only say that it is an humble attempt to revive a style in some danger of becoming obsolete. I shall be quite satisfied if my lines recal to any reader of taste the beautiful Paraphrase of the tenth Satire of Juvenal, by Johnson. I have always considered that particular ef-

fort much happier than any thing he ever afterwards attempted either in prose or verse. I must be content to follow him: I cannot presume to walk by his side. To soar with Johnson, when, in addition to his own powers, he was supported in his flight by the *reanimated* Phoenix of Aquinum, were a task no less presumptuous than vain.

THE

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

HER royal nest the Russian eagle fires,
And to the wild recess—reveng'd—retires;
Her talons unexpected lightnings arm,
And high resentments all her courage warm.
Tempt not, thou fiend of France, her arduous track!
Ambition spurs thee on—defeat shall goad thee back;
False friends in rear, in front a stubborn foe,
Thy caterer, famine,—and thy couch the snow:
Then view that fiery cope with ghastly smile,
Tis thy ambition's grand funereal pile.

Blaze on, ye gilded domes, and turrets high,
And like a furnace glow, thou trembling sky !
Be lakes of fire the tyrant's sole domain,
And let that fiend o'er flames and ruins reign ;
Doom'd, like the Rebel Angel, to be shown
A fiery dungeon, where he hop'd a throne.
Blaze on ! thou costliest, proudest sacrifice,
E'er lit by patriot hands, or fann'd by patriot's sighs.

By stubborn constancy of soul, a rock
'That firmly meets but to return the shock,—
By all that power inflicts, or slavery bears--- 20
By all that freedom prompts, or valour dares---
By all that bids the bright historic page
Of Greece and Rome inspire each after age—
By all of great, that must our wonder raise
In direst, worst extremities,—we praise
A deed that animates, exalts, inflames
A world in arms—from Tanais to the Thames!

Hail ! nobly-daring, wisely-desperate deed :

MOSCOW IS PARIS, should the Gaul succeed

80

Then perish temple, palace, fort, or tow'r

That screens a foeman in this vengeful hour ;

Let self-devotion rule this righteous cause,

And triumph o'er affections, customs, laws ;

With Roman daring be the flag unfurl'd —

Themselves they conquer'd first, and then the world ;

Be this the dirge o'er Moscow's mighty grave,

She stood to foster, but she fell to save !

Her flames like Judah's guardian pillar rose

To shield her children, to confound her foes ;

40

That mighty beacon must not blaze in vain,

It rouses earth, and streams high o'er the main,

The sacrifice is made, the deed is done,

Russia ! thy woes are finish'd, Gaul's begun !

Soon to return—retire ! There is a time
When earthly virtue must not cope with crime.
Husband thy strength, let not a life be lost,
One patriot's life is worth the Gallic host ;
Unbend awhile thy bow, more strongly still
To force the shaft, and all thy quivers fill ; 50
Crouch'd like the tiger, prescient of the prey,
Collect thy might, augmented by delay ;
Still as the calm, when on her siren breast
The slumbering earthquake and the whirlwind rest.
To courage strength—to strength cool wisdom bring,
Nurse every nerve, and plume thy ruffled wing ;
Firm, but compos'd,—prepar'd, but tranquil prove,
As the dread eagle at the throne of Jove !
Each arm provide, and engine of the war,
Till Rout and Havoc answer—Here we are ! 60
And Valour, steel'd by virtuous energy,
To just Revenge shall utter—Come with me !

From pine-plough'd Baltic, to that ice-bound coast,
Where Desolation lives, and life is lost,
Bid all thy Centaur-Sons around thee close,
Suckled in storms, and cradled on the snows,
Hard as that sea of stone, that belts their strand
With marble wave, more solid than the land ;
Men fiercer than their skies, inured to toil,
And as the grave tenacious of the spoil,— 70
Throng'd as the locust, as the lion brave,
Fleet as the pard that hies her young to save ;
Tell them their King, their father takes the field,
A host his presence--and his cause a shield !
Nor strike the blow, till all thy northern hive
Concentering thick for death or glory strive ;
'Then round th' Invader swarm, his death-fraught cloud,
While the white desert girds him like a shroud,--
Full on his front and rear the battle-tide
With arm of lightning, hoof of thunder guide ; 80

Soon shall the Gaul his transient triumph rue,
Fierce burns the victim, and the altar too.

Now sinks the blood-red sun, eclips'd by light,
And yields his throne to far more brilliant night.
Rous'd by the flames, the blast, with rushing sound,
Both fed and fann'd the ruin that it found.
Long stood each stately tower, and column high,
And saw the molten gulph beneath them lie,
Long rear'd their heads th' aspiring flames above,
As stood the giants when they warr'd with Jove,--- 90
Conquer'd at length, with hideous crash they fall,
And one o'erwhelming havoc covers all.
Nor Ætna, nor Vesuvius, though combin'd
In horrid league, and chaf'd by every wind
That from the hoarse Æolian cave is driven,
Could with such wreck astound both earth and heaven.
Rage Elements ! wreck, ravage all ye can,
Ye are not half so fierce as man to man !

Wide and more wide, self-warn'd, without command,
Gaul's awe-struck files their circling wings expand; 100
Through many a stage of horrors had they past,
'The climax this, the direst and the last;
Albeit unused o'er others griefs to moan,
Soon shall they purchase feeling from their own.
From flank to centre, and from rear to van,
The billowing crackling conflagration ran,---
Wraps earth in sulphurous wave, and now the skies
With tall colossal magnitude defies,---
Extends her base, while sword and spear retire,
Weak as the bulrush to the lava's ire. 110
Long had that circle, belted wide and far
By burnished helm, and bristling steel of war,
Presented hideous to the Gallic host
One blazing sea, one adamantine coast !
High o'er their head the bickering radiance towers,
Or falls from clouds of smoke in scorching showers :

Beneath their crimson concave long they stood
Like bordering pines, when lightning fires the wood,
And as they hemm'd that grim horizon in,
Each read in each the terrors of the scene. 120
Some fear'd---accusing conscience waked the fear,---
The DAY of wrath and retribution near,
Deem'd that they heard that thundrous VOICE proclaim,
"Thou Moon to blood be turn'd, thou Earth to flame!"

Red-rob'd Destruction far and wide extends
Her thousand arms, and summons all her Fiends
To glut their fill, a gaunt and ghastly brood!
Their food is carnage, and their drink is blood,
Their music, woe; nor did that feast of hell
Fit concert want,---the conquerors' savage yell,--- 130
Their groans and shrieks whom sickness, age, or wound,
Or changeless fearless love in fatal durance bound.

While Valour sternly sighs, while Beauty weeps,
And Vengeance, soon to wake like Sampson, sleeps,
Shrouded in flame, th' Imperial City low
Like Dagon's temple falls !—but falls to crush the Foe.

Tyrant ! think not SHE unaveng'd shall burn ;
Thou too hast much to suffer, much to learn :
That thirst of power the Danube but inflamed,
By Neva's cooler current may be tamed. 140
Triumph a little space by craft and crime,
Two foes thou canst not conquer,—Truth, and Time ;
Resistless pair ! they doom thy power to fade,
Lost in the ruins that itself hath made ;
Or, damn'd to fame, like Babylon to scowl
O'er wastes where serpents hiss, hyænas howl.

Forge then the links of martial law, that *bind*,
Enslave, imbrute, and mechanise the mind ;

Indite thy conscript code with iron pen,
That cancels crime, demoralizes men ; 150
Thy false and fatal aid to virtue lend,
And start a Washington, a Nero end ;
And vainly strive to strangle in his youth
Freedom, th' Herculean son of Light and Truth.
Stepfather foul !—thou to his infant bed
Didst steal, and drop a changeling in his stead.
— Yes, yes,—I see thee turn thy vaunting gaze,
Where files reflect to files the o'erpowering blaze ;
Rather, like Xerxes, o'er those numbers sigh,
Braver than his, but sooner doom'd to die. 160
Here ! *Number* only courts that Death it cloys,
Here ! *Might* is weakness, and *herself* destroys :
Lead then thy southern myriads lock'd in steel,
Lead on ! too soon their nerveless arm shall feel
Those magazines impregnable of snow,
That kill without a wound, o'whelm without a foe.

I see thee,—'tis the bard's prophetic eye,
Blindly presumptuous Chief,—I see thee fly !
While breathing skeletons, and bloodless dead,
Point to the thirsting foe the track you tread. 170
To seize was easy, and to march was plain,
Hard to retreat, and harder to retain.
Reft of thy trappings, pomp, and glittering gear,
Dearth in thy van,—destruction in thy rear,—
Like foil'd Darius, doom'd too late to know
The stern ænigmas of a Scythian foe,—
Thy standard torn, while vengeful scorpions sting
Th' imperial bird, and cramp his flagging wing,—
The days are numbered of thy motley host,
Freedom's vain fear, Oppression's vainer boast. 180

And lo, the Beresyna opens wide
His yawning mouth, his wintry weltering tide !
Expectant of his mighty meal, he flows
In silent ambush through his trackless snows :

There shall thy way-worn ranks despairing stand,
Like trooping spectres on the Stygian strand,
And curse their fate and thee,—and conquest sown
With retribution deep, in vain repentance moan !

Thy Veteran worn by wounds, and years, and toils,
Pilgrim of Honour in all suns and soils, 190
By thy ambition foully tempted forth
To fight the frozen rigours of the north,
Above complaint, indignant at his wrongs,
Curses the morsel that his life prolongs,
Unpiere'd, unconquer'd sinks, yet breathes a sigh,
—For he had hop'd a soldier's death to die.—
Was it for this that fatal hour he braved,
When o'er the Cross the conquering Crescent waved ?
Was it for this he plough'd the western main,
To weld the struggling Negro's broken chain,— 200
Fac'd his relentless hate, to frenzy fired,
Stung by past wrongs, by present hopes inspired,—

Then hurried home to lend his treacherous aid,
And stain more deeply still the warrior's blade,
When spoil'd Iberia, rous'd to deeds sublime,
Made vengeance virtue—clemency a crime ;
And 'scap'd he these, to fall without a foe ?
The wolf his sepulchre ? his shroud the snow !

'Tis morn !—but lo, the warrior-steed, in vain
The trumpet summons from the bloodless plain ; 210
Ne'er was he known till now to stand aloof,
Still midst the slain was found his crimson hoof ;
And struggling still to join that well-known sound,
He dies, ignobly dies, without a wound !
Oft had he hail'd the battle from afar,
And paw'd to meet the rushing wreck of war ;
With reinless neck the danger oft had braved,
And crush'd the foe—his wounded rider saved ;
Oft had the rattling spear and sword assailed
His generous heart, and had as often failed : 220

That heart no more life's frozen current thaws,
Brave, guiltless champion, in a guilty cause !
One northern night more hideous work hath done,
Than whole campaigns beneath a southern sun.

Spoil'd Child of Fortune, could the murder'd Turk,
Or wrong'd Iberian view thy ghastly work,
They'd sheathe their vengeful blade, and clearly see
France needs no deadlier, direr curse than thee.
War hath fed War !—such was thy dread behest
---Now view the iron fragments of the feast.--- 230
O, if to cause and witness others grief
Unmov'd, be firmness---thou art Stoa's Chief !
Thy fell *recorded* boast, all Zeno said
Outdoes---“ *I wear my heart within my head!*---”
Caught in the Northern Net, what darest thou dare ?
Snatch might from madness ? courage from despair ?
If courage lend *thy* breast a transient ray,
'Tis the Storm's lightning---not the beam of day :

When on thine hopes the cloud of battle lowers,
And frowns the vengeance of insulted powers; 240
When victory trembles in the doubtful scale,
And Death deals thick and fast his iron hail;
When all is stak'd, and the dread hazard known,
A rising scaffold, and a falling throne!
Then, can thy dastard soul some semblance wear
Of manhood's stamp---when fear hath conquer'd fear.

Canst *thou* be brave? whose dying prospects show
A scene of all that's horrible in woe!
On whose ambition, long by carnage nursed,
Death stamps the greatest change, the last, the worst!
Death!--to thy view most terrible of things, 251
Dreadful in all he takes and all he brings!
---But, King of Terrors! ere thou seize thy prey,
Point with a lingering dart to Moscow's fatal day;
Shake with that scene his agonizing frame,
And on the wreck of Nations write his name!

O when will conquerors from example learn,
Or truth from aught but self-experience earn?
How many Catos must be wept again?
How many Cæsars sacrific'd in vain? 260
While Europe doz'd---too aged to be taught---
Th' historic lesson young Columbia caught,
Enraptur'd hung o'er that inspiring theme,
Conn'd it by wood, by mountain, and by stream,
Till every Grecian, Roman name, the morn
Of Freedom hail'd,---and Washington was born!

I see thee redden at that mighty Name
That fills the Herd of conquerors with shame.
But ere we part, Napoleon, deign to hear
The bodings of thy future dark career; 270
Fate to the poet trusts her iron leaf,
Fraught with thy ruin---read it and be brief---
Then to thy senate flee, to tell the tale
Of Russia's full revenge, Gaul's deep indignant wail.

—It is thy doom false greatness to pursue,
Rejecting, and rejected by, the true;
A sterling name, *thrice* proffer'd, to refuse;
And highest means pervert to lowest views;
Till Fate and Fortune, finding that thou'rt still
Untaught by all their good and all their ill, 280
Expell'd, recall'd, reconquer'd---all in vain, —
Shall sink thee to thy nothingness again.
Though times, occasions, chances, foes, and friends,
Urged thee to purest fame, by purest ends,
In this alone be great—to have withstood
Such varied, vast temptations to be good!
As hood-wink'd falcons boldest pierce the skies,
Th' Ambition that is blindest highest flies;
And thine still wak'd by night, still dream'd by day,
To rule o'er Kings, as these o'er subjects sway; 290
Nor dar'd thy mitred Mentor set thee right,
Thou art not Philip's Son,---nor he the Stagyrte.

And lo, thy dread, thy hate! the Queen of Isles
Frowns at thy guilt, and at thy menace smiles;
Free of her treasure, freer of her blood,
She summons all the brave, the great, the good.
But ill befits her praise my partial line,
Enough for me to boast—that land is mine.—

And last, to fix thy fate and seal thy doom,
Her bugle note shall Scotia stern resume, 300
Shall grasp her Highland brand, her plaided bonnet
 plume:

From hill and dale, from hamlet, heath, and wood,
She pours her dark, resistless, battle-flood.
Breathe there a race, that from the approving hand
Of Nature, more deserve, or less demand?
So skill'd to wake the lyre, or wield the sword;
To achieve great actions, or achieved---record;

Victorious in the conflict, as the truce,—
Triumphant in a Burns, as in a Bruce!
Where'er the bay, where'er the laurel grows, 310
Their wild notes warble, and their life-blood flows.
There, Truth courts access, and would ALL engage,
Lavish as youth--experienced as age;
Proud Science there, with purest Nature twined,
In firmest thralldom holds the freest mind;
While Courage rears his limbs of giant form,
Rock'd by the blast, and strengthen'd by the storm!
Rome Fell; and Freedom to her craggy glen
Transferr'd that title proud--The Nurse of Men,—
By deeds of hazard high, and bold emprise, 320
Train'd like their native eagle for the skies,—
Untam'd by toil, unconquer'd till their slain,
Walls in their trenches,---whirlwinds on the plain.
This meed accept from Albion's grateful breath,
Brothers in arms! in victory! in death!--

Such are thy foes, Napoleon, when Time
Wakes Vengeance, sure concomitant of Crime.
--Fix'd, like Prometheus, to thy rock, o'erpowered
By force, by vulture-conscience slow devoured ;
With godlike power, but fiendlike rage, no more 330
To drench the world--thy reeking stage--in gore ;
Fit but o'er Shame to triumph, and to rule ;
And prov'd in all things--but in danger--cool ;
That found'st a Nation melted to thy will,
And Freedom's place didst with thine image fill ;
Skill'd not to govern, but obey the storm,
To catch the tame occasion, not to form ;
Victorious only when success pursued,
But when thou follow'd'st her, as quick subdued ;
The first to challenge, as the first to run ; 340
Whom Death and Glory both consent to shun--
Live ! that thy body and thy soul may be
Foes that can't part, and friends that can't agree--

Live! to be number'd with that common herd,
Who life's base boon unto *themselves* preferr'd--
Live! till each dazzled fool hath understood
That nothing can be great, that is not good.
And when Remorse, for blood in torrents spilt,
Shall sting--to madness--conscious, sleepless Guilt,
May deep Contrition this black hope repel,--- 350
---Snatch me, thou Future, from this Present Hell!--

Give me the mind that, bent on highest aim,
Deems Virtue's rugged path, sole path to Fame;
Great things with small compares, in scale sublime,
And Death with Life! Eternity with Time!
Man's whole existence weighs, sifts nature's laws,
And views results in th' embryo of their cause;
Prepar'd to meet, with corresponding deeds,
Events, as yet imprison'd in their seeds;
Kens in his accursed, the King of Trees, 360
And Freedom's germ in foul Oppression sees.

Precedes the march of Time—to ponder fate,
And execute, while others meditate ;
That, deaf to present praise, the servile knee
Rebukes, and says to Glory—*Follow me !*

365

THE END.

HYPOCRISY.

A Satire.



BY

THE REV. C. COLTON, A.M.

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



INCEDO PER IGNIS.



"Hypocrisy's the universal calling,
The only saints-bell that rings all in."

BUTLER.

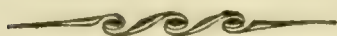


LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY, 93, FLEET-STREET.

1812.

TO THE PUBLIC.



IN dedicating the following pages to an enlightened Public, I have only one request to make—That they will dare to judge for themselves. It is probable they will hear the Writer abused by all parties ; they shall see him terrified by none. I am prepared to meet both open foes, and secret enemies. The latter will hide themselves under the mask of anonymous publication. But neither law nor equity recognize any difference between the Editor and the Author of anonymous calumny ; they are virtually one and the same. But it is also probable that I have much over-rated my own importance ; that I have been conjuring up Phantoms by which I shall never be attacked, and fancying dangers by which I shall never be disquieted. It may happen that the dusty shelf of my Publisher is the only rock on which I am doomed to be stranded, and that the aboriginal spiders of his shop, are the only enemies by which I am likely to be overwhelmed. I shall now merely add that these

pages were written in an obscure country town, without the advantage of Books, or a Literary Society, and that the manuscripts were sent wet to the press ; Therefore I shall take leave of my Muse, nearly in the valedictory words of Bonofonius to his mistress ;

*Vale errorque meus, meusque portus,
Vale spesque mea, et mei pavores !
Meus Phosphorus, Hesperusque vale !
Otiumque meum, negotiumque,
Vale melque meum, atque amaritudo,
Vale nilque meum, meumque totum.*

TRANSLATION.

*Farewell my quicksand, and my port,
My loss, my gain, my grief, my sport ;
Farewell my hope, farewell my fear,
Source of pleasure, source of care ;
That didst my nights, my mornings bless,
My hours of toil, or idleness ;
Farewell my honey, and my gall,
Farewell my nothing, and my all.*



HYPOCRISY,
A SATIRE,
IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK THE FIRST. *

Docebo
Dissimulare Omnes, certâ ratione, modoque.

TWO things there are confound the Poet's lays,
The Scholar's censure, and the Blockhead's praise :

* The Exordium of a Poem should be like the vestibule of an house; not so magnificent as to cause the other apartments to appear to a disadvantage; not so mean as to extinguish all curiosity to inspect the rest of the mansion.

In this first Book, which I could wish to be considered as introductory, some readers will accuse me of wandering from my subject, like Montaigne in his *bootless* chapter on boots; and this accusation would be well grounded, if Hypocrisy were confined to the Church. But alas this vice boasts a more extensive dominion. In politics she hath her knaves, and demagogues; in literature her pedants, and sciolists;

A

That glowing page with double lustre shines,
When Pope approves, and Dennis* damns the lines.

Pleased I anticipate that favouring gale,
The threatening breath of Fools, to swell my sail;
Who venomous as toads, yet in their head
No jewel wear, but one vast lump of lead;
With such who wage the war, must from that day
Throw far the scabbard of the sword † away,
Enjoy the storm, and in the tempest live,
Wits may, but *wittings* never can forgive:
Who helps or harms the last, shall quickly feel
They favours write on sand, but wrongs on steel.

in medicine her quacks, and charletans. The best definition I recollect of an Hypocrite is this “Quod non est simulat, dissimulat que quod est.” And the Greeks seem to have had the same Idea, when they designated the hypocrite and the actor by one general term. If then *all* who *act* a part are Hypocrites, if all are such, who hide what they are, or affect to be what they are not: then I suspect it will be more difficult to shew where Hypocrisy does *not* exist than where it does.

* John Dennis, the dull, but relentless adversary of Pope and Addison; the self importance of this man is worthy of being recorded. Having published a Tragedy which contained an Invective against the French Nation, he waited on the Duke of Marlborough, after the Treaty of Utrecht, to request his Grace would use his influence that he might not be delivered up to the French King. The Duke gravely told him, he had not as yet taken any such precautions with regard to himself, although he must conceive he had done that Nation almost as much mischief as Mr. Dennis.

† “Galeatum sero duelli pœnitet.”

Nought might these wretches' mad revenge control,
 Had they great Cæsar's power—but Cæsar's soul;
 Fools o'erlook benefits, but wrongs o'errate,
 Sluggish in gratitude, alert in hate;
 But Cæsar's mind was cast in different mould,
 As warm to friendship, as to vengeance cold;
 Lord of *himself*, as of the world, he chose
 To conquer still by *benefits* his foes;
 Christians! that memory was a pagan's lot,
 That nothing e'er but *injuries* forgot.

Rail then, ye dunces, dignified abuse,
 And cheer with loud anathemas my muse,
 Blast not with cruel smile the Poet's bays,
 Nor blight them with the mildew of your praise; *
 Rail on, and railing fan the kindling hope
 I may at least in *one* thing † rival Pope;
 Whose pigmy foes ennobled by the hand
 That slew them, *hence* alone some fame command; ‡
 Their very names from *Us* had been concealed,
 But that their darts stick in a Giant's shield. §
 Thus the vile lead that laid great Nelson low,
 In gold and chrystal set, becomes a show.

* "Pessimum inimicorum genus laudantes." Indiscriminate encomiasts are our worst enemies. † In the hate of Dunces.

‡ "Give me half a Crown," said Swift to Pope, "and I will engage that posterity shall know no more of your enemies than you chuse to tell them." § The Dunciad.

¶ The points of resemblance here are, the vileness of the

Then let your anger smoke, it cannot blaze,
 Your friendship ruin is, your satire praise:
 Mistake each motive, and each act misstate,
 Those I must pity, I can never hate;
 And fools will have in verse, or prose, their long
 Prescriptive right, to be for-ever wrong;
 Whilst I your slanders to improvement turn,
 As fire but brightens what it cannot burn;
 And truth, with fear and cautious care pursue,
 Fearless, and careless what may thence ensue.
 Those who reform the *least*, will most resent,
 Quick to revile, but tardy to repent;
 Yet grateful, half your rage ye might suppress,
 Could ye but half what I've rejected guess;

instruments, and the circumstance of their becoming notorious by an attack which proved quite unable to wound the *fame* of those great men. Mr. Beattie, Surgeon of the Victory, is in possession of the ball that caused Nelson's death; I am informed it is set in chrystal in a very curious and costly manner, and part of the epaulette, which it carried away is still to be seen adhering to it. Were Great Britain to apostrophise' would she not exclaim with Æneas "Spoliis indute meorum" and reflecting on the loss of her gallant Son, would she not add in nearly the same words with Evander,

"Sollicitæ O utinam dederas promissa Parenti

Cautius ut sævo velles te credere Marti !"

In the library of Buonaparte were lately observed the busts of two Englishmen, Nelson and Fox; an Italian translation of Ossian was lying on the table, apparently much *thumbed*.

But, should ye snarling o'er these fragments starve,
 We may some second course hereafter carve;
 Though of the two I'd rather that your rage
 Should lash, than your applause disgrace my page,
 Since *such* to please we must not go too far,
 As peace with such more dangerous is than war,
 Lest some cracked wretch that cannot read should
 write,
 And with his clumsy praise undo me quite.

By approbation's loud unmeaning grin,
 A Blockhead thought stern Johnson's * heart to win,
 Whate'er escaped the Doctor's lips, the Spark
 Exclaimed----most witty, yet profound remark!
 Sam, whom a Dunces's admiration teased,
 Addressed the Coxcomb----Sir it seems you're
 pleased,

* Presumptuous as it may be deemed, I cannot but think that Johnson's genius has been overrated. He exhibits no bad specimen of the good effects of a little seasonable bullying; nor is every literary pugilist so fortunate in his *bottle holders*. But in addition to this, his talents were blazoned by the Church, she being, and with reason, proud of so orthodox a Champion in a *coloured* coat; at a time too when Addison was no more, and when her *lay* defenders were not numerous. His imitation of the third and tenth Satires of Juvenal he never afterwards equalled, and it is melancholy to consider that we are indebted to his necessities for his best efforts. "Ingenii venter, largitor." It was observed by one who knew him well, that if fortune had thought fit to place the Doctor in a field of clover, he would have lain down and rolled in it.

I hope (and rising grasped his oaken wand,)
I have said nothing you can understand.

Give me the Critic formed in ancient School,
No placeman's pensioner, no party's tool,
No hireling, doomed, by venal printers fed,
To scribble scandal for his daily bread ;
Who dares refuse, tho' courts and rulers frown,
To write, against his judgement, Genius down ;
But prays that wit and talent may succeed
Alike on *this*, or *that* side of the 'Tweed ;
And owns, e'en while he doth my faults reprove,
'Tis easier far to find them, than remove ;
An ear submissive may I ever lend
To such, and lose the critic in the friend.

Did *such* the deed command, I'd not refuse
To burn * the dearest offspring of my muse,
And grateful learn, while Crabbe and Nature smile,
From them, to shun the modern fustian style :
Where Metaphors, like an ill-woven veil,
Expose each blemish, and each charm conceal ;
Where Similes like nought in heaven or earth,
Destroy the muse that gives the monsters birth ;

* This brings to my recollection, the advice which Dr. Johnson gave Mrs. Macaulay. This Lady having submitted her History of England to his inspection, attempted to palliate its faults by observing that she had a great many irons in the fire. The Doctor *coolly* replied, "Then I recommend you, Madam, to put your history where your Irons are."

Where wit to puns and low conceits descends,
 And swoln bombast begins where grandeur ends :
 Where groveling thoughts mid *cumbrous* words
 expire,
 As heaps of fuel choak the feeble fire.

Such Authors to fine writing make pretence,
 Yet spurn that *rare* endowment, common sense ;
 These Milton's measure not his style command,
 And filch that Master's harp, but not his hand ;
 Through tomes of epic lumber, labour hard,
 Resembling but in *blindness* Sinai's bard ;
 Now Southey's *Madoc* quits the groaning stall
 To visit at the Grocer's, Sotheby's *Saul* !
 Now o'er this deluged land *Exodiads* bring
 A greater plague than all the plagues they sing :
 Wherein poor Pharaoh deems it sad to *sink*
 With Hoyle, * drownded o'er again in seas of ink.
 High thoughts from heaven derive illustrious birth !
 Words are the fickle "daughters of the Earth."

Some Drivellers anxious that extreme to fly,
 Call want of *sense* and *sound*—*Simplicity* !

* Mr. H. must not expect to pass current as an Epic Poet on the mere credit of having written so many thousand lines of *blank verse*, until he can persuade mankind to shut their eyes.

ΟΦθαλμοι ΜΕΝ !!! κλειστος, οὐτος δ' οὐκ οὐκ κλειστος.

Or prove, if for themselves they think at all,
 In mere absurdities original;
 Each yellow leaf that falls, each flower that dies,
 These mere describers with a theme supplies.
 With microscopic eye, these Nature guage,
 And rather spell than read her ample page;
 More skilled in words than sentences, they get
 No farther still than Nature's alphabet;
 What in acuteness * she may gain, their muse
 In comprehension is condemned to lose;
 They start, Ah labour lost, to win the prize,
 Then stopping short, each other criticise.
 Thus *mongrel* curs, while Sportsmen cry—for shame!
 Each other worry, when they *miss* the game.

But in the offing what strange sail appears!
 Critics! and Printers! hail her with three cheers!
 Fresh from the Tweed she seems, yet falls to leward
 Tho' steer'd by skilful Scott, The Anna Seward. †
 Freightied with rhymes for England, and we're told
 Brings Constable's piled quartos in her hold! ‡

* An eye so acute as to perceive the motion of the hour hand of a clock, would not be able to ascertain the time of the day.

† See Anna Seward's Poetical works, edited by Walter Scott.

‡ Mr. Constable is in possession of *twelve* quarto volumes of this Lady's correspondence, which she observed were but *one twelfth* part of what she had written.

Like Palinurus, * Scott foresees a wreck,
Yawns at the helm, then 'dozes on the deck.
Death stronger far than Gallery-gods, or men,
Drained not the plethora of Seward's pen.

But ah, to greet them, not a Muse will rise,
Though magazines lift females † to the skies;
Whose Volumes vast, by sleep refreshed in vain,
Just shake their dust off, but to sleep again;
Exhausted Acres ‡ are not fertile fields,
Tho' British taste to French politeness yields.

That ample wreath by Sydney borne away,
Left his poor Poet not one sprig of bay;
Wielding, like Cæsar, both the pen and sword,
His own gazettes his glories best record;

* Te Palinure petens tibi tristia Somnia portans
Insonti.

It will be evident to every reader of this edition of Miss Seward's works, that her Editor, Mr. Scott, foresees the fate of his Cargo, and its "alacrity in sinking." But having imposed upon himself the task of introducing these "Magnas Nugas" to the public, he has been prudent enough not to do it "Magno Conatu." Considering what the public have a right to expect from that time which such a writer as Mr. Scott may dedicate to literary exertions, I conceive every lover of the muses will exclaim "His vellem *nunquam* nugis tota ista dedisset tempora."

† Phyllidas Hissipylas Vatum et plorabile si quid.

‡ See a republication of Mrs. Cowley's Epic Poem the Siege of Acre.

In the short pause of fury, blood, and rage,
His fire unquench'd illumines his ardent page ; *
Fierce from the fervor of the unfinished fight,
With the free spirit of a youthful Knight,
He boldly blazons each brave feat, and name,
And stamps their memory on the scroll of fame.

But lo! the living tempest sweeps the plain,
He springs indignant to the field again;
Again the war-cloud blackens all the beach,
Again he meets it, in the deadly breach !
In vain Napoleon gives the fatal shock,
An heart like thine, O Richard, guards thy Rock ;
That fatal force which makes whole Empires fall,
Finds Acre's ruins an impervious wall.

Such mighty deeds transcend a woman's pen,
The rage of combat is a theme for men ;

* Addison, at the request of Lord Godolphin, and in consideration of a sum of money, manufactured into a poem the Battle of Blenheim. This poem was satirically termed a gazette in rhyme. To say this of Mrs. Cowley's poem would be a compliment, as her hero, Sir Sydney, has evinced in his dispatches the elegance of the Scholar, attempering the fire of the most favoured knight of Chivalry. In short his whole narration is a romance, but written with the sternest pen of Truth. The Port of Acre was formerly taken by Richard Cœur de Lion, in conjunction with Philip; and on this occasion history presents us with a solitary instance of a King of France and England fighting together in defence of one common cause.

As soon her hand might rule the scythed Car,
 As *justly* paint th' infuriate scenes of War.
 In the light sock with sportive ease she treads,
 Or graceful follows where fair Burney leads;
 Or, with the Enchantress from the Tuscan cave,
 Whence wizard bards oft charmed their Arno's
 wave,

Seeks, with the hurried step and gaze of fear,
 Udolpho's turrets, * and the forest drear;
 But let her not attempt Ulysses' bow,
 Nor rashly strive Achilles' lance to throw.

Hail Devon, † hail each rhyme re-echoing stream,
 Famed for *poor* poetry, and richest cream!
 That might with love of tea the Nine inspire,
 While Epic Bards by dozens blow the fire;
 Inclosures stop, with geese each common fill,
 And send us, Neckingar, thy patent mill; ‡

* Mrs. Raddiffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and her *Romance of the Forest*,—the two mightiest efforts of a female pen!

† A Lady at Exeter lately gave a tea party to six Gentlemen; on comparing notes, it came out that every individual of this marvellous Symposium had written an Epic Poem. I shall not mention their Names, as their knuckles are still sore from the gentle rapping of some Northern Critics; but on mutually condoling with each other, on this tender subject, they were heard to exclaim, *Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subuximus, et nos.* This covey of bards was a meeting purely accidental; *miserum est cum tot ubique vatibus occurras.*

‡ A Mill invented in Germany, to restore paper spoiled by

Let Printer's devils too, "a grisly band,"
 The flood-gates lift of ink, and drown the land ;
 Or stop, by all we've read, and more we fear
 To read, O scribblers, stop your blind career ;
 Forbear with hands profane, and gallic rage,
 To revolutionise * the British page !
 Ye make no figure with your feeble trash
 But, like the Whip club, merely *cut a dash* !

Few authors write too little, Nine in Ten
 Are ruined by the fulness of their pen ;
 Thus, while but few from rigid fasting die,
 Feasts, with their thousand victims, death supply ;
 Like wealth, with toil and hazard fame is gained,
 But easily increased if once obtained ;
 Though wits, like bankrupts, oft their golden crop
 Have lost, for want of knowing *when to stop*.
 Some start at highest speed, yet faster still
 Write down themselves, the more they work the
 quill ;
 As those who first lead off the mazy dance,
 Descend each step, and *sink* as they advance.

printing to its former texture, and whiteness. The old excuse for not writing, *perituræ parcere chartæ*, is therefore now done away.

* For some excellent remarks on this subject, see the Edinburgh Review on the different publications of Messrs. Southey and Wordsworth ;

Arcades Ambø,

Et cantare pares, et *respondere parati*.

But shall these Drawlers dare to form a style,
 And Pope, and Swift unheeded stand the while?
 Shall such be read, and Gray be thrown aside,
 And dust that Harp, the muse's solace hide?
 As though its chords the graces had not strung,
 As if e'en sorrow smiled not while he sung!
 Asthough, while prejudice and Johnson* frowned,
 He had not been high Priest of Phœbus crowned.
 Mourn Conway's heights, if Gray be doomed to die,
 Mourn the departed dew of Sacred Poesy!

O, when these mighty Masters cease to charm,
 May life's red tide no more my bosom warm;

* "Modeste de tanto Viro pronunciandum." But on the Dr's unfortunate criticism of Gray, G. Wakefield thus expresses himself, "If at any time we feel ourselves dazzled by Dr. Johnson's bright and diffusive powers of understanding, we may turn for relief to his criticisms upon Gray, and to his prayers and meditations." But he makes up for this in another place, thus, "I esteem his lives of the English Poets to be the noblest specimen of entertaining and solid criticism that modern times have produced, well worthy of ranking on the same shelf with Aristotle, and Quintilian." From this last sentence the hallowed shade of Milton turns with indignation; the salt that will preserve the Lives of the Poets, is to be found in the comparison that work contains of Pope and Dryden, and in the account of the metaphysical Poets. For the respective merits of Johnson and Wakefield on Gray, vide appendix. By the bye, Gray's two finest odes narrowly escaped the fate to which Virgil had doomed his *Æneid*; in consequence of some fastidious cavils of Mason, to whose perusal Gray had submitted them. Mason criticising Gray! Anser—Olôrem!

My refuge, and my prize, their hallowed page
 My youth delighted, and shall cheer my age ;
 Their glorious track with trembling hope I view,
 Too fond to quit, too feeble to pursue ;
 Nor can I, Darwin, tinsel o'er my rhimes,
 To suit the tawdry taste of modern times,
 Though Ladies weep in sentimental showers,
 Their tears may not revive *thy fading flowers*.
 Thy prize a tulip, honey * thy pursuit,
 Poor bee ! Thou didst for blossom lose the fruit.

I cease on ashes scarcely cold to tread,
 'Tis vain to lecture, harsh to blame the dead.
 I too, more pleased to learn than others teach,
 Had on this subject rather hear than preach :
 Remote from scholars as from books I live,
 And want, believe me, that advice I give :
 But memory must the place of books supply,
Wit's † friend, Invention's treacherous ally.

* Abundat dulcibus vitiis.

† It will be obvious to any reader of *Hudibras*, that memory was the most faithful handmaid of the Author's wit. This it was that so readily presented him with the most unexpected and remote resemblances ; drawn from things, and circumstances, with which his profound erudition had previously stored his mind. Mere reading without memory never could have effected this. We are told writing makes an exact man, speaking a ready man, and reading a full man—I fear we might often add a dull man. It was well said by some one of himself, “I should have been as stupid as the Commentators, if

O Thou to whom the talents rare belong
 To explore the source, and rule the tide of song !
 O Thou, deemed fit the Critic's office high
 To fill, Preceptor, Guide of Poesy ;
 Serene that canst, with wisdom's tempering rein
 The foaming Heliconian Steed restrain ;
 Or, with ambition's spur his might provoke,
 To spurn at imitation's servile yoke ;
 O come ! I shall at thy tribunal kneel
 And *seek* from *thy* decision, no appeal :
 From thee, the chilling frown shall not offend,
 Nor keen reproofs, that what they chide, amend ;
 Spare not the knife, the caustic use, no groan
 Shall'scape my lips ;—my Muse is all your own.

Th' obscure illumine, and the gross refine,
 Prune the redundant, lop the faulty line ;
 Teach me the leaves to thin, t' increase the fruit,
 To make the *blossom* wit, sound sense the *root*.

For wit, though Butler own it, hath been shown
 To be no longer wit, too thickly sown ;

I had read as much." Two men shall read the same Authors,
 with the same diligence ; one shall have a good memory, the
 other a bad one ; the difference between them will be this ;
 the former keeps a shop well assorted, and well arranged ;
 and can oblige his friends with any article at a moment's
 notice ; the latter also keeps a shop, which is equally full,
 but in the utmost disorder, and confusion ; in so much that
 he is entirely at a loss where to look for any article in demand ;

As Diamonds set too close, in solid mass,
 Appear not diamonds, but a lump of glass.
 Where all is wit * Men think that none is there,
 As stars are hid in light, and lost in glare.

which therefore his customers are likely to go without, unless they can find it themselves.

* Pope carried this rule too far when he observed, "Rather than all things wit, let *none* be there." But of all the rules laid down by him, this is the *only* one the moderns have religiously observed. It has been remarked that there is not a single joke in all Demosthenes; Cicero's two witticisms, or rather puns, are wretched; Milton's attempts of this kind are, if possible, worse; Mr. Pitt, on one occasion, only, ventured on wit; and Burke's quotation on seeing Wilkes chaired by the mob, "*Numerisque fertur lege solutis;*" is recorded as the only witty thing uttered by him. But on the other hand, the Earl of Chatham and Mr. Sheridan are shining instances that wit is not incompatible with the highest flights of eloquence. If we are to believe the Commentators, an union of the sublime and the witty, is impossible. Two instances however of such an union, I think, may be found in the two following passages, which must conclude this rambling note.

"Superior beings when of late they saw,
 An human form expound all nature's law,
 Admired such wisdom in a mortal shape,
 And showed a Newton—as we show an Ape."

"For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the Game,
 True, as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shined upon."

Sons of the Stagyrite, all such draw nigh,
 Clothed with an unassuming dignity,
 And break that sceptre formed of *brass* and *lead*,
 By *trading* * critics brandished o'er our head;
 Who on some mangled † author doomed to dine,
 O'er faultless works in sullen silence pine.
 More short-lived than the carcase they devour,
 Like carrion flies they bounce, and buzz an hour.

Were writers perfect, critics were undone,
 With them the greatest fault is—to *have none*.
 On specks alone and blemishes they live,
 On foulest blood as leeches fastest thrive;
 Tho' stern as Mulgrave, on his quarter-deck,
 Like crabs ‡ they make no meal without a *wreck*.

* The public are not fully aware how widely the good or ill effects produced by impartial or interested criticism extend themselves; neither do men duly consider how deeply its decrees may influence the decisions of that important law, the law of opinion. Horace Walpole has this observation, "The manœuvres of bookselling are now equal in number to the stratagems in war; publishers open and shut the sluices of reputation as their various interests lead them; and it is become more and more difficult to judge of the merit or fame of recent publications."

† "No beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic."

‡ The resemblance will be more complete if we reflect that an engagement by sea is as great a feast to the crabs, as a *paper war* by land is to the critics.

Self-constituted kings of *A, B, C*,
 Shielded in their majestic title—We, *
 In solitary garret they reside,
 Which with *congenial* spiders they divide;
 Like *them*, in flimsy *lines* their labours ply,
 And catch an Author, as *these* catch a fly.

Such judges stamp all Authors tame and trite,
 That cannot contrarieties unite:
 The style sublime and bold, wants common sense;
 The modest, strength; the nervous, diffidence.
 Have we both fire and force, they quote against one
 The Prince of namby-pamby—*sheepish* Shenstone;
 As Porteus plausible, as Cottle cold,
 As Wordsworth wild, as soaring Southey bold;
 All these extremes at once, and more than these,
 Must they unite, that would such Critics please;
 Who guard the tree of knowledge; less intent
 To taste themselves, than others to prevent;
 Like eunuchs, whom stern Solymans employ
 To watch o'er beauties they can ne'er enjoy.

* The *Virgin* Queen condescended sometimes to a little flirtation. Shakespeare was performing the part of a king. The theatre was small, "Parva fuit, si prima velis elementa referre, Roma." Queen Elizabeth's box was contiguous to the stage; she purposely dropped her handkerchief, upon the boards at the feet of Shakespeare, having a mind to try whether her poet would stoop from his assumed majesty. She was mistaken,—"Take up *our* sister's handkerchief," was his prompt and dignified order, to one of the actors in his train.

Frowns undeserved, misplaced severities,
 The modest only silence, and the wise ;
 But fools, through folly bold, through blindness
 rash,
 Still scribble faster from the critics lash.
 Nor critics, speakers, commons, lords, nor gods
 Can gag a dunce; nor ushers, ~~nor~~ *black rods* !
 Th' astonished senate saw despair and shame
 Gibbon's * proud periods into silence tame ;
 But hears, tho' called to order, many a dolt
 Fearless as F——r, shoot his random bolt.

* It is well known that Gibbon never attempted to speak in the house of Commons, though highly gifted with many of the requisites of oratory. The feelings that prevented him, he thus explained to a friend, "The good speakers filled me with despair, the bad ones with apprehension." The imbecility also of Hare and Addison, in the House of Commons, formed a curious contrast with their acknowledged powers out of it; the latter, indeed, did not shine even in conversation, on which account it was wittily observed of him, that although he never had a guinea in his pocket, he could at any time draw for a thousand pounds upon his Banker. Lord Shaftesbury experienced a temporary embarrassment of this kind, on introducing his motion for extending the privilege of Counsel to those attainted of High Treason; but he immediately adduced the very embarrassment under which he then laboured, as the strongest argument for the necessity of that very privilege for which he was contending. Thus did that great genius, like Antæus, gather strength from his fall; and from the awkward situation in which he felt himself placed, 'ex re natâ,' did he conjure up a most impressive and successful effort of eloquence.

Their old excuse then let not critics plead,
 For making, right or wrong, each author bleed;
 Their censures save no dunce from fatal ink,
 Yet those prevent, who ere they scribble, think.

They take no bribe, they swear, yet what is worse
 From party views they canonize or curse;
 But what hath Genius, that survives them all,
 To do with state-intrigue, or court cabal?
 Who asked, when Horne 'gainst vanquished Hermes
 wrote,

The Colour of his Politics, or Coat?
 Layman, or Priest, (it matters not a fig,)
 An High Church Tory, or a zealous Whig,
 He may put on the helmet, or the gown,
 Who nobly rash, cuts rooted errors down;
 We hail the light, by satellites * of Kings
 Eclipsed in vain, nor ask from whence it springs.
 Let error earth o'erwhelm, and sea, and air,
 Were Critics honest, we should not despair.

Longinus, Scaligers, and thou their Son,
 A modern † whom *thy* Flaccus will not shun,

* Eclipses produced by Satellites are usually *partial*.

† Bentley, a slashing critic! but there was a hardness about him that pleases rather than disgusts. Most of his emendations were conceived in this spirit, "meo pericub, repugnantibus omnibus;" and at times by way of climax, "*ipso auctore*." But with all his faults, he might repeat that he had forgotten more than most of our modern Critics have ever

Such judges, (did but ye in Court preside,)
 Turn'd criminals, in shame their heads must hide.
 Ah with those mighty Dead 'tis hardly fair
 I grant, *our* mushroom Critics to compare;
 For in that war where thousands fall, the best
Alone of ages firmly stand the test.
 No wonder then, if such recruits should yield
 To Veterans, who so long have kept the field;
 Such daily die, like thorns that choak the land,
 To clear that wood where Parr * and Porson stand.

learned; or to use another favourite expression of his, "what he *did* know, and what they *do not* know, would make a *large Book*!"

* I have heard my Father relate the following anecdote, it *may* be authentic, as he was extremely intimate with one of the Parties. Dr. Samuel Gash had carried away in his head, an amazing cargo of Greek, from Eton and Cambridge, into Warwickshire; there it grew a little mouldy. Dr. Parr paid him a literary visit: so much Greek was quoted, and talked, amidst such a dearth of English, that if Lord Mouboddo had been present, he might have fancied himself transported to his beloved Attica. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of War." After a very late hour, for these Grecians were no starters, poor Gash *knocked under*, confessing himself *out-greeked, out-smoked, and out-quoted*; but he concluded his concession, with this apology; that he had lived so long in the country, insulated as it were, from all literary society, that he was become "Βαββαγος μὲλα βαββαγος." Dr. P. without the slightest hesitation, or a moment's pause, consoled the vanquished Grecian with this fine fragment (I think) of Menander,

"συγς βαββαγος;

Εἶθ' ἔτι μᾶλλον αὐτῷ, ὅτις βαββαγος;"

Such live, but how, men neither know nor care,
And die, men ask not when, and mark not where.

But while they *may*, in short-lived monthly page,
They fret and fume their hour upon the stage;
Through thick and thin they slash and criticize,
E'en from the Theban Bard they tear the prize;
More nice than *wise*, their blind resentment wreak
On Fox's English, or on *Pindar's* * *Greek*.
Their insect-eye each trifling blemish sees,
But grasps not Demosthenic Deinotes.

There are, who deaf, a ticking time-piece near,
But nought sublime, nor grand, nor distant, hear;
So these, while syllables their minds engage,
Mark not the mighty thunder of the page!
These captious cavillers, as Stoics cool
By taste and feeling judge not, but by rule;
A pliant leaden rule, that every hour
Can bend to party, prejudice, or power.
They read the Bards, *their* Masters, but to start
Teachers of those from whom they *learnt* their art.

* Some Reviewers lately fell foul on an unfortunate passage of Greek. After proving, to their own great satisfaction, and as they supposed, to the chagrin of Mr. P. Knight, that his Greek was a barbarous modern jargon, Mr. K——thus replies; —“Gentlemen, if you will turn to such a page, and such a verse, you will find the passage you have made yourselves so merry withal, to be verbatim a quotation from Pindar; if Pindar's Greek is not good enough for you, I am very sorry for it.”

But Avon's Swan ! their cumbrous chains defies,
 Splendid Transgressor of dull Unities ;
 On towering wing he soars, that prize to gain
 That lies beyond the Critics' scant domain.

Each monument of taste these Goths deface,
 To build their own vile *hovel* in its place ;
 With savage joy the ruined pile survey,
 And hunt amid the *marble*, for the *clay* ;
 Thus Cossacks, when the Turk their fury fled,
 Destroyed each Mosque and Palace for its *lead*.

'Tis well their wants these hireling pens divide,
 And make them fight, like Swiss, on either side ;
 Else might these mercenaries, kept in pay
 By Booksellers, in night *blot* out the day ;
 Thus a *third* "Deluge learning might o'errun,"
 And *Critics* end what Goths and Monks begun !

For in the *Tenants of the Row*, we view
 The Lords of Authors, and of Critics too ;
 The Row ! that goodly Paradise of Fools,
 Where, o'er the Tree of *folly*, Dulness rules :
 Here Dedicators that can white-wash jet,
 And Editors of Epitaphs *to let* ;
 Puffers and Newsmen, Authors, Auctioneers,
 Conductors of Reviews, * and Pamphleteers,

* A witty, but anonymous writer thus addresses the Reviewers. "Herein lies the grand secret of your art to hit the vul-

With all the black Militia of the Trade, *
At Lintot's Levee punctually parade.

Here Reputations much the worse for wear
Are cured, that seemed to need a *Change of air* ;
Here stolen Ideas vamped and gilt, receive
New shapes their lawful owners to deceive ;
Here reams of fulsome flatteries appear,
The squalid *resurrection* † of *Rag-fair* !
Still *sheltering Vermin*, though to rank restored,
Theshreds ‡ that clothed a Beggar, *screen a Lord*.

nerable heel of each literary Achilles ; no work of genius can unite opposite characters of excellence ; massive grandeur is without the grace of lightness ; and what is beautiful and airy, attains not the sublime. All the merits of the first writers, may be compressed in *one* impressive sentence ; the Qualities adverse to their genius will afford pages ! Here then we have discovered an inexhaustible fountain of criticism, from whence the "waters of bitterness" can never cease to flow. If a Work be solid and instructive, abuse it for not exhilarating its readers with pleasantry and wit ; or if it be seasoned with wit and pleasantry, damn it for not being solid and instructive. In a labour of painful erudition, exclaim, how heavily it moves ! If it displays the charms of composition, lament over those superficial graces ! Throw into your articles an artful prodigality of the *pour* and the *contre* ; thus at the expense of one author, you will tickle a *Thousand Readers* !—What odds in your favour my lads ! !"

* A term which the fraternity of Booksellers have appropriated to themselves. † "*Miraturque novas frondes.*"

‡ It is not improbable that a noble Peer, as for instance Lord

Bards leave these precincts *rich*, that sought them
 poor,
 For a Mæcenas * stands at every door;

North, (in whose wicker-work plans we discover the cradle of the French Revolution,) may have had a dish of flattery served up to him, on the tattered remains of his *own chemise*. If in *this shape*, we trace the genealogy of a Panegyric, we may exclaim, "Patronymica hæc sunt," his Lordship—his Gentleman—his Gentleman's Gentleman—a Beggar—a Jew—Rag fair—the Row: from thence "gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore," it expands its white wings, and revisits its first titled Proprietor, in the form of a defence! or a dedication!

* Mr. Gibbon had invited a few friends to dine with him; just as they were taking their seats at table, they were all astonished by a thundering rap at the front door. A Patron of Literature from the purlieus of the Row, had chosen this particular moment to wait on Mr. Gibbon. "Tell the Gentleman I am particularly engaged."—"I have Sir, but he begged I would inform you his business is of a literary nature, and of the greatest importance."—"Well, Well, show him into the Library." When they met in the Library, the Patron of Genius thus addressed the Historian; "You must know, Sir, that I am a Rewarder of merit, and that I have now in the Press a History of England conducted by several hands: as I have heard that you have *a kind of a knack at THEM there things*, I should be happy to give you every reasonable encouragement, in case a sample or two from your pen met *my approbation*." Gibbon ran to the bell, and ringing it most violently, exclaimed, "Sir, the only chance you have to escape being kicked down stairs, is to be at the bottom of them, before my Servant can get to the top;" this strong hint was no sooner given, than

From whose swol'n port we learn, and lofty look,
How better far to *sell* than *write* a book.

They boast a capital would purchase clean
All Tempe, Helicon! and Hippocrene!

With All, who pots upon Parnassus boil,
Freeholders, or Rack-renters;—Homer—Hoyle.

Well might their own Sir Richard * feel afraid
T' attack such purse-proud Masters of *his* trade.

With them, by far the worst thing can be said
Of any book is, that—it is not read;

But hold, I crave their pardon, 'tis a thought
Disturbs them little—so the Book *be bought*.

taken. This tenant of the Row seems to have formed about as high a notion of a modern Historian, as the late Lord Monboddoo, the eccentric and learned *contemporary*! of Robertson! Hume! and Gibbon! The Passage is curious, here it is, "Of some *late* writers of History in Britain I shall say nothing; I read not to find fault, but to admire and be pleased. And when I cannot be entertained in that way, I chuse not to read at all. Now to criticise such works it is necessary to read them (not always my Lord) and that is a task I cannot submit to. Leaving therefore, such Authors to be praised, or dispraised, by the Reviewers, as they are *paid* or not *paid*, I will conclude this subject of History."

* This great Prince of Booksellers, and *ci devant* generalissimo of Reviews, has unwarily in one of his recent publications, suffered the arcanum magnum of his trade to escape him. This secret is valuable, coming from one who was so long the Custos Custodum, and grand manager of the mysteries of Book-making; ————"Quæque ipse miserrima vidit,

Each of *the Trade* from Aldgate to Pal-mal
 Would print the Bible backwards—if 'twould sell,
 Save One, * Who with his *former self* at strife,
 Buys up at twice its *worth* his *Heathen* life!

And shall these traffickers joined hand in hand
 By filthy lucre, lord it o'er the land?
 Shall wit serve slaves that o'er her feast preside?
 Shall talent walk, and *learning's lacqueys* † ride?

Et quorum pars magna fuit."

His method is this; when a respectable publication is to be cut up *con amore*, it is absolutely necessary to engage some Author, who has written *worse* on a *similar* subject, to undertake the office of its Executioner; and for two reasons; he will perform his task without mercy; and without *reward*.

* Mr. Lackington, who some time since undertook the delicate task of becoming his own biographer. Either he was too candid in his details, or he now sees himself in a *New Light*; as he has industriously bought up all the copies he can lay his hands upon, of what he now terms his heathen life. He has lately built a Chapel at Taunton, close to the road side, where the following inscription, written in gigantick characters, 'verbis sesquipedalibus,' arrests the attention of the passenger, "This Temple is a Monument of God's Mercy in convincing an Infidel of the important Truths of Christianity."

"No zealot ever took in hand,
 To plant a church in *barren* land;
 Or ever thought it worth his while,
 A Swiss or Russ to reconcile."

† It is evident that the publisher of any work, is merely the *finisseur*, or valet of his author; inasmuch as it is the sole busi-

Shall such vile things, the *sweepings of a Shop*,
 The Bard's career accelerate? or stop?
 O'er Intellect shall vile Mechanics reign?
 Rather revive Star-chambers once again,
 Freedom of thought and speech in vain we boast,
 France owns one Despot, Britain counts an *Host*;
 Thy fetters Genius loose, thy wrongs redress,
 Save us from petty Tyrants of the Press;

ness of the former, to see the latter decently dressed before he makes his appearance in public. And, were things as they ought to be, then could Booksellers, and Publishers do no more for a book, than dress for a female. Thus, if a woman happen to be either very handsome, or very plain, we may observe that the most splendid dress cannot heighten her beauty on the one hand, nor hide her deformity on the other. But if she be neither handsome, nor plain, but something between both, she may then receive some assistance from Dress. About as much as this, we might permit a Bookseller to do for a Book. But modern publishers, by no means satisfied with the narrow extent of their privileges and prerogatives, are striving hard to erect a new dynasty of their own in Literature. Hence from their Paper-mint in the Row they are continually affixing to counterfeits, the stamp of genius, and patching up dotage and debility, in the alluring forms of youth and novelty. Thus they give an attractive frontispiece, and high sounding title, to works of which it may be justly said, "*fronti nulla fides.*" On such occasions I would advise the Public to keep their shillings in their pockets; as in these exhibitions, like those of wild beasts, the representation on the outside, which they may see for nothing, is much better executed than *the monstrous things* within, which they must pay for examining; "*desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne*"

Nor tamely see the Lion yield his breath
Trampled by *Mulish* foes, and *kicked* to death.

O in what splended *Æra's* glorious light !
Shall Blockheads feel their weakness, Wits their
might?

When learning's famed Triumvirate, * again
Dethroning dullness, shall bid Talent reign.

Shall fools combined, in nought but union strong,
'Gainst single wits th' unequal war prolong ?
And shall not each high-mettled Courser bleed
To save from *herded* wolves their Champion Steed ! †
Too oft, alas, his brethren stand aloof,
And mark his heart's blood stain his thundering
hoof!

He sinks ! but in death's agonizing throes,
Feels more the baseness of his *friends*, than foes.

* Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot.

† Drove of wild Horses have always a champion, "Victor Equus," or Leader.

"Primus et ire viam et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti.

Nec vanos horret strepitus."

A common Sense of their own imbecility makes the Dunces unite; but in spirits of an higher order, there is often that proud independence, which, while it makes them too confident in their own powers, renders them also jealous of the assistance of others; hence it happens that like Horses attacked by wolves, "dam singuli pignant omnes vincuntur."

Like fogs shall Printers, Critics, and *the Trade*, *
The British Press, that Sun of wisdom shade?

* There are instances on record in which these Gentlemen have seriously injured themselves, in attempting to drive too hard a bargain with an Author. Paley's Moral Philosophy was offered to Mr. Faulder in Bond-Street for £100. He declined the purchase; after the merits of that work were in some degree ascertained, it was again offered to Mr. Faulder for £300. Mr. F. then offered £250. While this treaty was pending, a Bookseller in Carlisle happened to go to London, when he was immediately commissioned by an eminent publisher in the Row, to offer Mr. Paley £1000 for the Copyright of that work. This offer was instantly communicated to Mr. Paley at Carlisle, and through him despatched to the Bishop of Clonfert, who was then in London, and who had undertaken, at Mr. Paley's request, to negotiate that business with Mr. Faulder. Fortunately for the Author, the Bargain was not concluded before Mr. Paley's letter, announcing the above intelligence, reached the Bishop. But mark the sequel. Mr. Faulder was not a little surprised, at so great and so unexpected an advance in Mr. Paley's demand; yet this very man, who had at first refused to give £100 for a copy-right, and on a second occasion, had been haggling so long for £50, agreed to give £1000 for the same work, before the Bishop of C. left his house. "Never," observes Mr. Paley, "did I suffer so much anxious fear as on this occasion; lest my Friend should have concluded the Bargain, before my Letter reached him. Little did I think I should ever make a £1000 by any book of mine." "Quod optanti, Divom promittere nemo audeat, volvenda dies en attulit ultro."

Many useful hints may be collected from the above facts. In the first place, what hath been related, may help us to form some idea of the sagacity with which Book-ellers usually esti-

This task Napoleon's fatal intellect,
 In zenith throned of conquest, can't effect.
 Though Chieftains from his changeful Zodiac sped
 Like Comets! *gloomy glare*, * midst darkness shed.

Lamented Palm, there still remains a Press
 Thy fate to publish, and thy name to bless!
 Though Scaffolds with *judicial* murder bleed,
 And laws perverted authorize the deed;
 Though passive justice drop an iron tear,
 Her Ermine still, *though stained*, compelled to wear,
 And reassume, though trampled on the ground,
 Her robes polluted, while a Despot frowned.

mate the value of a Book. Secondly, it may serve to inspire authors with a spirit of independence, and save them from prostituting their talents to booksellers; from such a spirit much good must arise to themselves and the public. To the Public; because dull and heavy Productions would then sink by their own weight, as they ought to do; neither would nonsense be continually crammed down our throats *by the Trade*, because they had previously bought it: To Authors—because if their works have merit, they themselves, who most deserve it, would then meet their reward; and not the Booksellers.

* The only light which Buonaparte suffers to emanate from the press, is that *gloomy glare* which informs the continent of the successes of his generals. The Battle of Trafalgar was thus noticed by him, "He was sorry to inform the Legislative Bodies that he had *lost some ships in a storm ! ! !*" I am credibly informed that the continental presses are in such complete subjection, that the circumstance of such a Battle having taken place is not generally known.

Wisdom to banish ignorance and night
 Bestowed the Press, and said—Let there be light !
 In a Bæotian atmosphere appeared
 That beam that Luther hailed, and Leo * feared ;
 Gross Papal darkness fled the rising ray,
 Scorned and exposed, each Tyrant felt dismay ;
 His Captive too, in Dungeon doomed to dwell,
 Then hailed the day-spring that surprized his Cell !
 Of Intellect's bright world thou brightest Sun,
 Pursue thy proud career so well begun !
 O mayest thou still, by freedom's sacred voice
 Refreshed,—to run thy Giant-course, rejoice !
 By envy blighted, may thy warmth revive,
 And bid each drooping plant of Genius thrive ;

* The discovery of the Press on the eve of the Reformation, I have ever considered a signal interposition of Providence ; and Leo the X spoke the sentiments of every tyrant, when he observed on that occasion, "*Here is an instrument that will destroy us, or we must destroy it.*" Hume has an observation to the following effect : "*If in the most tyrannical Eastern government, an asylum were permitted to exist, where the opinions of all might be safely published, and freely canvassed ; this single circumstance would sooner or later, lay the foundation of Liberty, and eventually change the despotic nature and spirit of such a government.*" And Mr. Sheridan has been heard to exclaim in the Senate, with his usual fire, "*Give me a slavish, and a sycophantic nobility, partial and interested judges, a corrupt and venal House of Commons ; yet, leave me the single advantage of a free Press, and, amidst all these evils I will not despair.*"

Still may thy beams, unwarped by virtue's foes,
 Corruption's foul and murky Den expose;
 O'er Albion still their *full* * effulgence shed,
 Though galled Napoleon lives! and Fox be dead!

* An unsuccessful attempt to fetter the Press of this Country was lately made, by the present Ruler of France, in the trial of Peltier. On this occasion the Press found a most eloquent advocate, and able protector, in the splendid talents of Mr. Mackintosh, author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and now Sir James Mackintosh, Recorder of Bombay. Notwithstanding the great abilities of this Gentleman, it was his fate, once in his life, to be *contunded* by one of those climaxes, in the *effulmination* of which, Dr. Parr shines with such unrivalled brilliancy. A change, rather sudden, had taken place in the politics of Mr. M——. This gave rise to some little coolness between him and Dr. Parr. On some public occasion, however, at a very large party, they met. The conversation happened to turn on O'Quigley, who had just paid the forfeiture of his Life to the Laws. Dr. Parr, as some little palliation of O'Quigley's offence, observed that he was no impostor, but although deceived, yet died in the conviction, though a mistaken one, that he was suffering in a good cause. "I am hurt," rejoined Mr. M, to hear Dr. Parr employing his great talents in the defence of such a wretch as O'Quigley, whom I pronounce as bad a man as could possibly be in every point of view in which we can consider him. "No, No!" replied the Doctor, "not so bad as a man could possibly be neither, Jemmy! for recollect, O'Quigley was a Priest, *he might have been a Lawyer*; he was an Irishman, *he might have been a Scotchman*; he was consistent, Jemmy! *he might have been an apostate.*" There was no answering this, accompanied as it was by

Though Science weep, while Literati * *smile*,
 Drawn up on Gallic ground in rank and file;
 Prepared with ready pen their Tyrant's will
 To perpetrate,—like Soldiers at a Drill!

The British Press, Palladium of the world!
 Hath to Napoleon calm defiance hurled;
 Firm mid the general wreck, it mocks his rage,
 Land-mark, and Light-house, of some happier age!
 Preserved, to shake the faith of future times,
 With the red record of successful crimes;
 To tell, how wading through the tide of Blood,
 On Jaffa's plain the Plague † of Egypt stood;

the usual quantum of Powder from the Doctor's *cloud compelling* wig.

“Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
 Pulveris *immensi* jactu compressa quiescent!

* The French Academicians.

† “Tristius haud illo monstrum, nec sævior ulla,
 Pestis, et ira Deum, Stygiis sese extulit undis.”

To this modern Pest may we not apply the lines of Lucretius on that of antiquity.

“Funestos reddidit agros,
 Vastavitque vias, exhausit civibus urbes.”

And in allusion to the horrid circumstance supposed to have taken place in the French military hospital, on the retreat of their Army, after the massacre at Jaffa, may we not add from the same author, on the same subject,

“*Omnes,*
 Inde catervatim *morbo mortique* dabantur.”

Mid slaughtered foes, the mandate signed, that
sends

Unwept, to sleep eternal, poisoned Friends !

That scroll of Death the mute Physician * read,
While his hand trembled, and his bosom bled !

* “Mussabat tacito Medicina timore.”

If it be true, (and there is great reason to suspect it is) that the French on their retreat relieved themselves from the embarrassment of an Hospital, by the means above mentioned, the favourite Machiavelian system of expedience will of course be resorted to, by the defenders of such a measure. But we would ask whence arose the expedience? solely from the previous massacre of those Turks who formed the garrison of Jaffa. Here then we see the hand of retributive justice strongly marked,

“Raro antecedentem scelestum,

Deseruit pede pœna claudo.”

But even that massacre, which the French do not deny, but rather boast of, is also defended on the doctrine of expedience, by those, who would persuade us that *success* is an end, that will justify, and consecrate the most atrocious means.

“Ausi omnes immane nefas !—*Ausque potiti.*

It is well known that three days, “a dreadful interval,” elapsed, after the taking of Jaffa, before the sentence of a *military* council was carried into execution. And for the honour of humanity, it appears that three divisions of the French army, on this occasion, refused to act.—Sir Sydney Smith can inform the Public what difficulties he encountered, in preventing the full operation of the *lex talionis*, on the French Prisoners at Acre. I have heard from good authority, that a French officer of some Rank, about to be sabred by a Turk, threw himself at the feet of Sir Sydney ; and that it was some time before the

Still the fleet Arab halts his proud array,
 To mourn the deeds of Jaffa's dreadful * day;
 Their startled Steeds the turbaned Chieftains rein,
 And bend indignant o'er the whitening plain;
 Count in the bleaching Piles their Country's loss,
 While the pale Crescent blushes for the Cross.

The Spot, those Pyramids of bones declare,
 That taint full many a league the putrid air;

remonstrances of that generous, and gallant Chief could save the life of his Prisoner. At length the Turk returned his Scymitar into the scabbard, first waving it over the head of his victim, and exclaiming "Jaffa! Jaffa! Jaffa!"

* Should ever French influence be powerful enough to awe the British Press into silence, then we might consent, and even wish that the very remembrance of this dreadful day, might perish forever; we would then exclaim and nearly in the words of Statius,

"Excidat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant,
 Sæcula! *Si nosmet taceamus, et obruta multa,*
Nocte, tegi tantæ patiamur crimina pestis.

I was myself a witness to the following fact. A few years ago this Paragraph was posted up at the window of a Coffee Room in Tiverton; "Two thousand Turks were murdered in cold Blood at Jaffa by the order of General Buonaparte." General Boyer was at that time a Prisoner on Parole in Tiverton, and happened to have had a command in the army of Egypt. He read this bulletin, and with true french *sang froid* took out his pencil, and altered the words "two thousand" into "three thousand five hundred," the true amount of the sufferers. Should this anecdote be ever circulated in France, the General will thank me for having been *instrumental in his promotion*.

That ghastly monument a Coward built,
 Of unresisting blood, in coolness spilt ;
 Then fled stern Kleber's* glance, and *dying* groan!
 And *where* he *feared* a scaffold—found a Throne!

* General Kleber was assassinated by a fanatic Turk in a garden at Cairo. The death of this great man is involved in a cloud of mystery; if it was not contrived by Buonaparte, yet it is no secret, that the intelligence of that event was highly gratifying to him; in consequence of some very *unpleasant* communications, which that General was prepared to make, to his own government, of the conduct of his chief in Egypt. Observe, in this short but eventful part of the Corsican's career, how much Fortune effected for her favourite child, and how very little in these particular instances, he was indebted to any resources, or exertions of his *own*. - Having deserted from his army in Egypt, which he left in want of every thing, and almost without a livre in its military chest; he arrives safe in France, having escaped in a solitary Frigate, a superior British force, by the intervention of a fog.

“Sed qualis rediit, nempe una nave cruentis,
 Fluctibus.”

His greatest enemy in Egypt is now suddenly taken off, and Menou, one of his own creatures, succeeds to the command. Shrinking from the just indignation of the People, he displays in the Council of five hundred, at a most critical juncture, a contemptible want of firmness; but he is compelled, as it were, to rally his scattered spirits, by the magnanimity of his brother Lucien: who with the fraternal feeling and courage of Telamon, rushes to the assistance of this *fallen Teucer* and protects him with his shield;

“Αἶας δ' ἔχ' ἀμελίσσε κασιγνητοῖο πεισόντος,
 Ἀλλὰ δεινὴν περίδην, καὶ οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκαλύψε.”

His popularity is at the lowest ebb, but by the intrigues of the

Thy dark Career, Usurper! mark me well,
 The British Press shall ever dare to tell;
 Ordained with torch of Truth that Union dread
 To show, of *blackest* heart, and brightest * head!
 Doomed to disclose, though wrapped in foulest night,
 Thy hapless story, murdered, martyred Wright! †

now neglected Sieyes, and the discarded Empress Josephine, he is appointed first consul, and soon afterwards sets out to command the army of Italy. He loses the battle in the plains of Marengo; he exclaims to Berthier that "all is lost;" and even wonders that Melas does not send a detachment of Cavalry, to make both him and his staff prisoners of war. But in direct *disobedience* to the orders of his general, Dessaix returns at the heel of the engagement, and recovers the Victory; snatching the short-lived and reeking laurels from the brows of the Austrians. Dessaix falls at the head of his Grenadiers, and by this last event fortune confers on her minion, the *undivided* glory of that bloody day. He returns to Paris, to grace a triumph, who had otherwise been doomed to perform the *principal part* in an Execution.

* This by no means contradicts what has been advanced in the former note. A bright head he certainly has, which not only enables him to make the most of the smiles of fortune; but which has taught him even a more important Lesson; the Secret of putting *Proper Men in Proper Places*. He does not appoint a W—t—k, to command an Expedition; neither does he despatch one General to sign away with his *pen* in a *treaty*, that harvest, which another had reaped, with his *sword*, in the *field*.

† For some very interesting and authentic particulars concerning Captain Wright, who died a Prisoner of war in the Temple, at Paris, vide appendix.

Yea doomed, O thou that wouldest the world en-
thrall,

Tyrant, to mar thy fame, and mark thy fall !

But hold my muse, *this theme* the Brave appals ;
She smiles, and points to England's *Wooden Walls* ;
Yet rash the tongue that Tyrants reprimands,
Such * have long memories, and longer hands ;
Nor am I versed in all the turns, and tricks,
Cheats, and Chicaneries of Politics ;
As Sieyes † shrewd, who in the direst times,
When Paris reeked with cruelties and crimes,

* “Odia in longum jacentia, Qui conderent, auctaque
promerent.”

† Dr. Moore, father of the gallant General, was at Paris on the breaking out of the Revolution. He wished to purchase a few of the busts of those Demagogues who had, each in their turn, strutted their hour on that bloody stage. “Ah Sir !” exclaimed the artist, “our’s has been a losing trade of late ; as the real heads have often taken leave of the shoulders of their owners, before the *artificial* ones, which we were modelling, could be exhibited for sale. It then became as dangerous to have them, as before it was to be without them. But here Sir,” said he, handing him the bust of the Abbe Sieyes, “here is an head that has not yet quarrelled with its shoulders. This Head in some degree makes up for what we have lost by its companions ; it is in great request still, and *sells well*.”

The Abbe has lately had much *leisure* time upon his hands ; may we indulge the hope that he has employed it in preparing the History of his own times ? If to this delicate task he would bring the honesty of Burnet, without his credulity, he

By turns ruled All;—and as each Colleague bled,
 Contrived,—no trifling task,—*to wear an head*;
 Though favourites daily fell, dragged forth to die
 Unheard, or ere their plaister Busts were *dry*.

Quit then, my muse, to sing of humbler things,*
 This mighty Manufacturer of Kings!!!
 Him leave, to fear, distrust, perplexing doubt,
 And care a prey,—till conscience find him out.

Should I, pronounced presumptuous, vain, or
 trite,
 Be doomed, what none perchance will read, to
 write,

might bequeath to Posterity the most interesting volume
 that ever was written.—Κτήμα εσ αίσ.

For some account of the *present* state of this extraordinary
 Man, see the following quotation from Juvenal.

“Venit et *Crispi* jucunda senectus,
 Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
 Ingenium.—*Maria* ac terras populosque *regenti*,
 Quis comes utilior? Si clade et *Peste* sub illa
 Sævitiā *damnare*, et *honestum* afferre liceret
 Consilium; sed quid Violentius aure *Tyranni*?
Ille igitur, nunquam direxit brachia *contra*
Torrentem; nec civis erat qui libera posset
 Verba animi proferre, et *vitam* impendere vero.
Sic, multas hyemes, atque *octogesima* vidit
 Solstitia, *his* armis *illa* quoque *tutus* in aula.”

* “Deductum dicere carmen.”

Left undisturbed on dusty shelf to lie,
 And sleep mid Sermons, * and Divinity ;
 With Bishops, and Archbishops † too, mayhap,
 'Twere neither sin nor shame to take a nap ;
 Nor shall I mourn, my verse hath gained its end,
 It filled an idle hour, it pleased a Friend :
 Each lonely walk, each rural sport ‡ it charmed,
 And of her leaden sceptre Sloth disarmed ;
 From Sloth, more wearied oft than Toil we feel ;
 As Rust || consumes much more than Use the steel.

O may I still, while sparks of life remain,
 Sloth's drowsy couch, and downy bands disdain.
 Spurn her embrace, and the soft Syren shun,
 To meet § beyond yon sea-girt hill the Sun.
 Yon East, his chamber, with a bride-groom's grace,
 And giant's strength he quits, to run his race.

* If an Author were to ask a Bookseller what he should write ; his answer would be, "any thing but Sermons—or Poetry. † "Est aliquid socius habuisse soporum."

‡ "Sentio in Montibus, cum canibus et equis, Minervam non minus errare, quam Dianam."

|| It was nobly said by Bishop Cumberland, to a Physician who advised him, for the sake of his health, to relax somewhat from the severe duties of his office ; "Sir, I had rather *wear* out, than *rust* out."

§ "Et ni
 Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
 Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis,
 Invidia, vel amore miser torquebere."

Men praise THE SOURCE! while Nature's Self,
restored

To light and life, salutes with smiles her Lord.
The jocund morn, the dew-bespangled field,
For me have pleasures, Sloth can never yield;
E'en tho' she can the Conqueror's eyelids close,
And rock both vice and virtue to repose;
Lulled in her lap to rest, alike subside
The Patriot's purpose, and the Tyrant's pride;
Her opiate too th' avenger's fury tames
Full oft, when *mercy* all the merit claims;
Thus when the *pillow* cures the fell disease,
Physicians * take the *credit*, and the fees.

* My late Uncle, Sir G. Staunton, related to me a curious Anecdote of old Kien Long, Emperor of China. He was enquiring of Sir G. the manner in which Physicians were paid in England. When after some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the system; he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England, that *can afford to be ill*? Now I will inform you," said he "how I manage my Physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly Salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, that Salary *stops, ti'l I am well again*. I need not inform you my illnesses are usually *short*."

The majestic Title, WE, is a signature under which the *Critics* have very successfully dealt out vast cargoes of intellectual Physic; that is to say, their *critical* catharticum, *emeticum*, and "omne quod exit in um," (or rather in *hum*) præter remedium. The Gentlemen of the faculty observing this success of the Critics, have now adopted a similar phraseology. A

Unused am I the muse's path to tread,
And cursed with *Adam's* * unpoetic head;

country Gentleman who visited Bath for the sake of his health was thus addressed by his Physician; "Well, Sir, and how did our Physic agree with us?" He, being not exactly *up to the fashionable slang* of the place, replied; "I cannot, Sir, pretend to say how it agreed with *you*; but this I know that it made *me confoundedly sick*." Were critics to put the same question to *their Patients*, I suspect they would receive a *similar* reply.

* Adam Smith, the great author of the "*Wealth of Nations*," could not draw for *one farthing* on Mount Parnassus. He often attempted to put together two lines in rhyme; but without success. In good truth he was much better employed;

"Felix curarum, cui non Heliconia cordi
Serta, nec imbelles Parnassi e vertice laurus;
Sed viget Ingenium, et magnos accinctus in usus,
——— Animus."

Paley is another instance of the possibility of possessing a strong head, and a feeling heart, without being an *enthusiastic* admirer of Poetry. He has been heard to say he never could effect a couplet. The only Latin Poet he could *tolerate*, was Virgil; and his false quantity Profugus is well known. The walls of St. Mary's trembled at the unusual sound, as Mr. Bowles informs us did the Woods of Madeira, at the first kiss performed in them, by his pair of Lovers. Paley's error was handed about in the following Epigram.

"Italiam Profugus Lavinaque littora venit,
Errat Virgilius, forte Profugus erat."

I have heard of a boy who committed a similar mistake, but who escaped a flogging by a similar Epigram. He had pronounced Euphrātes Euphrātes, but saved himself by these extemporaneous Lines,

"Venit ad Euphratis juvenis perterritus undas,
Ut cito transiret, corripuit fluvium."

Who, though that pen he wielded in his hand
 Ordained the "wealth of nations" to command,
 Yet, when on Helicon he dared to draw,
 His draft returned, and unaccepted saw:
 If then, like him, we woo the Nine in vain,
 Like him we'll strive some humbler prize to gain.
 More pleased, would Gifford's * pen, to virtue true,
 Expose each Hypocrite to public view;

Such stern admirers of truth as Smith and Paley, may be allowed to prefer reality to fiction; demonstration to probability; and the exercise of the judgment to that of the imagination. And we can even forgive so eminent a Mathematician as Dr. Vince, when he shuts up his Milton with this laconic comment, "Very fine, but it *proves* nothing." But what are we to think? when a deservedly popular Poet of the present day, very lately observed to a friend, "That Man must be possessed of no common share of stupidity who can read Milton through!"

* To attempt a translation of Juvenal after Mr. Gifford, was certainly a bold, perhaps an unnecessary task. It has, however, been performed, with spirit and success, by Mr. Hodgson. Neither of these Gentlemen follow their author at a servile distance; they walk by his side; nor has Juvenal any reason "*misere descedere quærens*" to be ashamed of his companions. Every Author of Genius (and others are not worth translating) will pray to be delivered from translators who are only anxious, "*Verbum Verbo reddere*." A Man may be the *Fidus Interpres* of his Author, without descending to those minutiae which strongly indicate a little mind. Such translations have been wittily compared to the wrong side of a piece of tapestry; very correct, but also very tame and unin-

No more should cant for sound Religion pass,
Degrees defend, nor wigs conceal an ass.

But Ainos Cottle writes, while Gifford sleeps,
And every muse o'er Hayley's *triumphs* weeps;
They write, and what they write, more strange,
is sold,

And *lead* is purchased, at the price of gold!
Gold mines pay *least*, sagacious Adam* said,
This Hayley heard,—and worked his mine of *lead*;

teresting. Johnson's imitations of Juvenal, and Pope's of Horace, please, from the liberty of paraphrase in which they have indulged. By adapting the striking illustrations, and sententious remarks of these antient Satyrists, to recent events, and modern characters, they have been enabled, like good Vintners, to transfuse the wine without losing the spirit, or the flavour. They have by this means enriched their muse with the charms of novelty, the fire of youth! and the experience of age. Of such happy imitations and exquisite resemblances, may be said what Mr. Burke *once* applied to the Universities of Europe,

“Facies non omnibus una,

Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse Sororum.”

I remember an half-starved German at Cambridge by the name of Render. He had been long enough in England to forget German, but not to learn English. He became, however a voluminous Translator of his native *diablerie*; and it was proverbial to say of a bad translation—that it was *Rendered* into English!

* Adam Smith observes that the profits which arise to those who work mines, decrease, as the value of their contents increase. Thus, by speculating in mines of gold, or silver, many

These write, are read ! some swear, and shall not I
Plead th' old excuse, * and join the babbling cry ?

But ah, my lays no dying Patriot † read,
While Holland wept, and Bayley shook his head :
Stay greedy Death, ‡ for Britain's sake, thine Hand,
Take any ten—his Ransom ! through the Land,
Take *all the Talents*, Tyrant ; are not those
Enough ! take G——s, and for a *make-weight R—*

capitalists have been ruined ; whereas large fortunes have been made by working mines of copper, or of lead ; and perhaps even larger profits have arisen from an article of still less value, namely coal ; which has on this account been termed, not inaptly, the Black Diamond. Milton was proprietor of a *gold mine* on Parnassus, but he was Poor, "*divite Vena.*" For his *Paradise lost* he received only *fifteen pounds* paid by *Installments*. Johnson went a begging with his *London* in his hand ; many Booksellers refused even to run the risk of printing it ; at length, Dodsley, who was certainly the most liberal Mæcænas of his day, after printing it, ventured to remunerate the Author with *ten Pounds*, for a Poem which, as it were, *electrified* the metropolis, and extorted the strongest approbation from Pope ; who, from that moment, in satire at least, could no longer be said to have "*No Rival near the Throne.*"

* "Semper Ego Auditor tantum."

† That Mr. Crabbe's Poems were read to Mr. Fox on his death-bed, is a fact as creditable to the talents of the one, as to the taste of the other.

‡ "Sed multæ Urbes, nec publica Vota

Vicerunt."

But think not Crabbe, though Fox approved thy
lays,

I envy thee, that glory of thy bays,
Few, ! Few ! *deserve*, their talents to caress,
So great a Patron *more*, or *need* him *less*.

On, then, my courage *Numbers* * must inspire,
And work th' effects of Patron, Muse, and Fire ;
Drawn up in Columns dense, our Land can boast
Of Epic, and Heroic Bards, an Host ;
High rolls th' o'erwhelming tide of copious song !
Printers drive Critics, Critics Bards along !
Sleepless to nodding hearers they rehearse,
While wit decreases, with increasing verse ;
From barren brains they fly, and empty scull,
To fertile page of common-place book, full ;
On the gross Volume scribbled o'er and o'er,
Inside and out, nor finished † yet, they pore ;

* "Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges."

Strada tho' a Jesuite, was certainly a Prophet when he wrote the following Passage ;

"Nullus hodie mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur ; aut præliatur, aut rusticatur ; aut abit, aut redit ; aut nubit ; aut est, aut non est ; (nam etiam mortuis Isti canunt,) cui non Illi extemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protrepctica, Panægyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Parænetica Nænias, *Nugas*."

† "Et summi plenus jam margine libri
Scriptus, et in tergo, nec dam linitus."

While in that Warehouse vast of pilfered goods
 To hatch a new idea, Dullness broods ;
 With self-complacence views her stores, o'ergrown
 With foreign wealth, and treasures not her own.

Ah for their own, in vain her sons may quote
 Anothers thoughts, in dull unvaried note ;
 Nor shall sweet Avon's Nightingale despair,
 Though robbed, and then abused by sly Voltaire ; *
 Cease plaintive Philomel to mourn thy wrong,
 That Cuckoo stole thine Eggs, but not thy song.

* Whenever Voltaire ushered any play into the world, in which he had borrowed freely from Shakespeare ; he prefaced the theft with more or less abuse of his Master, in exact proportion to the extent of the depredation. He styled Shakespeare a man of Genius, Sans-Culottes. In this expression he was more happy, than when he compared the Bard of Avon to a Dunghill. The spirited reply of Mrs. Montague is well known, "Then he is a Dunghill that has enriched a very ungrateful soil." The following quotation has been wittily applied to Mrs. M's attack upon Voltaire ;

"Pallas te hoc Vulnere, Pallas,—Immolat."

In the French Theatre the audience express their disapprobation by whistling. When Piron's Tragedy of Gustavus came out, it met the fate above mentioned. Voltaire triumphed over poor Piron on this occasion, condoling with him sarcastically on that event. Soon afterwards, Voltaire's Tragedy of Zaire came out ; on meeting Piron, he exclaimed, "Well, you see, I escaped without a single whistle." "True," replied Piron, "but remember, it is impossible for an audience to *whistle*, and *yawn* at the same time."

While Shakespeare * rules the feast, and quaffs
 the wine,
 Voltaire shall wait, *their valet*, on the nine ;
 Prepared to load with frippery and lace
 Their simple dignity, and native grace ;
 Like him † who longed to clothe in silk Pelisse,
 Cythera's breathing statue, pride of Greece.

Piron having sacrificed rather freely to Bacchus, was taken up by the Watchman of the Night, in the Streets of Paris. He was carried, on the following morning, before the Lieutenant of the Police, who interrogated him, with much *hauteur*, concerning his business, and profession. "I am a Poet, Sir," said Piron ; "Oh, oh, a Poet are you," said the magistrate ; "well, well, I have a brother who is a Poet ;" "Then we are even," said Piron, "for I have a brother who is a fool." Piron seems to have been in Paris, what Savage was in London ; a dissolute, and libertine, but not unsuccessful admirer of the muses. There is a great similarity in their characters ; but in the article of a cruel and unnatural mother, let us hope Savage is without a competitor. The respective merits, or rather demerits of this question, I thought had been decided by Dr. Johnson ;—they have been, however, lately agitated again ; and it seems we may still ask in the words of Virgil,

"Crudelis Mater magis ? an Puer improbus Ille."

* "Cui Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis——

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
 Præstinxit stellas, exortus uti æthereus Sol !"

† One of the Popes, whose name I do not wish to remember, in order to heighten the charms of the *Venus de Medicis*, proposed the addition of a superb dress !

From want of time, * or genius, or of both,
 Some borrow, some, more culpable, from sloth;
 Bankrupts in wit, their *Book-debts* few repay
 With princely prodigality,—like Gray!
 And fewer still, with Milton's magic art,
 The spirit catch, yet leave the grosser part;
 Rich debtors these! who cancel quick the loan,
 With something far more precious, *of their own!*
Unlike Prometheus, if *they* steal a Ray,
 They purge it from, not blend it with the Clay!
 Old strains that Homer erst, or Maro sung,
 By Milton's hand awakened, yet are young;
 Their flowrets thus transplanted, still are seen
 To flourish, like their bays, for ever green!
 The choicest fruits of fragrant Poesy,
 Matured by suns, and skies of Italy,
 On Milton's stock † engrafted, *stronger* thrive,
 And mid the *Northern* blast immortal live.
 Rifled by him, her muses yield their charms,
 Love for the Ravisher their rage disarms;

* Dryden, we are told, never borrowed but from want of time, Pope never but from want of genius; Addison, from want of both.

† In the lives, characters, and writings of Dante and Milton, there are some very striking points of resemblance; Dante might exclaim to Milton, “Sed carmina tantum

Nostra valent Lycida tela inter martia, quantum

Chaonias dicunt aquilâ veniente Columbas.”

This simile is beautiful, as the Roman standard was an Eagle. Lucan terms the civil war “pares *Aquilas*.” This circumstance gives additional force to that prophecy of our Saviour;—“Where the carcase is, there shall the *Eagles* be gathered together.”

Spoiled of their stores, and of their sweets bereft,
They style the crime a conquest, not a theft.

In vain great Marvel * to that vicious age,
With Barrow † sung their Poet's wondrous page;

* Andrew Marvel, member for Hull. The merits of this true Patriot are not duly appreciated. Republican Rome could not boast a more honest and independent spirit; nor Imperial Rome a more polished and enlightened mind. His Encomium on Milton is well known. It was this great man's misfortune to live under the reign of the Second Charles;

"Ast inter scabiem tantam et contagia lucri

Nil parvū sapiebat, adhuc sublimia curans."

Lord Danby waited on him at his lodgings in an obscure court in the Strand, to inform him that he was commissioned by his Majesty to offer him any situation in the ministry, if he would support the measures of that abandoned court. Marvel replied, that it was not in the King's power to serve him; neither could he accept any offer from his Majesty, without being ungrateful to his Constituents, by betraying their interests, or to the King, by voting against him. Lord Danby then informed him that he had brought with him a thousand pounds, of which the King begged his acceptance, as a mark of his private esteem and regard; Marvel instantly rang the bell. "John, what did you provide for my dinner yesterday?" "A shoulder of mutton, Sir;"—"What am I to have to day?"—"The remainder hashed;"—"What shall I have to morrow?"—"The Blade-bone broiled." Then, having dismissed his servant, he turned to Lord Danby, and not without an honest indignation observed; "You see, my Lord, I am not a man to be bribed." Poor as he was, the King of England was

Those times—that miracle might not receive,
 But after ages worship, and believe !
 Most like his Mighty Master,—but to fill
 The likeness, *Zoilus* * was wanting still ;

not rich enough to purchase him. His wants were small, and his integrity great.

“*Quæ Virtus, quantumque boni sit vivere parvo.*”

That he borrowed a Guinea that same evening of a friend, is a fact that must not be omitted. It is probable Lord Danby never paid so extraordinary a visit before ; but I suspect this creature of the court, was too deeply tainted by the contagious leprosy of corruption, to be rendered *whole* and *sound*, by the great Example he had that moment witnessed. Abashed, and confused, he slunk from the presence of the Patriot, like Gehazi from the scrutinizing glance of Elisha. Perhaps he never before had sat down with a man who had the courage to refuse a bribe ; and to say to his titled guest, if not in the words, at least in the Spirit of Evander,

“*Aude Hospes contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum,
 Finge Deo.*”

On this noble passage, Dryden has this fine expression, ‘When I read it, I despise the world ; when I attempt to translate it, I despise myself.’

† The great Isaac Barrow ; a most *unfair* writer on all subjects ; in as much as he so completely exhausts whatever is the object of his discussions, as to leave all future writers *nothing to say*. His Sermons, it is well known, were most favourite compositions, with the great Earl of Chatham, who styles them, a “mine of nervous expression.”

* “*Hoc defuit unum*

Miltono.”

This Caledonia saw, then heaved a sigh,
And bade her son that sole defect supply.

Let Lauder * forge, and the malicious fraud
Let Johnson, willingly deceived, applaud;
Faster shall Truth expunge, than Envy blot,
When Douglas arms ! to shame *each* scribbling
Scot.

But why so zealous for great Milton's name !
Too full, without him, are the lists of fame,

* William Lauder, a native of Scotland ; he published an Essay on Milton's use and imitation of the moderns. His pretended quotations from Grotius, and others, passed as genuine for some time ; but at length they were detected, and proved to be forgeries of Lauder's own, by Dr. Douglas, late Bishop of Salisbury ; a Prelate, who united the honest simplicity of the Patriarch, with the affability of the Gentleman, and the erudition of the Scholar. His greatest work is the Criterion, the best answer to Hume. In the list of those who were deceived by Lauder's publication, the name of Johnson is most conspicuous. It is doubtful whether the ingenuity of the Essay, or the Doctor's prejudices against the subject of it, contributed most to his error. It is but fair to add, that Johnson, the moment he was undeceived, dictated with his own hand a confession of Lauder's offence, which he insisted on his signing ; and to make up for having written in praise of Lauder's fabrication, when Comus was acted for the benefit of Mrs. Clarke, a grand-daughter of Milton, Dr. Johnson wrote the Prologue.

So vast a space *He* fills, there's hardly room
 For *both** the Bloomfields, Burges, † Blackmore,
 Brome ; ‡

Let Milton's page be thrown neglected by,
 Moderns by fifties ! § shall his place supply ;

* "Ne sutor ultra crepidam" is a maxim not at all affected, by the present case. By adhering to this Rule Nathan might have saved himself the trouble of manufacturing some middling poetry ; but we must agree with Mr. Capel Loft, that the Public are much obliged to Robert for his infringement of it.

† Peter Pindar rallies his own foibles at times, "*vineta credit sua.*" Perhaps he was the Author of the following Epigram in *dog Latin*, and Monkish Rhime, on the four Candidates for the vacant Laureat.

 "Nos Poetæ sumus tribus !

 Peter Pindar, Pye, and Pybus ;

 Si ulterius ire pergis

 Nobis add Sir James Bland Burges.

‡ Jortin was not the only man to whom Pope was not ashamed to owe a *silent* obligation. Brome was one of the junta that assisted him in his translation, or rather *transformation* of the Iliad. "*Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti.*" I shall therefore quote the well-known couplet on this subject ;

 "Pope has translated Homer, but some say

 Brome went before, and kindly swept the way."

§ Our modern poets make up in quantity, what they want in quality ; they give us bulk instead of bullion. From the great glut in the market, their *Paper credit* is below par. Milton was a monopolist of fame ; in his room we have an hundred hucksters, and retailers. When the great Turenne

His blazing mine they ransack, and purloin
His gold, to circulate *their* baser coin ;
Exhausted Helicon, for Sinai's Mount
 They quit ; for Jordan, the Pierian fount,
 Desert Hymettus' Hill, and Tempe's vale,
 To breathe with Eve, fair Eden's fresher gale !
 The scribbling *influenza* of their quill
 Hath *no* specific, but spreads farther still ;
 Since those who write its remedy, are sure
 To *catch* the foul contagion they would *cure*.

When Witlings write 'gainst reason, taste, and
 rhime,
 When *Patriots* sell set speeches against time,
 Speeches that hireling pens in garret wrote,
 Speeches that Cobbett * begged in vain to quote ;

fell Louis the XIV created a number of generals, marshals of France. Madame de Cornuel wittily observed — that the Grand Monarque had melted down his great coin, into *small change*.

* Cobbett on his trial requested permission to quote passages from some speeches delivered in the House of Commons ; his object it would seem was to convince the court that he had not expressed himself, in his political Register, in stronger language, than the British Senate had been accustomed to hear on similar subjects, within the walls of St. Stephens. Permission to avail himself of such authorities was refused. For some Remarks on Mr. Cobbett's definition of liberty, and Lord Folkstone's motion on the Ex officio informations of the Attorney General, vide Appendix.

When crackbrained Authors load the groaning press,
 Talk much, write more, *read* little, and *think* less ;
 All questions treat with turbid fluency,
Look into all things, into nothing *see* ;
 Exhaust no subject, but each theme o'erwhelm
 In sluggish deluge of Bæotian Phlegm ;
 Who in this rhyming, scribbling, spouting age,
 Dare hope to grace with *novelty* their page ?
 The task is hard,—and yet that Pen 'tis true,
 That in these days writes sense, *writes something new*.

Perchance my favourite were I free to chuse,
 I had not fixed on the Satiric muse ;
 But must, sweet Minstrel, since the rest are thine,
 E'en woo the least attractive of the nine.
 On Thee stern Caledonia proudly smiled,
 And owned Thee *last*, not *least*, Her darling Child !
 Each flowret sweet in Fancy's fairy ground,
 By Pope o'erlooked, or Dryden, Thou hast found ;
 Yea, hast forestalled, by Phœbus, worse and worse,
 Each guinea left in bounteous Murray's * purse !

I have heard that Mr. Cobbett is in the habit of submitting his weekly lucubrations to the perusal of a Gentleman in the Profession, confidentially employed ; but that on the day when the ill-fated number alluded to came out, this precaution had been unfortunately neglected,

“Quàndoque bonus dormitat Homerus.”

* An eminent Bookseller in Fleet Street, who purchased

While we, poor leasers lagging far behind,
 With eyes *less* keen, have still *less* left to find ;
 Where Pratt * the refuse *gleaning* forms the rear,
 Nor leaves on Helicon one scattered ear ;

the Lady of the Lake (as I have been informed) for one thousand guineas. This is a very respectable Poem, if we reflect that *Plutus* went halves with *Apollo*, in *furnishing* the inspiration.

—————“*Au hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
 Cum semel imbuerit, speramus Carmina fingi,
 Posse linenda cedro, et lævi servanda cupresso ?*”

I will venture to prophesy that Mr. Scott has not yet produced his best Work. He has hitherto been unfortunate in his Fable, and throughout all his poems I humbly think has succeeded best in those Passages which allow him to expatiate, disentangled as it were, and disencumbered from the trammels and fetters imposed on his Genius, by his Story. But at all events, Mr. Scott is not a Writer who has the least occasion to dispose of his works to Booksellers, to give them popularity, or push them into circulation.

* An indefatigable Traveller both by *Sea* and *Land*; and a voluminous *sentimental* writer, both in *Prose* and *Verse*. “Of all the cants in this canting age, the cant of Hypocrisy is the worst, the cant of Criticism the most tormenting,” —and we may add, the cant of *Sentiment* the most contemptible. Of all our Sentimental Poets, the Author of the Pleasures of Hope is certainly the best; he seems to unite Feeling with Sentiment, which is not always the case. Sterne drew torrents of tears from his female Readers, by an exquisite specimen of sentimental rant upon a *Dead Ass*; at the same time that it is said he had a living Mother starving, and, *by him at least*, neglected.

Like Butler's rat,* prepared for lake or land,
 On verse to *sink*, or solid prose to *stand*;
 Poor prating Pratt, like Priestly, all things tried,
 But nought at last, *not e'en a Poet died*.

Yet hope we still rich crops of Knaves and
 Fools,
 While Mammon Church and State triumphant
 rules ;
 Let Satire then her keenest Sickle wield,
 And *Gotham's* land shall fullest harvests yield,
 Where, Wakefield † thanks in Prison Fox for bread,
 While Power rains Mitres on some *Thurlow's* ‡ head ;

* "So some Rats of Amphibious nature,
 Are either for the Land or Water."

† A Subscription of between four and five thousand Pounds was raised for Gilbert Wakefield, while a Prisoner in Dorchester Jail. At the head of the list stood the names of Charles Fox, and the Duke of Bedford. It is too probable that he died in consequence of that imprisonment. After a confinement of two years, he somewhat too suddenly, and eagerly recommenced his former habits of activity ; habits rendered doubly sweet to him by the sincerest congratulations of his numerous Friends, and the re-enjoyment of his Liberty. So sudden a change was too much for his delicate and susceptible mind ; and he sunk under a kind of typhus fever, in the prime of his age, and the full vigour of his intellect.

"———Civis erat qui Libera posset,

Verba animi proferre, et Vitam impendere vero ?"

The unfortunate Passage that caused his imprisonment, and

Bold Genius scorns, on sneaking dullness doats,
As Asses thrive on Thistles, starve on Oats;

perhaps his death, appeared in an answer of his to a Pamphlet published by the present Bishop of Landaff, in which his Lordship with his usual eloquence, undertakes a defence of the Income Tax. One of the arguments adduced by Wakefield is so ingenious, that my readers will pardon me, if I attempt to recollect the substance of it. His Lordship had compared the British constitution to a beautiful building, and the Income Tax to a weight placed upon the top of it ; but bearing on the whole structure with a pressure so equable and proportionate, as to sink indeed the building a little deeper into the earth, without deranging the juxtaposition of its parts, or destroying the symmetry of its architecture. To which, Mr. W. replies, "This is a very pretty Simile for *you*, my Lord, to make use of, who, with your titled companions, both spiritual and temporal, are basking and frisking in the *second* story of this beautiful building ; but you will recollect, my Lord, that I, with a very large Majority, am already *on the ground floor*, and if we *sink*, we shall be in the *Cellar*. It would have been more honourable to the liberality which usually marks the proceedings of that University, if the Syndics of the Cambridge Press had not withdrawn their patronage from the *Silva Critica*. Surely in that Field of sacred Criticism, there were no plants whose growth would have been noxious to the *tall cedars of Lebanon*. The generous conduct of Mr. Tyrwhit, who defrayed the whole expense of the subsequent publication, cannot be too much applauded.

† A Prelate despatched to Durham, by his Brother the Chancellor, in a style not the most *apostolic*.—"Poh ! poh ! Blockhead ! go, get to Durham, and if you cannot answer

Where, Fortune sends, while all her freaks bewail,
 Mansfield * to court, and Woodfall to a Jail;
 Cold-hearted Mansfield ! whose unaltered Eye,
 With side-long glance observed great Chatham die.
 Say, did he sit, with such a steady gaze,
 When faction shrunk before that Patriot's blaze ?

all the objections to Christianity, it is your own fault; *You have heard them often enough from me.*" Although, "every thing loses by *translation* except a Bishop," yet it would seem that this Brother was not quite so dull as the Chancellor conceived; for when once settled at Durham, it does not appear that he aspired after any *higher or better translations*. To a Friend, who rallied him on his over anxiety in the care of his health, he observed, "It is certain that I am Bishop of Durham here, but it is not *quite so certain*, that I shall be Bishop of Durham hereafter." The great Lord Chancellor, his Brother, seems to have been formed by Nature in one of her most capricious moods. She gave him an head of *chrystal*, an heart of *iron*, and nerves of *brass*.

* Lord Mansfield was certainly a Man of shining talent, but alas, "*In nullum reipublicæ usum inclaruit.*"—"Splendeat *usu*," may be said of genius, as well as of wealth. His whole life was one constant effort to impose fetters on the freedom of the Press, and the liberty of the Subject. Pope has this fine line upon him, "How sweet a Poet was in Murray lost." I think so too; he certainly succeeded best in *fiction*. In the fine painting of the death of Lord Chatham (I think by West,) the Earl of Mansfield is represented as the only Member of that house who keeps his seat, and surveys the moving scene with the most callous indifference. "*Sedet æternumque sedebit.*"

Nor feel with Felix in his trembling soul,
Of truth's stern voice, th' invincible control?
Law in his head, and in his heart a stone,
Like Zembla's Ice, he *chilled* us while he *shone*.

Hail land for Satire made! *where* suppliant
knaves

Close Corporations canvass—to be *slaves*;
Where wealth can dignify the meanest mind,
And want disgrace the noblest of mankind;

The following account is extracted from a letter written on this occasion by Lord Camden to a nobleman of the highest rank, with whom, notwithstanding their temporary differences in politics, he had ever maintained an inviolable friendship. “I saw him in the prince’s chamber, before he went into the house, and conversed a little with him; but such was the feeble state of his body, and indeed the distempered agitation of his mind, that I did forbode his strength would certainly fail him before he had finished his speech. The earl spoke, but was not like himself. His speech faltering, his sentences broken, and his mind not master of itself. His words were shreds of unconnected eloquence, and flashes of the same fire that he, Prometheus-like, had stolen from heaven, and were then returning to the place from whence they were taken. He fell back upon his seat, and was to all appearance in the pangs of death. This threw the whole house into confusion. Many crowded about the Earl. Even those who might have felt a secret pleasure in the accident, yet put on the appearance of distress—except only the earl of Mansfield, who sat still, almost as much unmoved as the senseless body itself.”

Where Justice avaricious grown, and old,
Weighs in her scales, not equity, but *gold*.
While chancery suits which death, nor *judgement*
end,
From Son, to Grandson, like *Heir-looms* descend ;
Where *Special* Pleaders spin the thread of Law,
Nor stop till Client's purse proclaims a flaw,
Then if the Victor o'er the vanquished brags,
O'er *nakedness*, the triumph 'tis—of *Rags* ;
Where Fops, like Plants in Pleasure's *hot-bed* lie,
And ere they bud, etiolated die ;
Whose health, like Plethorics, is their *disease*,
Their Youth their *bane*, their curse inglorious ease.
Who start, the prize of infamy to win,
Of nought ashamed, but ignorance in Sin ;
Their strength, their wealth, in that ignoble race
Exhaust, to *gain* diseases, and disgrace ;
With love perverse of ignominy curst,
Less proud to *be*, than to *appear*, the worst ;
Who *cut* the friend that dares to be alive,
In spite of drams, or dice, at thirty-five :

Voltaire compared the Earl of Chatham, in allusion to his strength of mind and infirmity of body to that image seen in a dream by Nebuchadnezzar ; which had an *head of Gold*, and *feet of Clay* ! The Earl of Chatham on one occasion thus apostrophized Lord Mansfield in the house of Peers, "We know whence the muddy torrent flows, but where are we to look for the purling rill ? Is it you, or you, or you, Sir ? Ah Felix trembles !"

Extract a tooth, * with knowing lisp to swear,
 And squirt tobacco with a Coachman's air !
 Who crimes *affect*, that cannot *coexist*,
 Should *wine* † blot rape or murder from the list ;
 Then, *Hypocrites of Vice*, ere manhood bloom,
 Not ripe, but rotten, drop into the Tomb.

Hail Gotham's land, we will, we must succeed,
Thou dost such subjects for our Satire breed ;
 To Power's Topmast, *where* each pensioned Slave
 Clings, though the Vessel founder in the wave ;
 There fixed secure, abandons to the storm,
 The ladder of his proud ascent,—*Reform.* ‡

* There are instances on record in the fashionable world, where a front-tooth has been sacrificed, for the purpose of attaining perfection in the *two* elegant accomplishments above mentioned. See the *Archives !* of the Kill-D—l, Thorough Vermin, H—l-Fire, and Whip Clubs.

† “*Tibi quid nam accedet adistam,
 Quam paer ac validus præsumis mollitiem, seu
 Dira Valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus.*”

‡ This is a ladder which most ministers have found it convenient to kick aside, on ascending the topmast of Power. From this eminence, a strange alteration usually takes place in their views of things ; and they *then* see many gathering clouds in the political horizon, whose lowering aspect is fatal to Reform. Therefore, they will not spare any hands to stop the leak of corruption, because the *whole crew* is busily employed at the pumps. But even then they pretend to admire the principle, but shrink with fear from the practice. Thus it appears that

Phlebotomists, Sangrados, that are sure
 A Nation's blood, a Nation's ills must cure,
 Whose expeditions ruinous, demand
 Like Minotaurs, the best blood in the Land ;
 So badly planned, I grant, that their success,
 If possible, must more confound than bless.
 Whose monstrous scheme it is, to crown the Pope
Abroad—at home to proffer him a Rope !

like Grapes in Scotland, Reform is a good thing, but never in season.

Those who defend Mr. Pitt's dereliction of his first Principles, have surely never read his resistless juvenile eloquence, when the Son of Chatham commenced his *promising* career, the determined enemy of corruption, and the intrepid advocate of political œconomy, and parliamentary reform. But even then, the eagle-eye of Paley was so far from being dazzled by the splendour of this rising Sun, that before a large party in Yorkshire, he exposed the designs of this modern Octavius, and unmasked the young Patriot's pretensions to public confidence, with such force of ridicule, as deeply to displease some of his most zealous admirers. However *most* of them afterwards *owned*, that in his promises, and pledges as a man, and a minister, they had placed too firm a reliance.

“He seemed

For dignity composed, and high exploit,
 But all was *false* and *hollow* ; though his tongue
 Dropped Manna, and could make the *uorse* appear
 The *better* reason.”

Who bid poor Britain, of each friend bereft,
 O madness ! with her right arm wound her *left* ; *
 Divide a People's *hearts*, then forceful bands
 Of Union form, to join their jealous *hands* ;
 Hands, not in silken cords of love entwined,
 But linked by chains that rather *gall* than bind ;
 That *fret* not fasten, *hurt* but cannot hold,
 Though forged by Pitt, and *rivett'd with gold*. †

Hail glorious Rulers, whose *starvation* plans
 First banish beef, then tax our pots and pans !
 Who plot to puzzle, meddle but to mar,
 And patch and cobble all things, nought repair,
 And *doing* still, that nothing may be *done*,
 Permit none else to *end*, what ye've *begun* ;
 Oh generous Britain ! worthy nobler fate,
 Nibbled, and gnawed to death, by *Rats of State* ;
 How long ? of Errors must thou sit and see,
 This *mirthful, mournful*, Tragi-comedy !

Hail Land for Satire made, for smiles, and
 sneers,
 For scorn, and pity, merriment, and tears ;

* Could Alexander the sixth be permitted to take a peep at the Map of Europe ; on surveying the present situation of England, Ireland, and Portugal, would he not again exclaim to Borgia, "*Vides mi Fili ! quam leve sit discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam.*"

† The open and unblushing bribery by which the union with Ireland was carried, is too notorious to be here enlarged upon.

Where factions fret and fume, and *follies* rule,
To rouse our rage, or feed our ridicule ;
Where scenes most solemn still *suffuse* our eyes,
As grief, or laughter force the drops to rise ;
Where Christians own *That God* their deeds defy,
With *lips* confessing whom their *lives* deny ;
While Infidels, * by doubts and terrors torn,
By *night* half worship, whom by *day* they scorn,
Whose hand blaspheming, trembles while it writes,
And proves that Atheists are but *Hypocrites*.

* Infidels begin by attempting to prove Christianity a bauble ; the toy of grown children, and weak and superannuated minds. But having persuaded themselves that it is a *toy*, do not these same Infidels act the part of children, when, having neither skill nor talent to take it to pieces, and examine its parts, they *destroy* and *demolish* it, to find out its contents ? Like the onset of the French troops, they make their attack with much noise and fury, but they deal more in sound than in sense ; and if we can ever wring from them the articles of their creed, we find that they are Infidels from the most paradoxical of all reasons, *believing too much*. The stream of their Eloquence, fed by no perennial fountain of *living Waters*, loses itself in the dreary wastes of absurdity, and conjecture, like the Niger, which after wandering through the deserts of Africa, is at length lost and absorbed in the sands. From the disorder and confusion apparent in this world, they would argue that it is the Prison of the Universe ; but a future life is that master key which alone can set them at Liberty, and this they will not apply. With the means of escaping in their hands, and a reprieve signed and sealed by the Lord of Life

Hail Land for Satire made, whose soil affords
 Rich Bankrupts, brainless Bards, and beggared
 Lords ;

Where Courts old Women * guide, and Young the
 Camp,

And vice made current, wears a royal stamp,
 The bloodless blade *while* fribble favourites wear,
 And spread the charlock's † useless gaudy glare ;

in their possession, they perversely prefer a dungeon to Liberty, and darkness to Light. They have said in their *hearts*, but not in their *heads* there is no God ; this is their *hope*, not their *conviction*. Miserable hope ! which deprives life of all its dignity, but disarms Death of none of its terrors. I have heard that Lord Bolingbroke, when in France, attempted to *convert* a French Abbe. He heard all his Lordship's objections with great patience and politeness. "You have now informed me, my Lord," said he, "what you do not believe ; will you do me the favour to be equally communicative on a different subject, and make me acquainted with what it is you do believe ?" The Abbe having heard his Lordship's creed, concluded the dialogue with this laconic comment ; "I now perceive that if your Lordship is an Infidel, *it is not for want of faith.*" Do not Infidels strive to make Proselytes from motives of fear, rather than of zeal ? and do not their attempts to convert others, betray their own doubts, rather than their convictions ? "Defendit numerus." And they shrink with horror from the idea of being left alone, in the *solitary* possession of a system so gloomy and forlorn.

* Eg. gr. The late Duke of Portland. When Mr. Fox was asked why it was so common to compare that Minister to an old woman, he replied, "I suppose the reason is, that he is past *all bearing*."

† A gaudy weed, remarkable for impoverishing the Land.

Stars, garters, ribbons, riches, rank, inherit,
Conquering with ease all obstacles—*but merit;*

Where others bolder, first seduce our wives,
In pure compassion then demand our lives;
Strong to destroy, but impotent to *save*,
And to *defend their vices* only, brave;
Whose foul adulteries, should blood be spilt,
And murder *crown* them, are no longer guilt!
If such things *are*, shall virtue vainly weep?
Shall Vice be broad awake, and Satire sleep?

Such Soldiers *were*, I will not say they *are*,
Nor shall the muse their growing merit mar,
Fain would she twine, to live in after days,
Their lasting laurels, with her dying bays;
Show them the foe, their follies they forsake,
And instant in the Hero, lose the Rake.
The Sword once drawn, a Hector in the field,
Each Bond-street Paris bids the Gascon yield.
The intrepid Actors of such glorious deeds,
Who strives to stain, must blush if he succeeds;
Their foibles, or their faults, let *those* proclaim,
Who never heard the glorious trump of Fame,
Parched Egypt's sands, or Maida's plains resound,
Vimiera's Vale, or Talavera's Mound,
And Anholt's Isle, where steady as the Rock
He guarded, Maurice met th' *unequal* shock!

But who is he? with Sorrow's *sombre mien*,
Born for high deeds, yet shunning to be seen;

Who seeks in yon deep Shades where none intrude,
Some shrine, by nature raised, to Solitude ;
Droops, like the widowed Dove beneath the storm,
Though strong to brave it, in its rudest form ;
Yet doomed to win that prize he seems to fly,
Though grief disarms the lightning of his Eye ;
Now dear to Sympathy, but soon to *fame*
More dear, all hail ! victorious, pensive Graeme. *

Go fond Enthusiast, quit the Cypress gloom,
Too constant Mourner at thy Laura's tomb ;
Enough of tears already hast thou shed,
The voice of weeping cannot wake the dead.

I bid thee not the paths of pleasure trace,
Nor quit *her Image*, for some Syren face :
Still shall *She* follow, through the devious way,
Tho' distant realms behold her wanderer stray ;
Mid brightest scenes, the tear shall dim thine eye,
And pale the splendours of a *southern sky*.

* See Mr. Sheridan's speech, for a very interesting account of the severe domestic calamity that induced the subject of these lines to enter the Army, at a late period of life. Having lost the dearest object of his affections, he became a disconsolate wanderer over the face of Europe, the victim of the deepest melancholy. At Toulon he joined the British Forces as a volunteer, and was constantly in the post of danger ; here his innate military talents first displayed themselves, and from his topographical knowledge, he was enabled to render most important services to the British Army.

But o'er Gaul's *proudest Haven*, he surveys
 St. George's Ensign like a Meteor, blaze !
There, instant Britain claims her generous Son,
 And grief no longer holds him *all* her own ;
 The Martial trumpet sounds the loud alarms ;
New to the Field, he shines the first in arms !
 His wondrous worth, stern Veterans attest,
 And *heaven-born* Generals are no more a jest ;
 Corunna's Chief applauds with parting breath,
 And on his kindred bosom sinks in Death.

Oh catch a spark from that expiring fire,
 And to unrivalled praise brave Graeme aspire !
 E'en for thy *low laid Fair* exalt thy name,
 That she who had thy love, may share thy fame ;
 Let Europe know, and haughty Gallia feel,
 Th' unequalled *temper* of the British Steel !

He heard, and sought *those Heights* where
 Britain's sword
 Dared do, what Britain's pen scarce *dares record* !
 Where pondering noblest feats, her Warriors stood,
 Firm as the Mountain Pines that fringed the *Wood* ;
 While Graham read in each unaltered Eye,
 "Barossa's Sun shall set in Victory !"

Hath the *long March* tamed their fierce Spirit ?

No ;

Light are the steps that lead them to the Foe ;
 Fatigue they scorn, and with more swiftness run,
 Dangers to *seek*, than others do to *shun*.

To paint that scene of triumph, and of ruth,
Romance thy glowing pencil lend to truth.
Where Valour's self might have retired, unstained,
"The Graeme," on prouder purpose bent, remained !
Nor stayed to *count* the Foe, but onward sped—
The gallant Few were Britons that he led !
Advanced, to plant the laurel on that ground,
Where safe *retreat* had been with glory crowned !
Though dangers hemmed him in, which but to shun
And 'scape with skill, most victories had out-done.

Great without Titles, brilliant without Stars,
Thy passports to Promotion are thy *Scars* ;
Those Scars thy modest worth would fain *conceal*,
It is the Poet's office to reveal.
And Britain's favourite Prince, those *formal* bands
Regrets, that bind awhile *his* grateful hands !

Ah ! think not France, that generous Chieftain
viewed

Thy carnage red, with exultation rude ;
Mid desolating war, some peaceful plan
He still revolved, that meant the good of man !
Beneath his tented couch, loved Scotland's *Chart* *
Proved the poor Peasant's Welfare, near his heart !

* In his tent might be seen very accurate delineations of his possessions in Scotland ; and his intervals of leisure were constantly dedicated to his favourite object, the bettering the condition of the Scotch Peasants ; than whom, there are no men who can subsist with fewer comforts, or who deserve more.

His Heart ! no lump of Ice, that feelings dear
To sorrow chilled, or froze compassion's tear.

Yet, when he thought on *Her*, who from the skies,
Perchance, beheld him win the glorious prize !
Oh then, a flash of joy's *unwonted* beam
Broke on thy Breast, victorious, pensive Graeme ;
As when, through parting clouds the Lunar ray,
Cheers the worn Seaman's melancholy way.

Then Pity's Self was pleased, and smiled to see
True Valour, close allied to Sympathy !
In the same breast she saw united grow,
The sternest courage, and the tenderest woe :
Which, o'er his Valour cast that softening shade,
Round Britain's Oak, by circling Ivy made !

Illustrious Chief ! whose virtues, where they chuse,
Decoy that willing wanderer, my muse,
Farewell ; I hear some critic damn the verse,
Approve the Subject,—the digression curse ;
To conquer Britain's *open* foes, be thine,
To brand her *false* and *fatal* friends be mine.

To mightier hands, ah ! gladly would I yield
The toils, and triumphs of this fertile field ;
Gifford awake ! resume thy powerful pen,
That dread of knaves, and hope of honest men ;
Rouze then, refreshed like Sampson, from thy bed
Of sloth, and crush proud guilt's triumphant head ;
Each mean *misnomer* scorn, be thine the task
To strip from *things*, no less than *men*, the Mask ;

Call vice and virtue by their proper * name,
Though *this* a Palace, *that* a Prison shame;

* To give fair names to foul things, is a species of hypocrisy, the baleful influences of which spread more widely, and infect Society more deeply, than is generally imagined. In this fashionable vocabulary wholesale murder becomes *Victory*; Injustice and Oppression, *Strong Measures*; Apostacy, *Conversion*; Lying *Inconsistency*; picking Pockets on a large scale, *Peculation*; &c. and in private life, Swindling is softened down into *Bankruptcy*, Cheating by law, into *Chicanery*; to seduce the Wife, is an *Intrigue*; to shoot the Husband, is an *Affair of Honour*; to dine with a friend in order to ruin him irretrievably, or ourselves in the attempt, is to be *fond of Play*; and he who has carried the three last vices to the greatest perfection, is dubbed a *Man of Gaiety*. But this species of Hypocrisy doth not only give fair names to foul things, but foul names to fair ones. Thus Patriots on this side of the Channel, have been termed, to suit certain purposes, *Jacobins*; Liberal Men *Levellers*; and Reformers *Revolutionists*. On the other side of the Water, Loyalty is *Treason*, and Restoration, *Rebellion*. This kind of Hypocrisy is of very ancient growth, but it would seem that civilization is the soil in which it thrives with the greatest luxuriance. The Athenians were a polite People, and Jortin has informed us they were notorious for this Vice. Thus they termed the Jail a *House*; the Hangman a *Commoner*; and the Thief, a *Lover*. This vice flourished also at Rome, and most in the Augustan age, under the fostering hand of that great Emperor of Hypocrites. Sometimes it was united with elegance, as when Cicero consoles Sulpicius, by reminding him that in a season so calamitous to the republic, the Gods could not be said to have *taken away*

Shared they the felon's fate, that share his sin,
Rags might quit Newgate, to let *Ruffles* in;
 Raise then thy Voice, and in thy boldest strain
 Revive the great Aquinian * once again,
 Grasp at that fame, the poet's proudest hope,
 The first in satire since the days of Pope.

I grant the *monstrous* vices of the land,
 The *great axe* rather than the *pen*, demand,
 And well deserve, to thin their horrid list,
An Executioner—Their Satirist ! !

Young, who the mark nor failed nor feared to hit,
 Yet *blinds* us with one constant blaze of wit,
 Dazzled, but not enlightened by the Rhime,
 The point so charms, we scarce detest the crime;
 Tickled, not taught, we must refuse the palm
 To Young's † o'ergrown, gigantic Epigram.

life from his Son, but to have *given* him death. And in a manner equally ingenious, but not quite so refined, did Patrick account for the death of his Friend, to one who enquired what had become of their mutual companion, "By my shoul, now, an unfortunate little accident happened to him one day ; he was engaged in very earnest conversation with the Priest, opposite the old Bailey, when the Plank on which he was standing gave way, the Priest escaped unhurt, but our poor Friend Murphy, *dislocated his neck* in the fall.

* This alludes to Mr. G's spirited Translation of Juvenal, who was born at Aquinum in Italy.

† From this censure I would wish to exempt the Night Thoughts ; a work wherein some fine specimens of sentiment.

Who laughs * men out of follies, if the nice
 Attempt succeed not, *laughs them into vice*;
 And One in Satire's garb, of place and time
 Mere slave, sculked forth, th' apologist of crime,
 To Tully's fire, and Cato's † courage blind,
 Yet, could all worth in false Octavius find;
 With that Imperial Hypocrite to dwell,
 To manly freedom bade a long farewell;
 But Truth, and Flaccus parted there, he went
 To Court I ween, and Truth to *banishment*.

Stern Churchill's ‡ lines want elegance, and ease
 They often petrify, but seldom please;

ous satire may be found, surrounded, I admit, by many absurdities. It would seem that Young extolled the charms of retirement, and mediocrity; and then was offended with the world, for believing him in earnest. There have been men, since the days of Aristippus, who have commended cabbages in the country, chiefly because they could not command three courses at court. Non pranderent olus, si cicerent Regibus uti.

* Young's wit was certainly of the first water, but after all, it is a delicate task to laugh down follies, or vices. Clumsy ridicule, reverts upon its author, and thus emboldens those whom it attacks. Besides, it is necessary to make a thing almost harmless, before a wise man will permit himself to laugh at it.

† For some remarks on this line see Appendix.

‡ His Prophecy of Famine seems to have excited, *at the time* it was written, more attention than it deserved; and at present, in common with all his other works, is perhaps too much neglected. But this is the usual fate of all writers who are in-

In garb of *linsey woolsey*, rough, and coarse,
 He clothes his muse, proud, petulant, and hoarse,
 A bold, but blind and boisterous partizan,
 He wounds the Vice, *less deeply* than the *Man*.

Cowper, whom of this charge we must acquit
 Yet fails in splendour, sprightliness, and wit,
 Of their bright wheels deprived, his cumbrous Verse
 Drags on, more slow and solemn than an hearse;
 Thro' tides of ink it moves, as heavily
 As Pharaoh's Chariot thro' th' o'erwhelming Sea;
 Where oft, mid froth and foam of words, we trace
 Some tame trite truth, correct and common place;
 Good moral stuff, that neither heals nor harms,
 Disgusts us never, but too seldom charms.
 He flew too low, hence nobler game he missed,
 Nor pounced his prey, a *mousing* Satyrist.

Yet can this melancholy Bird of night
 Sustain at times a loftier, bolder flight,
 Hence twice perused, I throw the volume down,
 Glad to approve, and scarce inclined to frown.

debted to political parties, or national prejudices for their popularity. When the Prophecy of Famine was shewn to Wilkes, previous to its publication, he shrewdly observed, that "It must take, for it was political, personal, and poetical." May not then the fame of Churchill be considered to have been erected on a kind of *Tripod*? and if the Fabric *now* begins to totter, is it not because the hand of Time has deprived it of two of its legs, Politics, and Personalities?

If *two*, the least complacent of the nine,
 Thy suit rejected, all the rest were thine;
 Though Homer blame thy too officious quill,
 Cowper, "with all thy faults I love thee still."
 Most when with vivid flash thy genius proud,
 Illumes thy grief, the lightning of the cloud!
 When beaming through the tear, thy brightning eye
 Perceives the *Rainbow* in thy troubled sky;
 Then faith and hope proclaim, with holy joy,
 Storms may o'erwhelm thee, but shall not destroy.

But not each petty vice of private life,
 The Squire's dull rage, or Rector's stupid strife,
 Not each low meanness of these *little great*,
 Deserves the Satyrists contempt, or hate;
 The Eagle, soaring near the Eye of day,
 Stoops not on vile or refuse things to prey,
 But towering far above ignoble fowls,
 Leaves carcasses to Crows, and mice to Owls;

The Knave ennobled, mitred, starred, arrayed
 In merit's garb, *Right Honourable* * made,
 Whom plenitude of power and pomp support,
 A Monarch's Master, stationed high at Court;

* It has been observed, that a King can make men honourable, or right honourable; but he cannot make them *Men of Honour*. Cicero has this sentence, "Cæsar, cum quosdam ornare voluit, non illos honestavit, sed ornamenta ipsa turpavit."

Such to transfix, yon Eagle throned above,
 Might steal a thunderbolt from slumbering Jove;
 May such keen Satire's stroke be doomed to feel,
 More just, and searching as a Felton's steel. *

No blows from feathers, strike from flints the
 spark,
 No pointless arrows penetrate the mark;
 Wit lent the wing, keen satire edged the dart
 That made Lord Fanny feel, proud Chandos smart;
 True to their object did those arrows fly,
 As that on which was labelled—*Philip's Eye*.

* It has been lately proved that the famous ghost story, related by Clarendon, was a family contrivance, to prevent the Duke of Buckingham from embarking in that expedition. His assassination by Felton was an unforeseen coincidence, which gave great plausibility to the deception. It is now known also, that Mrs. Veale's apparition was a fabrication got up by the Booksellers, to promote the sale of *Drelincourt on Death*; a publication which Mrs. Veale is made to recommend, in preference to *Sherlock*—no great evidence by the bye of her *post-humous* taste. Time, which has made a great many *real* Ghosts, has also *unmade* many false ones. I sincerely wish it was in my power to give any satisfactory solution of a similar affair, at Sampford, which at the moment I am now writing, namely, June 30th, 1811, is going on with unabated violence. A sum exceeding *two hundred Pounds* has been ready for any one who can explain the causes of the *Phænomena*, but no claimant has yet been found. The affair has been going on two years.

And all I wound are free their wrath to drown
In Aster's blood—whene'er they *take a Town*. *

But quit we Politics, that nauseous theme,
We fain would drown in Lethe's deepest stream!
Since state disorders our state Quacks, 'tis true,
Ascribe not, Britons, to themselves, but you;
And to *your* lack of trust in *them*, each ill
Attribute, rather than their lack of skill;
Thus monks, when sainted relics fail, are sure
To impute to want of *faith*, † the want of *cure*.

* This alludes to the well known story of the King of Macedon. An Arrow was shot from the ramparts of a Town he was besieging, on which was inscribed, "For King Philip's right Eye." It reached its royal destination; on this, Philip ordered the same arrow to be thrown again into the Town, but with a different inscription, "*When Philip takes the Town, he will hang up Aster.*" A facetious French Abbe had engaged a box at the Opera, from which (after being seated,) he was rudely turned out by a certain Mareschal of France. He brought his action in a court of honour, and pleaded his own cause; he began thus: "It is not of Mareschal Turenne, who took so many towns, of Suffrein, who took so many ships, or of Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I have to complain; but it is of that Mareschal who took my box at the opera, and never took any thing else, in the whole course of his life."

† When the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, or any other species of solemn legerdemain does not succeed, those conjurors in *Cowls* impute their failure, either to the *absence* of faith, or the *presence* of heresy.

Such Rulers too, like those sly Priests, support,
 And with like views, thro' right, or wrong, the Court,
 Both love, for good of Church and State, to nurse
 Those twins, the Prince's power, the people's purse;
 Nor would they leave, did Whitbread cease to frown,
 The subject sixpence, or the King *a crown*.

And some (for grossest Errors Rulers cloud,
 As thickest fogs the loftiest mountain's shroud,)
 To office raised, have gloried in their shame,
 And on their very blunders built a name;
 From dizzy height of power, a Peer was known
 To claim dear Walcheren's laurels all his own;
 He with a Pygmy's strut stalked after Pitt, *
 This an huge Elephant, that—a *Tom Tit*,
 Who daring in his mighty track to tread,
 Sunk in each footstep, *deeper than his head*.
 Then sick of Parties, Placemen, and their tools,
 Formed but to rule, like Popery, rogues and fools;

* It has been fashionable at certain anniversary Dinners for Ministers to worship their Idol, the Ghost of Pitt! with an enthusiastic veneration, hardly exceeded by that which the Turtle, and Venison command. So gross, and servile has been their adoration of the memory of "*The great Statesman now no more*" that they will not venture to take to themselves even the *merit* to which some of their *late* plans are perhaps entitled. Thus like some other admirers of that Minister on the *Banks of the Cam*, they have turned poor *Glory* out of the Senate-house, to make room for the *Statue of Pitt*.

Shall I this cacoethes of my brain
 Unpurged, in suffering silence still sustain?
 Or all that's monstrous steal from Shakespeare's
 verse,
 Arabian Calibans, Kehama's * Curse,

* We cannot sympathize with such Beings as these. "Homo sum, nihil humani alienum a me puto." Here we are put in possession of the grand motive to benevolence, and compassion. But these imaginary Beings partake of nothing in common with us; nor are they liable to any of the feelings, or accidents, griefs, or pleasures which "flesh is heir to." Therefore we weep not when they weep, we rejoice not when they rejoice.

An insatiable craving for some *new thing* is, perhaps the only point in which modern readers resemble the ancient Athenians. It is not therefore to be wondered at, if even such a writer as Mr. Southey, whose powers it were ridiculous to deny, from the manifest difficulty of satisfying the public taste with originalities, serves up a dish of high seasoned absurdities in their stead. Comparisons have now been so often compared; things capable of description, so often described; and remote resemblances so often connected; that it is in a just, and novel application of old Ideas, rather than the invention of new ones, that modern writers must look for celebrity. Perhaps there is no such thing as absolute originality. We are all indebted more or less to others. Would Shakespeare, Locke, or Newton have attained the highest excellence in their respective departments, had they been shut up in an Island, and condemned to live with half a dozen such Poets

Or pine like Chatterton, or Canning thrive ;
On Satire starve, or Panegyric live ?

The muse that praises on the Knave bestows,
On a vile Dunghill costly incense throws ;
And more to puzzle and perplex her lays,
Must *make* the virtues that she means to praise.
Then lend me, Pratt, in Truth and nature's spite,
Thine art, on nothing, something still to write.

If I write ill, * sage Critics ! Who can tell ?
It may provoke your worships to write well ;

and Philosophers as Voltaire, and to read half a dozen such Authors as Godwin ?

* *Nonum promatur in annum*, might have been a good rule for antediluvian Authors. *Nonam promatur in horam* would better apply to this present work. It is well known that many of the sheets were sent to the Press on the day they were written. I do not plead this as an admissible excuse for inaccuracy ; but whether by taking more pains I could write better, is a question I cannot resolve, having never made the experiment. I am inclined to think Style is like *Hay* ; that which gave the most trouble in making, and took up the most time in putting together, is usually the worst.

I admit that no time can be too long, no attention too vigilant, no labour too unremitting, which is occupied in rendering ourselves fully acquainted with the subject on which we propose to write ? But thinking, which is perhaps the most precious part of our life, is also the shortest part of it. To think is truly to live ; *Cogitamus ergo sumus* ; alas if life were measured by this scale only, what *Ephemerides* would

So vice be slain, 'twill not my temper move
That I the whetstone, not the sword, must prove.

On then, my muse, th' exhaustless theme
rehearse,

New follies rise much faster than thy verse ;
Follies though past, like Rivers, are not gone,
Still flowing by, yet ever coming on.

It must be so, while o'er the world preside
Two Sister Queens, Hypocrisy, and Pride ;
Alike their sovereign jurisdiction own
The Jail, the Church, the Cottage, and the Throne.

most men be. Those who will be at the pains to think before they write, rather than afterwards, will find that words and expressions will follow of course. If some writers are not easily understood, it is because they do not understand themselves. All who are intelligent, are usually intelligible. Therefore let us be quite sure a thing is *worth saying at all*, before we rack our brains to say it well. To clothe poor ideas in rich expressions, is but the amusement of *grown children*, busied in dressing up their trumpery *dolls* in tawdry habiliments.

After all, the public are perhaps a little unreasonable, when they expect a Satirist to torture his brains for their amusement, whose only encouragement is the certainty of abuse. For hit a knave where we will, we are sure not to please him; and a fool is often angry without being hit at all. But I have one consolation, as I have not half the genius of Pope, or Dryden, I may hope to escape with *half* the censures lavished upon them.

Of Rank and Riches proud, the Placeman see,
The stern Republican, of Poverty.
And Broadbrim sports his dittos, and his hat,
Proud as Lord Fanny of his silk cravat.

Proud of his debts and Phaeton in four,
Sir John to borrow seeks Avaro's door,
Who to the Senate just about to ride,
On half-starved hunter mounts, to show his pride ;
Sir John his suit obtains, but stranger yet,
Pride makes a miser scorn to claim a debt. *

* John Elwes. This extraordinary man was never known to demand a debt. Avarice was his ruling passion, but pride was the *disturbing force* that produced no small eccentricity in his character. His conduct in Parliament was perfectly independent, and to say that he changed his principles as often as his dress, would be in truth to say that he was the most consistent member of that house. He represented Berkshire, and was much respected in the County. I have heard my Father say he has known more than one instance wherein *two* parties had mutually agreed to be decided by his *single* arbitration, without appeal. In settling the affairs of a widow Lady, Mr. Elwes had taken great pains, and had performed two or three journies to London. At a large dinner party, this Lady warmly expressed her gratitude, and observed, that she much wished she could hit on any plan of recompensing Mr. Elwes, without wounding his pride. A Gentleman present enquired, "Pray, Madam, how many times has Mr. Elwes rode to London on your business?" She replied, "three times;" "Oh then, send him half a Crown, he will put eighteen-pence *clear gain* in his pocket!"

O Pride ! the Scholar's spur, the Coxcomb's aim,
 That changing still, art in each change the same,
 Supreme alike o'er beggars, bards, and kings,
 The Poet feels thine influence, while he sings ;
 What art ! that cans't ten thousand shapes assume
 In Church, in Senate, Camp, and Drawing-Room ;
 That canst, *while Benchers stare*, make E-k-e bless,
 Yet damn by deeds, the freedom of the Press ;
 Make Whitbread scorn, weak P--ty worship power,
 Teach Gibbs to woo the Court, Burdett the Tower ;
 Send Doctors M : and D : with *stomachs full*,
 And *empty* heads, to measure Porson's * skull,
 On that dense Cranium, with fond amaze,
Consoling sight to them ! they raptur'd gaze !
 In dissertation deep indulge, t' explain
 How head so thick, such learning could contain ;
 While these with Gall, and these with Kamper side,
 Let common sense for once the point decide,
 To skull so thick, grave Sirs ! 'tis past all doubt,
 Whatever once got in,—*could ne'er get out*.

A name is all,—from Garrick's breath, a puff
 Of praise, gave immortality to snuff !

* To ascertain the cause of Mr. Porson's death, his head was opened ; when to the confusion of all Craniologists, and the consolation of all *Block-heads*, he was found to have the thickest skull of any Professor in Europe.

Since which, each Connoisseur, a transient heaven
 Finds, in each pinch of *Hardham's* * *thirty seven* ;
 Though Crichtons now, nor Mirandolas, strive
 An age of learned monsters to revive,
 Yet, what mad systems will not Scholars frame,
 Whose goad is vanity, whose object fame ;
 To far Angola see Monboddo sail,
 To prove Men, Monkeys,—*had they but a Tail*, †

* Garrick, when at the height of his popularity, made his friend Hardham's fortune, merely by puffing his Snuff occasionally on the stage, when acting any part which admitted the use of a snuff-box.

† Adam Clarke, L. L. D. has out heroded Herod ; as a monkey-monger he has thrown Lord Monboddo completely into the back ground. He has undertaken to prove, gentle Reader, that the animal which deceived Eve, was no more or less than an Ouran Outang ! He hath also kindly informed us that he verily hath some charity left for those who differ from him in opinion ; I hope his stock is large, as *the run* upon it will be great. In his quarto Bible with Annotations, there is a most prolix and learned note on the Hebrew Term *Nachash*, Genesis, Chapter 3d. This term our Translators, simple Souls ! had rendered—Serpent. But it is fair to let Dr. Clarke, who I understand, can preach fluently in twelve languages, speak in plain English for himself. He thus concludes a most elaborate note ; “It therefore appears to me, that a creature of the ape, or Ouran Outang kind, is here intended ; and that Satan made use of this creature, as the most proper instrument for the accomplishment of his murderous purposes, against the life and soul of Man.”

To foreign lands for fit examples roam,
That Bond-street might have furnished, nearer
home;

But Bond-street owns thy sceptre, Pride, again
Thy wand can turn her monkeys, into men.
Her beaus the coachman ape, at thy command,
These *useless* things now manage *Four in Hand*!

O Pride, thou canst such good, produce, and evil,
Art thou of light a Spirit, or—the Devil;
Thou canst make Collyer scribble, Fuller speak,
Teach Sheridan to construe Belgrave's * Greek,
While county-members all agog to *hear*
A peerless speech, *see* but a—*speechless Peer*!!

Through Pride mistaken Richlieu would the Cid
Out-rant, † but Paris that attempt forbid;

* A nobleman notorious for quoting Demosthenes in the House of Commons. Mr. Sheridan, at times took the liberty of translating his Greek for the benefit of the county members.

† This great Statesman was extremely jealous of the genius of Corneille. He was much exasperated with the Parisians, for their just, but marked and decided preference of the Cid, to all the dramatic efforts of their Minister. He was very desirous of literary fame, but not at all scrupulous how he acquired it. He offered Mr. Jay a considerable sum of money, if he would permit him to have the credit of his Polyglott Bible. On seeing the statue of this Cardinal at the Sorbonne, Peter the great exclaimed—"Illustrious Statesman now no more! How gladly would I have given thee one half of my

Hence did Sir Robert * his just fame forego,
 Less proud to be the Statesman, than the Beau.

Through Pride did Wrangham † write in angry fit,
 Lest *Strangers* should mistake him for a Wit;
 When grapes from brambles, thorns from vines we
 pull,

Then Wrangham may be bright, Matthias dull.

Hence Capel ‡ cries,—no wonder meteors fall,
 When rising bards are hid in Crispin's stall,

kingdom, to teach me how to govern the other." I suspect this would have been a dangerous experiment; had the Czar given the Cardinal one half of his kingdom, that cunning Churchman would soon have possessed himself of the whole.

* Sir Robert Walpole was more anxious to be thought a successful gallant, than a Statesman. Lord Chesterfield cunningly advised Courtiers not to flatter Walpole on his political talents, because this subject was a stale one; but rather to compliment him on his successes with the Ladies.

† This Gentleman has taken much unnecessary pains to convince the world he did not write the *Pursuits of Literature*.

‡ Mr. Capel Loft, the zealous admirer, and indefatigable Patron of Bloomfield. This Gentleman's benevolent but unsuccessful attempt to recover an unfortunate young woman, who had been hanged at Bury, is well known. A similar experiment was performed on the body of Dr. Dodd. I have heard the late Daines Barrington affirm, that he was one of a party who had prepared a Room, with all the apparatus necessary to resuscitate Dr. Dodd. That the hangman was *fied*, that the Doctor's neck was not dislocated, and that he had no

Now wastes his breath on verses, now on winds,
 And now a *Comet*, now a *Cobler* finds !
 By gas poetic, or galvanic led,
 Now makes the living sleep, now *wakes the dead* !

O Pride, thou born in Heaven, but nursed in
 Hell,

What contradictions mark thy potent spell !
 Satan, mistaking thee, might stand aloof !
 Posed by an angel, with a cloven hoof !

In state to church hence Dignitaries ride,
 There sent by both,—Hypocrisy and Pride,
 In silk and sattin clothed, sleek as a mole,
 They, Paul's poor wardrobe, staff and scrip extol ;
 Though Sirius rage, both scarf and hood put on,
 Nor spare one scarlet rag, from Babylon ;
 From Pride, e'en tho' their gilded carriage wait,
 They preach humility,—then "dine on plate."

O what "fantastic airs before high Heaven,"
 Doth man affect, puffed up by this vain leaven !
 A proud Apostle is that prince of fools
 That wounds himself, whene'er he *works* his tools.

doubt they should have succeeded, but that the immense croud, and vast assemblage of Carriages, prevented the hearse from reaching the scene of action, until it was too late ; but that even then a few faint symptoms of life were perceptible.

O take deception, any shape, beside
 High-church Humility,—that worst of Pride,
 That *Root* * of Vanity, that creeps so low,
 But that th' aspiring *head* more high may grow.

Is there a light, a solemn mockery,
 Ye cannot act—Pride, and Hypocrisy?
 Ye can make Churchmen sink the price of pews,
 Touched by some feast's, or fast's portentous news;
 Teach them to *split precedence* to an hair,
 And for the *red book* quit the book of prayer;
 While high-bred Dames † e'en at God's altar see
 Viscountess A, deposed by Countess B.

Ye can teach Priests to lisp, *my Darling Dove!*
 While their Religion stoops, to fan their love,
 A double love they feel, a fiercer spark,
 When they preferment court,—and Mistress Clarke. ‡

Ye bade proud Horsley preach the Right divine
 Of Kings, and o'er fallen Papal Priestcraft whine!

* “Quæ quantum vertice ad auras
 Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.”

See Paley on “Rooting.”

† Those who have witnessed some extraordinary scenes in certain fashionable Chapels at Bath, will need no explanation of these lines.

‡ A Certain Doctor's laudable ambition to preach before Royalty, the public are well acquainted with.

Hence Pope at Timon's * taste and Villa
laughed,

Then disavowed the *Mark*, but owned the *Shaft* ;
With aukward zeal, that more inflamed the part,
Laboured in vain t' extract th' envenomed dart ;
Then mean concessions made, that nought re-
trieved,

And wrote apologies that none believed.

Ye could, to Ferney banished, teach Voltaire †
To change his Notions, when he changed his air ;
His honied flatteries, for satiric stings
To quit, and *caned from Courts*, to rail at Kings.

Allied, Ye could inspire Prophetic Kett ;
Make Middleton remember to forget ;

* Duke of Chandos.

† Voltaire flattered Kings to their faces, and lampooned them behind their backs. When at Berlin, he wrote this Epigram on his patron, and host, the King of Prussia ;

“King, Author, Philosopher, Hero, Musician,
Free Mason, Œconomist, Bard, Politician,
How had Europe rejoiced if a *Christian* he'd been,
If a *Man*, how he then had enraptured his Queen.”

For this effort of wit Voltaire was paid with just thirty lashes on his bare back, administered by the King's Serjeant at Arms, and was actually obliged to sign the following curious Receipt for the same. “Received from the right hand of Conrad Bachoffner, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full for an Epigram on Frederick the third, King of Prussia. I say received by me, Voltaire. Vive le Roi ! ! !”

In Hastings point a Verres out to Burke,
And bid *place-hunting* in Philippics lurk.

Ye could clear Johnson's * Eyes, and make him
swear

Whigs might be honest, Patrons insincere ;
That to *one* pension merit might succeed,
And that *one* Scot wrote *something* fit to read.

Ye tutored Pitt to bellow, *promise*, *prate*,
Reform † or Ruin to vociferate ;

* Johnson altered his ideas of pensions and of patrons, after he had experienced the substantial help of the one, and the professing, but delusive politeness of the other. In his Poem, entitled "Vanity of human wishes," a Couplet was altered ; it now stands thus,

"There mark what ills the Scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the *Patron*, and the Jail."

And in his Dictionary this definition follows that ill-starred word, "*Patron*, Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is repaid with flattery." The Doctor having observed, with more prejudice than taste, that no Scotchman ever wrote any thing worth reading, a Gentleman present, quaintly rejoined, "Pray Doctor, what do you think of Lord Bute's order on the Treasury for your pension of three hundred per annum ? I am inclined to hope, that there are but few Englishmen, (who feel at all interested in the literary reputation of their Country,) who do not wish another cypher had been added to that sum. Happy would it be for England, had all her pensions been so well bestowed."

† I have heard that Mr. Pitt, when in opposition, pulled

Then Freedom's Friends to Newgate dare to send,
 For printing Pamphlets *he himself had penned ! **
 While hackneyed, hoary sycophants applaud
 Their Chief,—a *beardless Veteran in Fraud ;*

out his watch, and exclaimed, “Every hour that retards Reform, accelerates our Ruin.” When we consider *how many hours* this man was minister, and that he never made one motion on Reform, except to *impede* its progress ; is it not self-evident that *power* was that plank to which he had determined to cling, even amidst the *wreck of the Constitution*. That he was “The Pilot that weathered the Storm,” is a sentiment that hath been often said, and often *sung* ; But I would have these speech-making and song-singing *bottle-holders* to the Ghost of Pitt, remember that the ruinous consequences of his administration will more and more be felt. These form the *tail of that hurricane* whose increasing violence it were wisdom to anticipate, prudence to provide for, and fool-hardiness to despise. It is little to say that he who presided over an administration notoriously venal, was himself free from the charge of corruption. If an horde of Banditti overpower us, *gag* us and pick our pockets, is it any consolation, that their Leader, who countenanced the Robbery, partook not of the spoil ?

* In the Rev. Mr. Hall's Pamphlet, on the Freedom of the Press, published during Mr. Pitt's administration, which Pamphlet ran through many Editions, we find the following bold and important assertion.——“Mr. Holt, a Printer at Newark is now imprisoned in Newgate for two years, for reprinting, *verbatim*, an address to the People, on Reform, which was sanctioned *for certain*, and *probably written* by the Duke of Richmond, and Mr. Pitt.” Par nobile fratrum ! I

Spaniels that must their *feeder* still commend,
 Till *unpaid* Pensions shall their flatteries end ;
 Was Fox his friend ? Was Jenkinson his *foe* ?
 Did Paley praise ? Did Horseley *blame* him ?—No.
 Could Genius bless ! Could Ignorance bemoan
 His reign, who damned *all Talent*—but his own ?

firmly believe this to be true, for the subsequent reasons ; because Mr. Hall is far too respectable a character, both as an Author, a Man, and a Minister, to affirm a falsity, or even advance an accusation so heinous, on light grounds ; because this statement, (to the best of my knowledge) has never been contradicted ; and lastly, because I know that many were sent to different prisons in the kingdom, and more were threatened, for advocating the cause of Reform, and reprobating the System of Corruption, in language much *less* violent, than Mr. Pitt himself had used when *out* of office, in support of those same patriotic, and constitutional principles, from which, *when once in Power*, he apostatized so meanly. “Fuit enim non veris virtutibus, tantum mirabilis, quantum arte quadam abjuventa, in ostentationem earum compositus.” There was a constitutional coldness, and a freezing hauteur about this minister, which yielded not to the most intoxicating draught of intemperance ; yet it must not be said, “Ad evertendam rempublicam *sobrium* accessisse.” On the contrary, he seems to have made in all his *war-whoops* old Ennius his model, who

“Nunquam nisi *potus*, ad arma,

Succurrit dicenda.”

But it would seem, that neither the fire of Youth, nor of Love, nor of Wine, could thaw the icicles that guarded his heart. His self-possession he had the power to preserve after the most extravagant excesses.

Ye can the Tyrant's breast alternate rule,
And make Napoleon play both Knave and Fool ;
Freedom with false and fatal aid attend,
And *start* a Washington, a Nero * *end* ;
While he on necks of subject Monarchs rides,
Ambition him, her *sceptered Slave* bestrides ;

* Fatal indeed to freedom will be the *Moral* of the French Revolution. To the melancholy consequences of that event, *Tyrants* will appeal with triumph ; and from a possible repetition of such horrid scenes, even the advocates of temperate Reform will shrink with apprehension. It might have been hoped that a manly sacrifice of all paltry contentions about priority and precedence, would have been made to so illustrious a cause ; that every selfish consideration would have been, *at such a moment*, relinquished ; and that from the generous and arduous duties of the Patriot, and the Legislator, the chaffering and trucking spirit of the tradesman, would have been dismissed. It might have been hoped, that *The Three Estates* of an enlightened Nation, convened for the sole and sacred purpose of improving the Constitution, would have been more fortunate in their endeavours. Alas ! they have no right to calculate on the return of so glorious an opportunity ; they may now exclaim, with the Witches in Macbeth, "When shall *we Three* meet again ?" They did meet, and like *them* they also prepared the bitter ingredients of their cauldron ; but they threw into it not only forms, but *decencies* ; not only privileges, but *rights* ; not only prejudices, but *principles*. Hence it became a *confusion*, not a composition : and the undigested mass was *concocted with Blood* ! In the fermentation that ensued, the *spirit* of Liberty evaporated, but the *dregs of despotism remain*.

Step-father foul, he strangled at its birth
 Freedom, that offspring proud of *labouring* Earth!
 But blaze and glare of Conquest Victors screen,
 As thieves behind their Lanthorns sculk unseen,
 And History proves that truth is rarely said
 Of Tyrants * living, or their favourites dead.

* A French Officer on Parole once in my presence exerted his abilities, which were far from contemptible, in a regular defence of Bonaparte's atrocities. When we came to the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, I thought his apology curious. He said, "It was well known in Paris, that the Emperor was *forced* into this measure, by the fears and jealousies of his own adherents. Bonaparte was not one of the Regicides; he had not dipped his hands in *Royal Blood*. The Creatures of his Power, therefore, in some sort demanded from their Leader, this sanguinary proof of his *sincerity*; that by shedding the blood of the Son of Conde, the door of reconciliation with the Bourbons might be shut for ever; and that even the possibility of his re-acting the *part of Monk*, might be effectually precluded." This apology strongly reminded me of a passage in the Proverbs. "*Come with Us, let Us lay wait for blood; Cast in thy lot among Us, let Us have one common purse.*" When Pope Pius the seventh came to Paris, to crown the Emperor Napoleon, two thrones were erected for them, at Notre Dame. The Throne of the Pope was richly ornamented with *glands*, anglice tassels; the Throne of Napoleon had none. Some one expressing his astonishment at this to the Abbe Sieyes, he sarcastically observed, in allusion to the assassination of the Duke D'Enghien, after he had been seized by Caulincourt, "Do you not know, that the throne of the Emperor is *sans-gland*, anglice without

Ye too, Queen Sisters, that must still preside
 O'er stoutest hearts, Hypocrisy, and Pride,
 Bade Cromwell join the Bible with the sword,
 In Church *suspected*, in the Camp adored;

tassels, or a *Bloody Throne*?" This pun reminds me of an excellent anagram on a similar subject. "Bona rapta, pone leno." That is, "Robber lay down thy stolen goods." It is curious that these words make up *literatim*, Napoleon Bonaparte.

That sarcastic remarks on the last of the Bourbons, are not now at least, acceptable to the Emperor, is evident from the following Anecdote, which I know to be authentic. The Abbe Sieyes, in company with Bonaparte, Duroc, *Grand Marechal du Palais*, and a few others, were walking through a suite of apartments at Versailles. When they came to the State Bed-Room of the late unfortunate Monarch, the Abbe exclaimed "This was the Bed of the Tyrant." Bonaparte turning short, with visible indignation rejoined, "Tyrant, say you, Sir? Had I been in his place, I would have been in possession of that bed to this moment, and you would have been saying Mass." I shall relate one more anecdote for its rarity; it being the only one I have ever heard, that puts the character of Bonaparte in an amiable point of view; and it is well known to have occurred. Walking with his fidus Achates, Berthier, in the environs of Bayonne, and dressed in that plain and simple manner which he invariably affects, he met an old Woman going to Market. She appeared to bend under the pressure of age and infirmities, as much as under the heavy burthen she was carrying. He accosted her, enquired her

While he, to give his vast ambition scope,
 Out-preached the Puritan, out-prayed the Pope ; *
 At their own weapons foiled, in *cant* outdone,
 Both bowed to doctrines, proved by pike and gun :
 Till Charles succeeded, through Monk's counter
 plot,
 To Waller's Rhinnes, and Walton's Polyglott ; †

name, and hinted to Berthier, that one so old, might surely be exempted from so severe a task. "Ah ! sir," exclaimed she, "I *had* three sons, able and willing to assist me, but they were dragged to the armies, at the command of the Tyrant." He did not make himself known to her, but left her, as one in deep thought, and with an hurried step. He so ordered it, that an handsome sum of Money should be immediately conveyed to her, and that her eldest son should have permission to return to his home ! O si sic omnia !!

* The Pope was not a little astonished to hear of an Heretic who could *pray* with at least as much *sincerity* as any of his own mitred predecessors, and *fight* with much more *vigour*.

† Waller and Walton, *pars pro toto*. They were not the only Poets and Theologians that turned to worship the rising Sun. Brian Walton's Polyglott Bible in six folio volumes, was originally dedicated to Oliver Cromwell ; after the restoration it was addressed to Charles, and the former dedication was studiously suppressed. Some Copies, however, are extant. Waller's Panegyrick on Cromwell, is a much more-spirited Poem than his Congratulation to Charles. This did not escape the penetration of that witty monarch ; but whoever could say a good thing to him was safe ; and Waller made the *amende honorable*, when he reminded Charles that Poets

Mid Mirth, to Freedom dealt severest wounds,
 With *smiles* more fatal than his Father's *frowns*;
 From wit, and wine arose, to *take* a life *
 That wild commotion *spared* and civil strife.
 Faithless, and cruel proved, to gain his ends,
 Both to forgiving foes, and suffering friends.

Then James, through lust of power, for gallic
 Gold,

Himself, his honor, and his Country sold;
 More deeply still his subjects to enslave,
 Under the Bigot's mask, concealed the Knave;
 A Tiger, to the Foes he could disarm,
 Most to be *dreaded*, when he *feigned* alarm;
 Prepared by Torture to support his Throne,
 And *hint* that horrid wish he dared not own;

always succeeded best in fiction. However, both the Poems have merit, and seem to contradict, (for Waller was a Water-drinker,) that axiom of Horace,

“Nulla placere diu, nec vivere Carmina posunt,
 Quæ scribuatur aquæ potoribus.”

Those were times of general expectation, and of almost as general disappointment. But it is melancholy to reflect that when rewards could be found for the apostacy of Turn-Coats the unskinking loyalty of such men as Butler, and Cowley, was left to starve on barren praise, and empty admiration.

* Algernon Sidney. “What joy can human things to us afford,
 When we see perish thus by cross events,
 Ill men, and wretched accidents,
 The best cause, and the best man that ever drew a sword.”

Cold, callous wretch, whose ignominious reign
 Made Treason, Virtue ; Loyalty, a Stain :
 Compound accurst, of Tyrant, Hypocrite,
 Who style him Knave, or Bigot, *both* are right. *

* This alludes to the late controversy between Mr. Fox and Mr. Rose, on the character of James the second. It would seem that these Statesmen are both right, and both wrong. For the contradictory extremes of Knave and Bigot, exhibited their monstrous union in the Heart of that unprincipled Monarch. It ought to be generally known, that an anonymous, but authoritative translation of Mr. Fox's History, has lately been published at Paris. In this Gallico-sycophantic, and emasculated translation, or to use *more properly* the French word, *traduction*, all the fine passages in favour of liberty, are either omitted, or melted down into common place generalities. Of course, we search in vain in *this* translation, for Mr. Fox's splendid eulogium on Washington. His just censure also of Hume, for becoming the apologist of Charles, in the murder of Algernon Sidney, is also, for reasons *sufficiently plain*, expunged. The fine contrast between Churchill, the tool of James, and the same Man as Marlborough the General of Anne and humbler of Louis, is omitted; and the despondency of the Nation, on observing the despotic temper of Charles the second, is also obliterated, by this trembling *Traducteur*. "Lugdunensem Rhetor dicturus ad aram!" One sentiment, which escaped from Mr. Fox, is made the most of, and conspicuously introduced, notwithstanding the free and uncourtly tenor of the context; I allude to that passage where Mr. Fox observes that a *Restoration*, is usually the most bloody and dangerous of all *Revolutions*. But to return to the real character of James. Even his own brother must

But hold, some captious Critic, * choaked with
 rage,
 Refers my readers to my Title-page,

have entertained a most contemptible opinion of him, as appears from the following anecdote; James, when Duke of York, was exhorting his brother Charles, to make use of greater precaution to preserve his life from assassination; Charles replied, "Never fear, brother, *while you live I am safe*; no man will murder me to make *you King*." The Bigotry of James appears strongly in his attempt to convert Colonel Kirke to popery. Kirke, who had improved a disposition naturally savage by a command at *Tangier*, informed the proselyting Monarch, that he was pre-engaged; being under a promise to the Dey, if ever he changed his religion, to turn Mahomedan. The Knavery of this Prince, I think, is equally conspicuous in his conduct towards Monmouth. Under an hope of Pardon he prevailed on him to sign a document of his own illegitimacy, when at the same time he had determined on his execution, within forty eight hours after the interview. Though he trembled at the thought of openly avowing so heinous an intention, yet it is too evident from his own letter to the council at Edinburgh, that it was his *secret* wish that Argyle should be tortured previous to his execution.

* It may be objected to me, that censures on the Critics do not come with a very good grace from one who has in some degree imitated them, in the freedom of his remarks on others. But my strictures are not *anonymous*; and in addition to this, I have brought my own stock also into the literary market. My rhimes are heartily at the service of both critics, and Authors. I wish them the same pleasure in cutting them up, I had in composing them. But an Author, attacked by Critics,

Now growls a curse, now rubs his eyes, to scan
 The comprehensive circle of my plan.
 The cause and source, my motto * might explain,
 Of that variety that racks his brain,
 But ah ! 'tis *Latin*, and this Morning's dawn
 Saw him for Tripe his *Dictionary* pawn.

who give him *no* specimen of their own productions, and who *conceal* their *names*, resembles a Man in the pillory ; *he is covered with mud, without an opportunity of retaliation.* One of our *best* Critics has been candid enough to make this concession, "The *worst* piece of Poetry that ever was written, is worth more than the *best* piece of Criticism that ever was written upon it." It is notorious that the Critics, from their manifest partialities, and prejudices, have for some time ceased to possess any influence over the public taste. There are many literary characters who constantly purchase those publications the critics have *honoured* by their censures ; and as constantly decline the perusal of those which the Critics have disgraced by their encomiums. The price of Criticism per sheet, is as well known and settled, as of beef per pound ; the latter commodity is perhaps the most *digestible*. But let any author review his own work, let him do it fairly, but favourably ; let him forward it *gratis*, and *without* a Name, to any of the Reviews ; I will answer for its reception. The Critics may perhaps reply, that in my own case, an exception would certainly be made. I can assure them I do not intend to try them. But to make sure of *some* wit, I shall insert their remarks, in a second Edition.

* Docebo

Dissimulare Omnes, certa ratione, modoque.

Then Truth! his garret seek in *English* dress,
 Tell Him *All* KNAVES dissemble, more, or less;
 All who to sin unblamed, to cheat unknown,
 Assume another's garb, or drop their own.

Ah teach me, sapient Critic, to enchain
 Like Sorbonist in rope of sand, the main :
 Fetter the mind! with sceptered arm controul
 The settled purpose of a Cato's soul!
 On Chair of state enthroned, curb in the waves!
 Make Frenchmen, Freemen! Generous Britons,
 Slaves!

White-wash Napoleon's crimes; their number write,
 Or lash a Knave, and spare an Hypocrite.

Hypocrisy, thy reign I must uphold,
 Extensive as Creation, and as old;
 The Sun's an Hypocrite! that darts us down
 Fevers with smiles, and kills without a frown;
 Converts with sudden stroke of *fatal* ray, *
 To endless night, the Indian's garish day;
 Sends Famine forth, decked out in garments bright,
 And tantalizes thirst with *floods of light*,
 What time the *Mirage*, † with deceitful beams,
 The fainting Arab mocks with airy streams.

* The Coup Soleil, or stroke of the Sun, which often produces instant death.

† The Mirage is an optical delusion effected in the deserts,

And Earth's an Hypocrite ; when all around
 With plenty laughing Ceres clothes the ground,
 She opes her horrid jaws, and swallows down
 Her monstrous meal, a Province, or a Town ;
 Then bids whole Vineyards, torn from mountain's
 side,

Rush through the trembling Vale, on fiery tide. *

The Sea's an Hypocrite, to all who pass
 His Surface, smooth and flattering as a glass,
 Jocund, they dream not of the *Ruffian* storm,
 That waits the *night*, his vengeance to perform.

And Time, that grave, and hoary Hypocrite,
 For ever runs, *yet conquers all by flight*,
 Makes known each hidden thing, yet lies *concealed*
 Himself, in dark, mysterious mantle veiled ;
 Time future is not come, Time past is o'er, †
 Time present, while we grasp it, *is no more!*

by the Rays of the Sun. An appearance most refreshing, but most deceitful, is portrayed, so as to impose on the most accurate observer of nature, if he has never before witnessed the phænomenon.

* The lava. See Brydonne. The most elegant writer of Travels in our Language. “Non anglus, sed angelus, *si foret Christianus.*”

† The above line separated from its context has too much the appearance of a truism ; but it is introduced to shew the absurdity of flattering ourselves with the possession of that, of which cool reflection must convince us we can command so little.

And Love himself, dissembler turned, the old
Links to the young, in sordid chains of gold.

And Death's an Hypocrite that beats the whole,
With laughter kills, or the mirth-wakening bowl,
Summons from peaceful Plenty's loaded board
More Victims, than from Famine, or the Sword;
He knows, ah Traitor! with o'erwhelming joy, *
No less than slower sorrow to destroy!
Into his cold embraces men beguiles
With beauty's lures, or hollow friendship's smiles;
Or craftier still, in ambush loves to lie
In the bright mirror of Camilla's Eye.

So vast my subject 'tis a task to tell
Not where it doth, but where it doth not dwell.
Close then my book, all ye that hope to see
On theme so varied, uniformity.
While Critics, † ever glad of an excuse,
From lofty garret level low abuse;

* This is like giving a man a prize in the lottery with one hand, and the sentence for his immediate *execution*, with the other.

† Critics, says Sterne, ought rather to become the objects of our pity, than of our resentment; since like Hangmen, they are obliged to *execute for bread*. It should therefore be a considerable advantage to a work, to have received their censures;

Scurrility sublime in Attics writ,
But not with Roman strength, nor Attic wit,

for an Author may set what price he pleases on a Book, that has been condemned to be burnt, by the hands of the common Hangman. In some extracts he has made from Miss Seward's letters, Sir Richard Philips thus comments on the probable consequences of her severity on the Reveiwers. "Her *just* execration of Reviews, and of the principles, and of the practices of anonymous criticism, will however draw down upon her the denunciations of those, who *live* by that species of *Felony*; and probably tarnish the lustre, and diminish the sale of the Work." Bravo, Sir Richard! this is candid; But——

———"Quis custodiat ipsos

Custodes?

Miss Seward records an anecdote of Johnson, I do not remember to have seen before, which, as it is *ad rem*, I shall give my Readers. "I remember," says that Lady, "to have been present, when Lucy Porter enquired of Dr. Johnson how far she might be guided by the Reviewers, in the purchase of books? You will find them *infallible*, said he, provided you buy every thing they *abuse*, and nothing that they *praise*."

"When I was at Bristol," says Miss Seward, "a Lady said to me, my Son is at Merchant Taylor's School; he has there a friend, and school-fellow not yet *sixteen*, who has been employed by one of the Review Editors, to write strictures for his Work, on your Memoirs of Dr. Darwin." Such are often the presumptuous deciders on new publications, A Friend of mine, has informed me of a similar instance. It was, he said, with a mixed sensation of merriment, and disgust, that he saw a certain undergraduate at Cambridge, very far from being

Like Scales, those *No-Name* Cowards, one and all,
 Ne'er rise, until their adversary fall ;
 Affect to feel the least, what galls them most,
 But look out sharp for some defenceless post ;
 Meek Hypocrites, whose Patience nought offends,
 'Tis not their own wound grieves them,—but a
 Friends. *

To me their frowns or smiles are much the same,
 Malice I dread not, and I court not fame.

Be this *my* meed, “Unpensioned, and unpraised,
 In Virtue's cause his feeble voice he raised ;

arrived at *years of discretion*, strutting about his Room, writing anathemas, and forging thunderbolts of criticism for the Reviewers, with all the infallibility of a Pope, and the conceited arrogance of a *School-boy Prepostor*. A Pen in such hands, is a Razor in the hands of a Monkey : with which he is much more likely to *cut his own throat*, than that of another.

* When Churchill's *Rosciad* came out, a curious scene presented itself in the *Green Room*. All the Actors *pretended* not to feel what had been said of themselves, but were only sorry, and hurt that Mr. *such an one*, that *harmless, quiet, good sort of a man*, should have been attacked. This Gentleman, who happened to overhear their *affected commiserations*, suddenly exclaimed, “and pray Gentlemen what right have you to suppose that I have not as much philosophy as yourselves ; and to set me down for the *only* one amongst you, who has not sense enough to be indifferent to such animadversions ?”

Prized Independence, and a private post,
 More than all Queensbury won, or Anson lost ! *
 With noble rashness, in a selfish age,
 Defied of power and prejudice, the rage ;
 Nor cringed to Sycophants, nor stooped to Slaves,
 Nor feared the wrath of fools, † the wit of Knaves ;
 Could see and scorn the Worldling's dirty toil,
 Could mark the scramble, and despise the spoil."

Worldlings, in search of wants, o'erlook their joys,
 A few things granted, all the rest are toys ;
 Old wine to cheer me give, old wood to warm,
 Old books to solace, and old friends to charm ; ‡

* The unvarying successes of the late Duke of Queensbury, on the turf, when Lord March, not a little disconcerted the *knowing ones* ; they falsely calculated, on the usual quantum of folly, to which Lords are entitled, both by birth, and education. In Lord Anson, they found an harvest. The treasure of the Spanish galleon, became the prize of some Sharps at Bath ; on which occasion it was observed, that Lord Anson had been round the world, and over the world, but never in the world.

† The impenetrable shield of dulness, which often prevents a fool from feeling an attack, as often renders harmless the effects of his resentment ; like the cumbersome armour, used by the Knights of Chivalry, whose solidity protected the wearers, but whose weight prevented them from injuring others.

‡ These were the four modest wishes of King Alphonso the wise. Were Princes always as moderate, both they and their subjects, would be much more happy !

Thus let me live, when winds with wintry sound,
Cast Autumn's yellow mantle o'er the ground ;
When morn my limbs hath on the mountains braced,
And northern blasts in steel my nerves have cased ;
Pressed by no load from indigestion bred,
Light as the Swift, that as he flies is fed.

Ah, while the poor * from pining want complain,
And cloyed abundance gives the Affluent pain,
I thank my God, who gave me what was meet,
And to the middle path restrained my feet ;
Made temperance needful, and to shun excess,
My duty first, and now my happiness !

Hail Temperance ! Thou giv'st unenvied wealth,
Unguilt joys, unmedicated health,
Sleep undisturbed, and appetite uncloyed,
And the sweet meal, first earned, and then enjoyed.
O mayest thou still my frugal board controul,
Physician of the body, and the soul ;
Beneath thy culture thrives each virtuous seed,
Nurse of the generous thought, and manly deed ;

* Paley quaintly observes that the difference between the Rich and Poor is simply this——The Poor have *plenty of appetite*, but nothing to eat ; the Rich have *plenty to eat*, but no appetite.

Rome's legions trained by thee, their flag unfurled,
 Themselves they conquered first, and then the
 World ;

'Till Earth's stern Masters, Luxury subdued, *
 More fell than Gothic Rage, or Civil Feud;
 From fallen degraded Rome, then didst thou fly,
 To bolder spirits, and a bleaker sky ;

There still the tenant of the mountain rear,
 To grasp his *Highland* steel, pale Gallia's fear !

Shall I, Contentment, Independence, Health,
 Forego, for sordid servitude of Wealth ?

For filthy gain, these blessed gifts of heaven
 Shall I renounce, "and hope to be forgiven ?"

Vast wealth, and sleepless nights are near allied,
 Oceans, not streamlets, feel the restless tide ;

Small houses, greatest comforts oft possess,
 And small estates the greatest happiness ;

Men put the rose-bud's essence, brought from far,
 In smallest phials, never in a jar !

Crowned with mild ale, brown jugs no poison hold ;
 Fear ye the *laurel juice*, † Who quaff in gold !

* "Tantum non est mihi crede ab armata acie periculum,
 quantum a circumfusus undique Voluptatibus."

† ————"Sed nulla aconita bibuntur
 Fictilibus,—tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes
 Gemmata, et lato sentinum ardebit in auro."

Sir Theodosius Boughton was poisoned by Donnellan with

More pleased to pluck than taste their *hoarded* fruit,
The worldly * lose enjoyment, in pursuit ;

a distillation from the laurel. He had married a Sister of Sir Theodosius, and hoped by murdering him to succeed to his possessions.

—————“Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in Mare volvitur Aurum
Ut somno careas, *ponendaque* præmia sumas.”

* Worldlings have been with much accuracy, and vivacity, described as follows, by the pen of one who added the experience of near a century, to the erudition of the Scholar, the close observation of the successful Dramatist, the vigilance of the man of business, and the unimpeached integrity of the Gentleman.

“A man who is gifted with these lucky talents, is armed with hands, as a ship with grappling irons, ready to catch hold of, and make himself fast to every thing he comes in contact with ; and such a man, with all these properties of adhesion, has also the property, like the Polypus, of a most miraculous and convenient indivisibility ; cut off his hold, nay, cut him how you will, he is still a Polypus, whole and entire. Men of this sort shall work their way out of their obscurity like cockroaches out of the hold of a ship, and crawl into notice, nay, even into king's palaces, as the frogs did into Pharaoh's.

But there are more than these—Vain men will have their flatterers, rich men their followers, and powerful men their dependants. A great man in office is like a great whale in the ocean ; there will be a sword-fish and a thresher, a Junius and a John Wilkes, ever in his wake and arming to attack him : These are the vexat spirits of the deep, who trouble the waters, turning them up from the very bottom, that they may emerge

From care to care they rush, from crime to crime,
Resolving to be happy,—*when they've time*;
A time that *never* comes, while day by day
They pine, by fever burnt of hope's delay.

from their mud, and float upon the surface of the billows in foam of their own making."

"But whilst these men may be said to fight their way into consequence, and so long as they can but live in notice are content to live in trouble, there is a vast majority of easy, unambitious, courteous humble servants, whose unoffending vanity aspires no higher than like Samson's bees to make honey in the bowels of a lion, and fatten on the offal of a rich man's superfluities. They ask no more of fortune than to float, like the horse dung with the apples, and enjoy the credit of good company as they travel down the smooth and easy stream of life. For these there is a vast demand, and their talents are as various as the uses they are put to. Every great, rich and consequential man, who has not the wisdom to hold his tongue, must enjoy his privilege of talking, and there must be dull fellows to listen to him; again, if, by talking about what he does not understand, he gets into embarrassments, there must be clever fellows to help him out of them: when he would be merry, there must be witty rogues to make him laugh; when he would be sorrowful, there must be sad rogues to sigh and groan and make long faces: as a great man must be never in the wrong, there must be hardy rascals, who will swear he is always in the right; as he must never show fear, of course he must never see danger; and as his courage must at no time sink, there must be friends at all times ready to prevent its being tried."

Unto the means, their ignominious strife
Would sacrifice the noblest end of life ;
For toys they fight, nor give the conflict breath,
Madmen, until their own be stopped by death ;
Contend for Prizes better *lost* than won,
Then die like Chargers with their trappings on.
Blind moles, enough of Earth that cannot have,
Till it o'erwhelm and close them in the Grave ;
Untaught the dreadful difference between
Present and obvious, future and unseen.
Like men doomed ne'er to die, they live, and then
Die with vain hope, they ne'er may live again ;
Their chief fear *then* is, that they *cannot* die,
Cursed (awful thought) with Immortality.
Eternal life, with half the toils and pains
They take to be undone, the Christian gains !

Thus, doth the Father of all lies deceive
Those, who, the God of Love, to serve him, leave.
Task-Master hard, destruction is his pay,
Nor doth *his* Service boast one Sabbath-Day ;
Their souls, their bodies, like the God of Truth,
He too demands ; their Manhood, Age, and Youth,
And Conscience, sacrifice more costly still,
Must they surrender, to their Master's will.

While he, on their swift ruin most intent,
Their very wages makes their punishment ;
Mocks them with pomp and splendid vanities,
That prove a sorry refuge, not a prize ;

Denies their soul its health, yet bids them take
His nauseous remedy ! their thirst to slake ;
The cup Circean, whose disgusting lees
Their jaded appetite no longer please.
Doubly deceived, in falshood's maze perplexed,
That neither leads to this world, nor the next,
Go, sordid wretches, go, and count your gains,
Ideal pleasures, and substantial pains ;
Remorseful stings, from talents misapplied,
From gifts abused, from promises belied ;
From all the foes your treacheries have made,
From all the friends your friendships have be-
trayed ;
From arts that youth's fair Morn with clouds
o'ercast,
From dread of future ill, and bootless grief for past.
Deceived themselves, who live but to deceive,
All such to mercy, and to God I leave !
Not as though I, like Abdiel remained
Midst those Apostates I condemn, unstained ;
Too well, the Writer knows *himself* to feel
The sad contagion he would gladly heal ;
For heaven's pure lamp illumines *human* mould,
And *earthen* Vessels living waters hold.
Are no Physicians to prescribe, but those
Who boast immunity from human woes !
Were Vice unblamed save by the blameless, then
Must Mortals yield to Angel-hands the pen !

Weep Sages, Heroes, weep and smile with me
 O'er Man, that Mass of Inconsistency ;
 Behold Iskander,* gauge that mighty mind !
 That Earth enclosed, in limits too confined ;
 Trained by th' ambitious Seer,† whose potent pen
 The Realms of Science ruled, to conquer men.

* Alexander is an instance how much less difficult it is to conquer others, than *ourselves*. At Persepolis he fired the magnificent Palace of Xerxes, at the instigation of Thais an Athenian Courtesan. His cruelty at Thebes, and his treatment of Betis and Calisthenes, can hardly be reconciled with his generosity to Porus, and the tears he shed for the unhappy fate of Darius. Even at the festal board, Clitus fell a victim to the ungovernable passion of that Hero, whose life he had saved on the banks of the Granicus. But we are still more at a loss, when we compare his besotted *extravaganzas* at Babylon, with the cool and calculating foresight, and political sagacity he discovered in Egypt, when he laid the foundation of Alexandria ; a city which from its peculiar geographical advantages, must have been at this moment the Emporium of the World, had it not been for a circumstance which Alexander could not possibly have foreseen—the Discovery of the Polarity of the Magnet.

† Philip thanked the Gods, for having given him a son at the time when an Aristotle could be found to educate him. The empire over the *intellectual* World, established by the Preceptor, was as universal, and much more permanent, than that of the Pupil, over the *material*. The physics and metaphysics of that *Athenian Oracle*, have received some rude shocks from the hands of Bacon, and of Newton ; and their Coup de Grace has now been dealt to them, from the luminous pens of Reid, and of Stewart. In one of our Universi-

See the World's Lord, the Puppet of a Punk,
 A God when sober : less than mortal, drunk ;
 In fight brave, generous : cruel at the feast,
 In Egypt sage ; at Babylon a Beast.

Or turn to him whose spirit-stirring tongue
 New-braced each nerve, each palsied sinew strung ;
 Who dared defy both Philip, and his Gold,
 Yet saved by flight * that Traitor-head he *sold*.

ties, Aristotle was long considered the forerunner of Jesus Christ in Philosophy, as John the Baptist was in Grace. A disciple of Newton on hearing some enthusiastic admirers of Aristotle affirm that every thing worthy to be known, might be found in his Works, observed that he could tell them where much more knowledge was contained in a much smaller compass,—*He referred them to their alphabet !!* In the famous Jesuit edition of the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton, there is a very curious note, characteristic of their Order. Having taken the utmost pains to elucidate and disseminate the Principles of that Philosopher, they gravely observe—They would not on any account be thought to oppose or impugn the Bull of his infallible Holiness the Pope, “*Contra Motum Telluris.*” That monstrous dogma of Aristotle that the Sun moves round the Earth, has still some supporters in Italy ; and a Gentleman who lately came from thence, informed me, that the Almanack-makers were not a little puzzled, to reconcile their *faith* with their *Astronomy*. Of the above absurd supposition of Aristotle, it has been beautifully remarked—‘Strange ! that he should have denied a small portion of intellect to that Almighty Creator, from whom he himself had derived so *much* !’

* Demosthenes fled when Philip conquered the combined forces at Cheronæa. He mistook a post in which some part of his apparel was entangled, for an Enemy, and loudly vocife-

Or Tully weigh, the Latian Rostrum's pride,
 Who nor like Brutus fought, nor Cato died ;
 Now wresting Rome from Cataline, and flame ;
 Now cringing to a Chronicler * for fame ;
 While shameless Sallust, piqued, relates the plot,
 Where nought, *but he that crushed it*, is forgot.

Now Bacon ! † boast and scorn of science view,
 In words an Angel, but in deeds a Jew ;

rated, "Spare my life." Harpalus, a notorious peculator, and one of Alexander's generals, sent him a golden cup, with twenty Talents ; *the first draught from this Cup* produced a wonderful effect on the Orator's voice and memory ; for on the day after this present had been sent him, he appeared in the assembly, with his throat wrapt up in wool, as if he had a quinsey ; on being called upon to speak, he made signs that he had lost his voice.

* Cicero, in a letter which he himself appears to have been very proud of, since he describes it as "*Epistola valde bella*," requests Lucceius, who was about to write the History of Rome, to make the Catalinarian Conspiracy, a kind of Episode, or the subject of a separate volume ; of which he hopes Lucceius will make him the hero, and even ventures to suggest the propriety of his telling posterity some handsome lies about him. It is curious that Sallust has undertaken the task, and written the whole account of the Conspiracy ; but without making the slightest mention of Cicero who defeated it.

† Francis the Chancellor. The principal object of this great man's life, and the sole aim and end of his labours, was to make science useful. With one exception (his illustrious Name-sake) it might be said more truly than of Socrates, "*Mihi primus videtur a rebus occultis, et ab ipsa natura in-*

Wisdom's bright Sun, enlightener of the world,
From his high zenith for corruption hurled.

volutis, evocavisse Philosophiam, et ad vitam communem adduxisse; Primus, devocavit a Cœlo, et in Urbibus collocavit, et in Domos etiam introduxit." Young men are sent to the Universities to study the elements of Science, *pure Mathematics*, Logic, and the import of the various terms made use of to express abstract ideas. But all this is done, not with a view that they should take their tropes and figures into Society; or the *ten predicaments* into the House of Commons; but that having stored their minds with sound Principles, and strengthened them by habits of reflection and enquiry, they may *digest* their erudition, and apply it in a form less crude, to the useful purposes of social life. These Elements of Knowledge should support the superstructure; but like all other foundations, *they* should lie concealed. The first thing that a Man, deeply versed in *pure Mathematics*, must *learn*, if he would make his knowledge useful, is, that there is no such thing as a straight line, a triangle, nor a circle in *nature*. But without those *previous* acquirements, it were impossible for such men to have been eminently beneficial to Society. A very old author observes, "We feed Sheep with grass, not in hopes of obtaining a crop of *Hay* from their backs; but that they may supply us with *Mutton*, and clothe us with *Wool*." But to return to the Chancellor, it is melancholy to reflect that this great man was convicted of notorious bribery and corruption, and sentenced by the House of Lords to pay a fine of forty thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. Perhaps the greatest share of the blame attaches to his Servants; and the literary habits of their master, might facilitate their depredations. That he himself attributed his ruin to them, is evident, for when on his return

Insolvent died, and unrevered he lived,
 By crimes through which his *servants* only thrived.
 Or mark, where Charles, *to glut a faction* * bled,
 Who, had he kept his word, had saved his head ;

from his trial they all rose up on his entering into a room, where they were sitting, he exclaimed "Sit down, my Masters, *your rise hath been my fall.*"

* It has been fashionable for ignorance and credulity, to attribute the beheading of this Monarch to the Presbyterians. But the truth is, that they were as guiltless of his blood, as the Presbyterians of the present day are of the blood of Louis. Charles the first, by his violent measures, by his attachment to Popery, by the conduct of his fleet, in the affair at Rochelle; by his countenancing the Massacre of the Protestants in Ireland; (as fully appeared on the trial of the Marquis of Antrim;) by his attempt to reign without a Parliament; by his gross violations of the liberty of the subject; by his unconstitutional levies of money; by his establishment of a kind of Inquisition, of which Laud was Inquisitor-General; by his notorious prevarications, and shameless departures from his promises; by these and many such like enormities, we are justified in affirming that this Monarch committed a sort of *Regal Suicide*, and *unkinged himself*. Burnet expressly tells us, that with respect to the death of the King, Cromwell was in suspense, and that Fairfax was *distracted* about it. The latter would have saved him if he could. Burnet goes on to say that *Ireton* whom he compares to Cassius, in temper, and in principles, was the person who was *chiefly* engaged in taking the King's Life. But he expressly informs us, that the *Presbyterians* were much against this measure; and were every where fasting and praying for the King's preservation. Mr. Fox also clearly absolves *them*, and attributes the *death* of Charles to its

Whose boundless, lawless lust of Power, combined
Decisive measures, with a wavering mind.

true cause, a *Military Faction*, whose Councils were dictated by Ireton, and acquiesced in, not unwillingly, by Cromwell. But after Cromwell had *purged* the House, as he called it, of one hundred and forty of its most loyal members, and things were rapidly advancing to a crisis, even then the Presbyterians were the only men who had the courage to appear openly for the King. They exerted themselves both in public and private, to save his life. Forty of their most respectable ministers addressed a letter to the General and Officers of the Army, *against* the seizing and imprisoning the person of the King. This famous letter to the Army is drawn up in the strongest terms expressive of their abhorrence of the bloody and violent measures then in contemplation; and in a strain of no common eloquence they appeal to Men and Angels, to witness their solemn protestations against the shedding of Royal Blood. Even on the very day he was beheaded, Calamy, a leading minister amongst them, and others, requested Fairfax to attempt his rescue. It was too late; Fairfax found that he was over-reached, and that he had lost his influence with the Army;

“For Oliver had gotten ground
To hem him, with his Warriors round.”

I will be bold to say that there is no fact in History, capable of higher proof, or which rests on more satisfactory evidence than the following; namely, that the Execution of Charles the first, was a measure entirely repugnant to the feelings and the wishes of the Presbyterians. To use an homely proverb, I have in this note merely attempted to put the Saddle upon the right Horse. Through evil report and good report, I hope I shall always have boldness to speak the Truth. Unanimity

His Royal promise, wind : his Oath, a breath :
 Faithless through life : magnanimous in death :
 With firmness steeled to meet that tragic end,
 From which he dared not snatch a steadfast friend.
 False to himself, to God, and men, he dies
 Mid Priests and prayers, and treacheries and
 lies.

Subjects in silence mourn their Monarch's woe,
 But Strafford's blood rebukes the tears that flow.

amongst ourselves (so far as it can be attained) is of paramount importance in the present times. All Prejudices calculated to widen the breach ought to be rooted up. Therefore I shall mention one instance of the magnanimous conduct of the Dissenters, which a *Protestant Reformed* church ought not to forget. Burnet informs us that at a time when all reflecting persons entertained most just fears of a *Papal ascendancy*, that the Presbyterians submitted *voluntarily* to the amercement of rights, and to the imposition of tests, that a more effectual security might be found against Popery, and that nothing might interpose till that was done. In the House they commissioned their own member, Love, to say that when the ground for apprehensions of a *Papal ascendancy* was removed, *they would try to deserve some favour, but at present they were willing to lie under the severity of the Laws, rather than clog a more necessary work with their concerns.* The House in gratitude passed a vote to bring in a Bill in favour of Protestant Dissenters ; but nothing was done for them, and this vote turned out to be a "Vox et præterea nihil."

Hear next, for who the voice of Truth can hush ?
 How Churchill's * faults make Marlborough's
 merits blush ;

* This man, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was employed as an inferior Agent, in the most contemptible and nefarious transaction on record in History ; I mean when James the second of England, sold himself to Louis the fourteenth of France. Mr. Fox's reflection on this occasion, my Readers, I am positive, will pardon me for quoting. "How little could Barillon guess that he was negotiating with one who was destined to be at the head of an administration, which, in a few years, would send the same Lord Churchill, not to Paris to implore Lewis for succours towards enslaving England, or to thank him for pensions to her monarch, but to combine all Europe against him, in the cause of liberty ; to rout his armies, to take his towns, to humble his pride, and to shake to the foundation that fabrick of power which it had been the business of a long life to raise, at the expense of every sentiment of tenderness to his subjects, and of justice and good faith to foreign nations ! It is with difficulty the reader can persuade himself that the Godolphin and Churchill here mentioned, are the same persons who were afterwards, one in the cabinet, one in the field, the great conductors of the war of the Succession. How little do they appear in one instance ! how great in the other ! And the investigation of the cause to which this excessive difference is principally owing, will produce a most useful lesson. Is the difference to be attributed to any superiority of genius in the prince whom they served in the latter period of their lives ? Queen Anne's capacity appears to have been inferior even to her father's. Did they enjoy in a greater degree her favour and confidence ? The very reverse is the fact. But in one case they were the tools of a King plotting

Now the vile Tool of Bourbon's *Sceptred Slave* !
 Now Blenheim's hero, bravest of the Brave !

But Who is he ? whose Sword a single stain
 Bedims—his luckless star points out Germaine ; *
 At Fontenoy the Lion of the van !
 Appalled at Minden, by a foe that ran.

Shall we th' apostate Patriot-Band review ?
 In Wilkes behold a sample of the Crew ;
 Much breath he wasted, and much ink he shed,
 For Freedom ranted, and for Freedom *bled* ;
 Could write, harangue, and fight,—then *look askance*
 For power at home, or *annual bribe from France* ! †

against his people ; in the other, the ministers of a free government, acting upon enlarged principles, and with energies which no state that is not in some degree republican can supply. How forcibly must the contemplation of these men in such opposite situations, teach persons engaged in political life, that a free and popular government is desirable, not only for the public good, but for their own greatness and consideration, for every object of generous ambition.

* At the Battle of Fontenoy this Nobleman charged so bravely at the head of his Grenadiers, and had penetrated so far into the lines of the enemy, that when he received a musket Ball through his breast, his wound was absolutely dressed in one of the Tents appropriated to the Retinue of the French King. On his subsequent conduct at Minden, when he commanded the Cavalry, I shall not enlarge.

† “Depend upon it, my dear Sir, (writes Walpole in one of his letters) that Wilkes was in the pay of France during the Wilkes and Liberty days. Calling one day on the French

Would ye the Prince of Contradictions know ?
Sift that *embodied* Paradox, Rousseau ! *

Minister, I observed a book on his table, with Wilkes's name on the first leaf. This led to a conversation which convinced me. Other circumstances, too long and minute to be here repeated, strengthened, if necessary, that conviction, *I am as sure of it as of any fact I know*. Wilkes at first cringed to Lord Bute. The embassy to Constantinople was the object of his ambition ; it was refused, and you know what followed.

* The father of this extraordinary man was a Watch-maker at Geneva, a rigid Calvinist ; after the business of the day, it was his custom to read and to expound the Bible to his Son. These early Impressions, Rousseau could never entirely erase. He is ingenuous enough to admit that the Gospel account of the life and death of our Saviour, of the truth of which he observes many are inclined to doubt, carries with it more internal proofs of veracity, than the account of the life and death of Socrates ; of the truth of which all men are satisfied. This paragon of Inconsistency composed plays, and declaimed against the amusements of the theatre. In his *Emilius* he puts forth all the powers of his persuasive eloquence, in recommending mothers to suckle their children ; but he renounced his own, and sent them to the Hospital of Foundlings. And to put it out of his own power, at some compassionate moment to reclaim them, he expressly ordered that no mark, date, nor document should be preserved, by which he might be enabled to demand them back. He was about to write in favour of civilization, the belles lettres, and fine arts. "If you do," said Diderot, "nobody will read you ; this is an age of Paradoxes, write against them." He did so, and won the prize. Deeply imbued with serious and awful views of Christianity, yet was he a leading member of the Club of Atheists at the

Whose birth was destined for those *precious* times,
Which suited best his vanities, and crimes ;
That Age, for blasphemies and impious wit
Renowned, was made for him,— and he for it.

No love was found in his *capacious* soul,
For individuals — but he grasped the whole ;
He could with tears the *slightest* grief bemoan,
Of *Adam's* Children, yet renounce *his own* !
Nor wife, nor friend, nor parent, made a part
Of *that society* which charmed his heart.

A civil war, more fierce than Lucan sung,
Set his whole life at variance with his tongue ;

Hotel d'Holbach. No man was more eloquent in praise of virtue ; and yet his whole life was a practical contradiction of his writings. But he has himself recorded that life, which he acknowledges not to have been distinguished by a single good action ; yet this is the life, says Burke, which with a wild defiance, he flings in the face of his Creator, whom he acknowledges only to brave. His conduct to Hume, during his visit to England, is too well known to require any comment. Burke seems to think, and justly, that vanity was his ruling passion. But to recapitulate all his inconsistencies would be, in other words, to write his life. All his Virtues were *theoretical*, all his Vices *practical*. A monster of cruelty to the *individual*, he could exhaust all the flowers of rhetoric, in praise of benevolence for the *Species*. Burke finely observes that the sentimental Philanthropist is read and admired by thousands ; while the tender Husband, and affectionate Father, shall be scarcely known in the precincts of their own Parish.

By day, of Atheist-Clubs the fond delight,
 A trembling, Semi-Calvinist by night ;
 A Social Savage, whose repulsive gloom
 Silenced the *soothing eloquence* of Hume !

Seductive moralist, but most in vogue
 Where it was deemed no stain to be a Rogue,
 He pleaded guilty, yet defied the Rod,
 Nor mercy craved, but justice from his God !

Vainest, and worst, where All were vain and bad ;
 Chief Madman, on a Stage where All were mad,
 A baseless, worthless monument he built,
 Of shadowy virtues, and substantial guilt.

Born in an æra that adjudged the *prize*
 To splendid fictions, and alluring lies,
 When Atheists quenched Religion's piercing spark,
 To act their tragic horrors in the dark ;
 His genius, like the *German's* chymic light,†
 Owed all it's lustre to surrounding night !

Pure Motives, *with* Consistency of Plan,
 Are heav'n-born gifts, that rarely meet, in man ;
 Nor dare we hope, to grace th' historic page,
 A Washington, or William, in an age.
 Let some to scale the Wall of China* run,
 And some to gaze where *Venus* † dots the Sun !

† Phosphorus, discovered by Boyle, first sold by a German.

* Dr. Johnson said he would take off his hat to any man whose great-grandfather had seen the wall of China.

† Sir Joseph Banks, the learned and amiable President of

For fears, and foes, let others * quit their friends,
 T' explore where Nile begins, or Niger ends ;
 To see a grander sight, I'd farther roam,
 More perils face, renounce a dearer home ;
 To hail an HONEST MAN ! God's noblest work !
 Jew, Christian, Pagan, Bramin, Bonze, † or Turk.

All ye, who think the World-enlivening ray
 Which glads the heart of man, and rules the day,
 A gift less precious than that purer light,
 That cheers the darkness of the *Moral* night ;
 Who deeply dread and deprecate that hour,
 When Freedom's Voice shall fail, suppressed by
 Power ;

All ye, who boast an independent mind,
 Firm as the rock ! unfettered as the wind !

the Royal Society, was carried out to Otaheite, to observe the Transit of the Planet Venus, over the Sun's disk. This phænomenon might have been seen at home, but the object of ascertaining the Sun's parallax would not have been attained.

* Bruce, and Mungo Park. The former of these intrepid men, encountered dangers, and overcame difficulties abroad, *eventually* to become the object of contempt, and ridicule at home ; and to live suspected of amplification, and lies. It is more than probable that the *latter*, will *never* have an opportunity of experiencing the ingratitude of the world.

† The Bonzes of China are the Priests of the Fohists, and are computed at fifty thousand ; let us hope in charity, there may be *one honest man*, amongst so many. -

Who deem that none but slaves are bought, or sold,
That chains are chains, though every link be gold;
Ye small but mighty band! ye matchless few!
Propitious deign to praise—I write for you.

So Friends of Virtue, Truth and Freedom smile,
Let Bigots * threaten, Hypocrites revile;
Wretches, whose apathy and rage, by turns
The Suppliant freezes, and the Sufferer burns;
At once both cold, and cruel, their device
And emblem this—a burning lens † of Ice.

Whilst laws have loop-holes, fearless villains gold;
Whilst new deceptions shall outdo the old;
Whilst Dupes are credulous, Impostors keen,
The flatterer servile, or the flattered mean,
The craving active, or the sated dull,
The empty wakeful, prone to sleep the full;

* Paley has this observation, "That as the man who attacks a flourishing establishment writes with an halter about his neck, few will be found to attempt alterations, but men of more spirit than prudence; of more sincerity than caution; and of warm, eager, and impetuous tempers. That consequently if we are to wait for improvement, till the cool, the calm, the discreet part of mankind begin it, till *Church-Governors* solicit, or till *Ministers of State* propose it; I will venture," says he, "to pronounce, that we may remain as we are, till the renovation of all things."

† To ascertain whether a convex lens of Ice would produce all the effects of a burning glass, is an experiment which has often been tried with success.

Whilst wants or wishes, hopes or fears are found,
Hypocrisy shall flourish and abound.

Be rich, but care not in what dirty soil
You delve for gold, nor what *fond* Friend you spoil;
Be rich, nor lack of staunch dependents dread,
To court thee living, to extol thee dead;
Though still with sinful fires thy bosom glow,
Whose head is blanched like Hecla's, white as snow!
Though Time that lends thy Woods a deeper shade,
More dark with crimes their Owner's mind hath
made;

Thy Woods, o'er which, his vast aerial ring
The wearied Hawk* describes, with flagging wing;
While Cooks from France, and Baths of Milk supply
With sap of youth thy stale debility,
And spur thy jaded lust, and light thy glazing eye!

Libido left a Name as black as night,
His wealth, like snow, shall render all things white;
On reams of parchment scribbled o'er and o'er,
Lords, Knights, Pimps, Caterers, Punks, and
Doctors, pore!

* "Dic *Passer* cui tot montes, tot prædia servas

Appula, tot *milros* intra tua pascua lassos."

Whoever has observed the circle described by the Hawk or Buzzard, will recollect that this circle is always in proportion to the dimensions of the Copse or Wood over which they are towering.

The rich Man's Heirs, should his foul memory
 stink,
 In splendid Monument to *hide* it, think ;
 Thus, lest the Carcase taint their *honied* house,
 Do Bees * in wax embalm——— a *Putrid mouse* !
 Will he accept, Who fills th' eternal Throne,
 For an unspotted life, a spotless stone ?
 Though Mausoleums o'er a *Wharton* rise,
 And Columns lift his *Statue* to the Skies ;

* The following curious fact in the natural History of Bees, is well known to all who have paid much attention to the proceedings of these *half-reasoning* Insects. They will unanimously form a little Phalanx, to draw the dead carcase of a Wasp, or a Drone out of their hive. If a Mouse, who has a fancy for a little honey, should invade their territories, they attack him with their stings. Overcome by numbers, he falls ! "Procumbit humi *Mus* !" What is now to be done with this dead *Gulliver*, amongst the *Lilliputians* ? Their embattled host is in consternation ; "Fremere miles, non tumultus, non quies ; sed quale magnæ iræ, ac magni metus, silentium !" It is evident that their united efforts would not be sufficient to draw this *gigantic* Intruder out of their hive. They know not how destructive so vast a mass of putridity would prove to their little common-wealth ; they are also ignorant that the total exclusion of air would prevent the decomposition of animal substances ; but instinct has instructed them how to guard against the pernicious effluvia from the *mountain* carcase of their vanquished Invader ; and has taught them to have recourse to their wax ; their *nearest, best, and only* remedy. Hence it is no unusual thing, on destroying an Hive, to find a dead mouse in a state of compleat preservation, thus incruised, and embalmed.

Though of his wealth o'ergrown, he settle half
On Cam, and Isis, for an Epitaph.

We prize and venerate a noble mind,
With titles, rank, and noble birth combined;
But all, by blushing Heralds *only* praised,
And by Forefather's crimes, or merits, raised,
To fame unknown, born but to fill a space
In *Calendars*,—in Courts a vacant place,
Let such be shunned, their Palaces, and Plate
Provoke our Scorn, their Arrogance our hate;
Pledge not their goblet, though their Cellars hold
Tokay, as precious deemed as liquid gold!
Though every climate, soil, and sun, combine
To swell the banquet, and enrich the wine!
Though either Ind her fragrant fruits impart,
Till nature drained, implores the aid of art;
Where e'en Lucullus, might be grieved to fast,
And own the famed Apollo's * pomp surpassed;
Where swoln Apicius † to the feast restored,
Might hail new Worlds to glut his Paunch explored;

* Lucullus, who did not like trouble, gave every banqueting Room in his house a particular title. The Apollo was his most sumptuous Apartment; and so many sestertia were allotted to a feast in that Room. Therefore, when he meant to treat in his most magnificent style, he had only to say to his Maitre d'Hotel, "I dine in the Apollo."

† There were three Gluttons of this name. The chief of them, sailed to the coast of Africa to eat oysters. On not finding them so good as he expected, he returned, without condescending to land.

Cerberian Epicure ! * whose sudden doom
Lowered the price of luxuries in Rome !

Were Youth immortal, health, and vigour sold,
For Continents of land, and Mines of gold !
Some plea we then might offer for the bad,
Then were not Worldlings blind, nor Misers mad.
But since each acre adds a pang to death,
Yet may not purchase one poor moment's breath ;
Let Fools their treasures boast—the Wise retort,
' Vast as they are, their tenure must be short. '

What mighty things Cognatus, let me ask,
Has't gained, deceived Dissembler !—by thy mask ?
In Youth, each peevish Patron's needy slave,
Now rich, but old, and hastening to thy grave.
With Barzillai's † joyless eye, thy state
Thy wealth and splendor view—they come too late ;

* Diodorus and Epicharides were said to have swallowed their patrimony as you would a pill. Ctesippus, to provide himself with Luxuries, sold the monument of his father, which the Athenians had erected at the expense of a thousand drachmas.

† And the King said unto Barzillai, come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me, in Jerusalem. And Barzillai said unto the King, how long have I to live, that I should go up with the King unto Jerusalem ? I am this day fourscore years old, and can I discern between good and evil ? Can thy Servant taste what I eat, or what I drink ? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men, or singing women ? Wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my Lord the King ? II *Samuel* xix.

Fatiguing pomp, and ceremonial show,
Add but a gilded burthen, to thy woe.
Who stars and garters seek, with hoary head,
Would fain be finely dressed, *to go to bed.*

Without Religion's hopes, the pains, and fears,
Darest thou encounter, of declining years ;
For age his lines doth in thy forehead trace,
But leaves no mark of wisdom, nor of grace ;
True Wisdom ! not that purblind worldly thing
From which thy rise, thy fall, and ruin spring ;
Age mocks thee too with wealth, that bootless prize,
Vain wages now of flatteries, fraud, and lies.
Feel then, tho' dead to pleasure, Satire's smart,
That ownest a palsied head, and hardened heart.

Age in each furrowed wrinkle's deepening lines,
Thy Sorrows sows, thy pleasures undermines ;
Toils on, with shrivelled hand, and brow forlorn,
To root the flowret up, and plant the thorn ;
Bids sense of pain, in young enjoyment's room,
Thrive, like the yew, most lively *near the tomb !*
With sad remembrance of *departed* joys,
And taste of *present* woe, thy peace destroys ;
Gives thee for wit, and wine, and power to please,
In life's stale cup, the bitter dregs, and lees ;
Black dregs, on which each nerve and muscle fed,
Ah ! still to torment live,—to transport dead.

Age the scene darkens, ere the curtain drops,
Detains the guest, and yet the banquet stops !

Thine eyes bedims, in moisture drowns their fire,
 And chills with icy touch each warm desire ;
 Condemns thee, in the dark thy way to grope,
 By life's tired guides deserted—Patience—Hope !
 Then, *Mendicant of air*, with gasping breath
 Leads thee, through pain's dark avenue, to death ;
 There ends, 'twixt nature and disease, the strife ;
 Death is the *Cure*—*where the complaint is life* !
 Thus shall thy race of folly, fraud, and sin,
 In sorrows end, that did in sighs begin.

Then ask not length of days, that giftless gift, *
 More pleased like Wolfe to die, than live like
 Swift ! †

Who with prophetic plaint his doom divined ;
 The body made the *living* tomb of mind !
 Rudder and compass gone, of thought, and speech !
 He lay—a mighty wreck, on Wisdom's beach !

Couldst thou, Cognatus, like the setting sun,
 Review a race, both bright, and useful, run ;
 O could I promise that thy honoured bier,
 Should claim the Widow's sigh, the Orphan's tear ;

* “*Δωρον αἰῶρος.*”

† Swift seems to have entertained some gloomy forebodings of the melancholy fate that awaited him. On seeing a tree the top of which was withered, he shook his head, and exclaimed I shall be like that tree, I shall *die at top*. For seven years, only one expression indicative of reason, escaped those lips from which Europe had derived so much pleasure and instruction.

And that thy pallid lips, devoid of guile,
Should cheer thy weeping friends with *dying*
smile ;

Then might I, warmed by love, by duty led,
Revere thine age ! and hail thy hoary head,
That meekly bows, the stroke of death to meet,
As to the sickle bends the ripened wheat !
This is true Wisdom's gift ! that length * of days,
Believers pray for, and Blasphemers praise.

But, loving none, and, ah ! by none beloved,
By scorn without, remorse within, reprov'd,
Canst thou, Cognatus ! with thyself at strife,
And Man, and God, *endure* the load of life ?
Sad gift indeed to *thee* is lengthened age,
With conscience war internal doomed to wage.

From Heirs who wish thee dead, thy *wealth*
commands
Cold, heartless help, doled out by *niggard* hands ;
Who grudge th' *assistance* that thy pangs allays,
And curse the *kindness* that prolongs thy days.

Each year to mourn some dear dissevered friend,
And o'er the grave thy time-bleached head to
bend,

This bane of Age, to scape, 'tis *thine* alone,
Who hast nor friendship's griefs nor pleasures
known.

* "Length of days is in her right hand."

But if Youth's joys, by vile dependance crossed, }
 And present prospects, nipped by age's frost, }
 Be all thy gains,—O think on pleasures lost.
 A form for manly feats of vigour framed,
 Refreshed by exercise, by toil untamed;
 Elastic Spirits, buoyant as the flood,
 A Pulse that owns no drop of servile blood;
 A liberal heart, an independent mind,
 An eye that beams with candour, bold, yet kind;
 All that ennobles, all that gladdens life,
 The faithful friend, the sympathizing wife;
 Chaste flames, extinguishing impure desire,
 As the Sun's light puts out each baser fire:
 Charms, that in love and friendship only reign,
 Each joy to double, to divide each pain;
 Disinterested love, and converse sweet,
 The Social board, where equals, equals * meet;
 Where no feigned welcome greets the formal guest,
 Where temperance finds the relish, wit the zest.

These hadst thou found, then also hadst thou
 known,

That secret rare, to live content alone;
 Who best can fill true Friendship's sacred post,
 Needs Friends the *least*, yet knows to prize them *most*.

Then hadst thou dared to scorn the titled herd,
 And golden hours, the Mantuan's† choice preferred;

* Nulla nisi inter æquales amicitia.

† "O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolæ!"

In sweet communion with th' illustrious dead,
Whom fancy warmed, and Truth immortal led;
Friends that ne'er flatter, slander, or intrude,
Yet bidden, come, to charm our solitude!
These, while they yielded sweets that never cloy,
Had strengthened all thy powers to enjoy,
With memory strong had blest thee, to digest
And keep, with judgement free to chuse, the best;
With taste, untaught to cringe in gallic school,
Which Patrons might respect, but might not rule;
With spirit bold, and manly, to decry
In letters, as in creeds—all Popery;
That dares detect, because as odious quite,
In learning, as in faith,—an Hypocrite!

Then justly meet *without* scorn's chilling eye,
And hear *within* that voice thou canst not fly;
That woe-denouncing voice, whose accents deep,
While midnight silence listens, *murder sleep*;^{*}
Sounds like to those that wronged Cassandra
grieved,
Too long discredited, *too late* believed!
A voice thou mightst not fly, couldst thou the
wind
That drives the tempest, to thine axle bind!
Yea the space-cleaving pinion of the Dove,
Without her innocence, would useless prove;

* “*Surdo, verbere cædit.*”

Who bears his own tormentor in his breast,
O whither can he fly, and be at rest ?

Live,—that thy body and thy soul may be
Foes that cann't part, and *friends* that cann't agree ;
And wish for Death, yet hope thy wishes vain,
For Death, at once thy antidote, and bane ;
A shelter sad, to which thou fain wouldst fly,
A dangerous refuge, which thou darest not try !
Thus, the tossed Bark, of winds and waves the
sport,

Would shun the storm, but dreads the *hostile Port* !

Death ! foe to vice, but Virtue's surest Friend,
Thou endless Ill ! or of all Ills the end !
Hope-blasting blank, or life-conferring prize,
That *mayst* make happy, and that *must* make wise !
Thou dreadful, soothing, sure, uncertain thing,
Herald of Light, of shadowy darkness King ;
What art ! in whom such wide extremes appear ?
The Captive's solace, and the Tyrant's fear.
By thee, the world, in awful balance weighed,
Is lighter than the shadow of a shade ;
Yea systems, placed in thy mysterious scale,
With all their Suns, and subject Planets, fail !
Thou, their inflated emptiness to try,
Dost weigh them all against Eternity ;
Outweighed, Time's transient creatures kick the
beam,
Eternity discovers them a Dream !

Of Thrace, and Ephesus * illustrious Seers
 O for your constant smiles, and ceaseless tears ;
 Ye laughed, and wept, though *then* † no Ideots
 gazed
 At Popes, no Bigots raved, no martyrs blazed ;

* Democritus and and Heraclitus, the laughing and weeping Philosophers.

“Jamne igitur laudas, quod de Sapientibus, alter
 Ridebat, quoties de limine moverat unum
 Protuleratque pedem ; flebat contrarius alter ?
 Mirum est unde illis oculis suffecerit humor,
 Sed facilis rigidi cuivis censura cachinni.”

† ———Quamquam *non* essent Urbibus illis
 Prætexta, et trabæ, fascès, lictica, tribunal. JUV.

Translations of this Author are in every one's hands ; therefore I have not thought it necessary to subjoin them to the quotations. It is curious that an Author whose condensed and sententious style is so very unfriendly to the task of translators, should have been so often attempted by them ; and what is more, with such success as hath crowned the labours of Mr. Gifford and Mr. Hodgson. It strikes me that the paucity of *good poetical* translations may be fairly traced to the following cause ; the Poet in composing, has generally made choice out of *various* Ideas that present themselves, those *particular* ones which the language in which he writes, and the metre which he has chosen, will permit him to express in the most elegant and felicitous manner. It is evident that this choice of Ideas is an advantage of which the *Translator* cannot avail himself. If this be true, of course it would follow that good translations of Prose Authors, would be much more common than of the Poets. Now has not experience proved that this is the

Ere o'er fell Torquemada's * fiendlike tongue,
 In gloomy raptures, Isabella hung;
 Ere sealed Indulgences, and Peter's-pence
 Reared Folly's throne, o'er wreck of common sense;

case. I apprehend a Translator, if he wishes to gain credit by his labours, ought to select an Author who abounds with lively images, and vigorous thoughts, but not pourtrayed and expressed in the most felicitous manner. It is the "curiosa dicendi felicitas," and the "melliti verborum globuli," that render it quite impossible for any Translator to do justice to the Odes of Horace, or the Moral Painting of Pope. It sometimes happens, that some favourite, and almost vernacular phrase in the language of the Translator, may suit a particular passage better than that mode of expression adopted by the Author himself. In this case, the Translation will surpass the Original. A Friend of mine translated a Latin Distich which he saw on a window at Glastonbury. I shall give it my readers, as it is a strong proof of the truth of the above position. The only part of the Monastery there, which still resists the ravages of time, happens to be the *kitchen* of those good Fathers.

"Templa ruunt, et Sancta Dei, sed tanta palati
 Cura fuit monachis, *tuta Culina* manet."

"Their kitchen stands, their ruined Altars nod,
 The Reason's plain, their *belly was their God!*"

* Isabella of Castile married Ferdinand King of Arragon; by this marriage the two Crowns were united. John De Torquemada, a Dominican, and her Confessor, had extorted from her a solemn promise that she would do every thing in her power, to extirpate Heretics. This man is to be considered as *Under Satan*, the principal instrument of the establishment of the Inquisition in Spain. He was made Cardinal, and Inqui-

Ere rich Loretto's shrine, or Beckett's * stone,
High mass, or Tabernacle cant, were known.

Ye wept and laughed, e'en in those favoured
times,
Before James*scribbled prose, or Hopkins † rhimes;

sitor General; and during the fourteen years of his administration, he kept the great square of Madrid in one constant blaze. He prosecuted *one hundred thousand persons*, and condemned *six thousand* to the flames.

* The follies and extravagances acted at the tomb of Beckett were equal to any thing of the sort in the Papal dominions. At this sepulchre, Henry the second submitted to a sound flagellation, on his bare back, administered by the Monks. It appears that the devotion shewn to Beckett at Canterbury had quite effaced the adoration of the Deity. The donations of one year stood thus; at the high altar of God, one penny; at the altar of the Virgin, *l4 1s 8d*. At the Altar of Beckett *l9s4, 6s 3d*. The great riches of his Shrine attracted the attention of Henry the eighth. He robbed it of its treasures; and he cited the *dead Saint* to answer in court. It does not however appear that he obeyed the summons. Death was not to be cheated of his victim, by an *Habeas Corpus ad respondendum*. As an appearance in Court after being so long immured in a sepulchre, *happened to be one of the few miracles this saint could not perform*, he was of course condemned as a *Traitor*; and his name was erased from the *Calendar*.

† James the 6th of Scotland, and first of England, wrote a Commentary on the Revelations; Basilicon Doron, or advice to his Son; Diemonology, or a Treatise on Witchcraft; and a pamphlet entitled a Counterblast against Tobacco. He effectually took care to prevent Sir Walter Raleigh, the Intro-

Ere Henry * female blood in torrents spilt,
 To shun a crime less deep—the Adulterer's guilt.
 Ere shovel-hats, square caps, gold-headed canes,
 Or three-tailed wigs, supplied the lack of brains ;
 Ere suits at Chancery Court, or Lincoln's Inn
 Were heard—more hard to *finish*, than *begin* ;
 On *Cambrian* sheep ere pampered Pleaders dined,
 While o'er the *parchment skins*, starved clients
 pined ;
 Ere Eunuchs could a Nation's taste reproach,
 Ere Fidlers *kept*, or Nobles *drove*, a coach ;
 Ere wit and Sheridan; gave up the stage
 To Carpenters, and Pantomimic rage ;
 Ere Sophs for public dinners, read a week,
 To startle Aldermen with scraps of Greek ;
 Ere Bards the year with *monthly* Epics crowned,
 And Grocers purchased Poems by the pound ;

ducer of that Weed, from using it, by *cutting off his head*, *fifteen* years after sentence.

* Sternhold and Hopkins—"Par nobile Fratrum !"

"Et *cantare* simul et respondere parati."

In an early edition, of their Version, there is this passage from Psalm lxxiv, 5. *A Man was famous according as he had lifted up axes on the thick trees.*

"A Man was had in re-pu-ta-ti-on,

Who lifted up his axe great trees upon !!

† Henry the eighth, who never spared a man in his anger, nor a woman in his lust, *was also an Author*, and wrote a book against Luther ; for this book the Pope complimented him with the title of Defender of the Faith.

Ere travelling Cubs by pedant Priests were led,
 Ere Critics censured books they never read ;
 Ere grave Hypocrisy, with flag unfurled,
 Bestrid this doleful laughing-stock the world !
 This Tragi-comedy, and empty show,
 For Realms above—enacted here below.
 Whose Follies every Bard hath felt and sung,
 But sung in vain, from Homer down to Young.
 Men know they serve for nought, yet slaves remain,
 Th' exploded bubble grasp, and hug the chain.

Illustrious Seers! *this age* your strength had
 tried,
 Laughter had burst your veins, or sorrow dried ;
 An age that with more Monsters doth abound,
 Than Galilæo in the Zodiac found ;
 An age when Sh arpers make or unmake Kings,
 And meat and drink are proved superfluous *
 things ;
 Guineas incumbrances ! that merely tend
 To burthen *those* who *monthly* millions spend ;
 When witty Lords † are poor, rich Poets ‡ dull,
 And brains are worn in pocket, not in skull ;

* Several Friends of mine have seen that extraordinary woman, Mrs. Ann Moore, often mentioned in the News-papers, who left off *eating and drinking* about three years ago, and is still alive.

† Lord Byron.

‡ Hayley.

From Hemp escaped, when Knavery struts in silk,
And in an *Envoy*, *Beauty* finds a *Bilk*;

When men of honour deem all wrongs redressed,
Would their *kind* Foe but shoot them through the
breast;

When States like Bankrupts, richer day by day
Become, by debts 'twould ruin them to pay;

When Britain sneers at foiled Napoleon's brags,
And beats him with the refuse of *French* * *Rags*!

When Peru's heights, o'ertopped by proud
Cornhill,

Lament *their treasures* have no *Paper-mill*;

When Suns contain no heat, star-gazers swear,
And Seas no water † hold, but empty air;

* Bank notes, always manufactured from *Cambric Rags*.

† Professor Davy has carried on so *successful* a war with the Elements, that we shall very soon have *none left*; his last victory was gained over alkali. *To set the Thames on fire*, does not require so great a Conjuror as was formerly imagined. To all who, like the Spartan Youth, may be induced to immortalize themselves by a *glorious bonfire*, it may be consoling to be informed that Water has an *inflammable base*. One of the most sagacious conjectures that ever escaped from mortal lips, a conjecture the result of observation as *acute*, as it was extensive, and hazarded, if it could be called a hazard, on the ground of patient enquiry, and scientific deduction, was made by Sir Isaac Newton. At the time when Water and the Diamond had defied all the powers of chemical analization, this profound Observer was induced to imagine, from their great *refractive powers*, that they were bodies possessing an inflamma-

When *parts* destroyed, diminish not the *whole*,
 Though *Berkeley* takes the *body*, *Hume* the *soul*!
 With whom 'twere vain to reason, since a post *
 Might best confute the *first*, the *last* a *Ghost*. †

ble base. It has *now* been clearly proved that pure Carbon, the most *combustible* of all *bodies*, is the base of the Diamond; and that Hydrogen, the most *inflammable* of all the *airs*, is the base of water.

* Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, a man whose talents were only exceeded by his Virtues, wrote a book, to prove the non-existence of matter. His reasoning was so ingenious as to have been considered unanswerable, till Reid and Dugald Stewart detected its sophistry.

“Physics, of Metaphysics beg defence,
 And Metaphysics fly to *Common-sense*.”

On hurrying down the Strand to his Bookseller, with the famous manuscript in which he had annihilated matter, in his pocket, he ran against a *post*, in the dark; and our philosopher broke his shins. This accident might have convinced any one but a Theorist; of all whom it may be said, “Non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris.” They love their theory, which is *private property*, better than truth, which is *common stock*.

† It is a well-known saying of Hume, “One Ghost would convince me more than fifty folios.” I am inclined to think otherwise. He that believed not Moses, nor a greater than Moses, would not have been convinced, though one had risen from the dead. What Cicero said of other Sceptics may be applied to Hume, “Hic si sibi ipse consentiat, et non interdum *naturæ bonitate vincatur*, neque amicitiam colere potest, nec justitiam, nec liberalitatem.” In Hume the “*Naturæ boni-*

But tears, alas ! much *more* than smiles prevail,
 Where *less* is found to laugh at, than bewail ;
 One universal mourning Europe wears,
 And every wind wafts news to swell her tears ;
 Her vineyards languish, and unsown remain
 Her widowed lands, by blood enriched in vain.
 Offences needs must come, but thou beware,
 By whose ambition these offences are.

Christian ! in patience keep thy soul, mid all
 The miseries that fill this earthly ball !
 Each doubt and mystery with master-key,
 Thou canst unlock—Man's immortality !
 Yet marvel thou ! that scorners scorn advice,
 With Death so near, and deem nought strange, but
 vice.

The Man contemns the Boy, the Sage the Man !
 The Christian all—he dares alike to scan,
 While Seraph pity quells his holy rage,
 The toys of childhood, and the toils of age ;
 Sees children string their sea-shells on the shore,
 Or Madmen add to conquered kingdoms * more.

They're empty all, and vain, sage Solomon
 Grown *old*, exclaimed, of pleasures *past*, and *gone* ;

tas'' overcame the bad tendencies of his creed ; if that could
 be called a creed which *ended* with the two *first* words.

* *Ex. gr.* Spain ; in his foul attempt to conquer which
 kingdom, Buonaparte has announced to the world in general,
 and to his unfortunate subjects in particular, that his ambition
 is as blind and inconsiderate, as it is insatiable and unrelenting.

But, wiser far, is he, who can descry
In *present* joys, the same Inanity.

Ah think not Hypocrites ! that none remain
Who stamp the World, * and all its bawbles, vain ;
Who nothing more contemptible, and low,
Except those arts by which *ye gain them*,—know,
But all, who value at so mean a rate
These Idols of your heart, ye deeply hate ! †
Ye know that Diamonds dim the spurious stone,
And curse all merits that eclipse your own ;
Wisely, on Fools and Dunces, are ye mute,
As Wasps feed only on the finest fruit ;
Vile as ye are, your tongue's ‡ your vilest part,
Save the black fountain of its gall, your heart.

* As by the attraction of gravitation, all *material* things on earth, have a tendency to descend to one common centre, which is *below* ; may we not in some sense suppose the God-head to be that common centre *above*, to which all spiritual things ought to aspire.

† If Aristotle be right, in pronouncing that friendship chiefly consists in loving, and in hating the *same* things ; and if the observation of Sallust be just, that “*Idem velle, atque idem nolle, eademum firma amicitia est,*” then will it follow by parity of reasoning that we must dislike those, who highly *esteem* those things, which we thoroughly *despise*, and who thoroughly *despise*, what we highly *esteem*.

‡ “*Lingua mali pars pessima.*”

To wound the *Best* ye run with envious haste, *
 Swear Brutus was not brave, Lucretia chaste;
 Nor Cimon true, nor Aristides just,
 Nor holy Socrates unstained with lust;
 Oh had he seen Judea's rising Sun,
 Then had he owned *his life* and *death* outshone. †
 Yet he'tis thought, from Wisdom's Height, foresaw,
 And hailed the twilight of a *purser Law!*
 On Pisgah's Summit thus did Moses stand,
 And viewed, *but entered not*, the Promised Land.

To be reviled, was not the doom alone
 Of all that in *old* Rome or Athens shone;
 Of this be sure, wherever Lights abound,
 There Hypocrites to *cloud them*, will be found.
 Nor sleeping guards, nor dogs that never bark,
 More dear to thieves, than to the Knave, the Dark.

* ———— “ curramus præcipites, et
 Dum jacet in ripa calcemus.”

† Rousseau concludes a very brilliant piece of declamation, wherein he draws a comparison between Socrates and our Saviour, with the following sentence. “The death of Socrates was the death of a Philosopher; but the death of Jesus was the death of a God.” With stronger passions than Rousseau, Socrates did not pervert his resistless eloquence, to justify the gratification of them. But he called in the aid of as powerful a reason as *mere mortal* ever possessed, to overcome tendencies almost as powerful, to depravity. This ancient Philosopher could build his unostentatious humility even on the foundation of his virtues; while our *modern* one, attempted to rear a

With feigned Conviction, such, and look demure,
 Think Wickliffe's zeal, nor Luther's motives pure;
 Nor Butler * Orthodox, nor Law sincere,
 Nor Skelton † great with forty pounds a year;

showy fabric of pride and exultation, with the base materials which he collected from his vices. In as much as the soul is of more value than the body, Quackery in Philosophy, is more hurtful than Quackery in Medicine. Rousseau was a Charlatan, whose business it was to be noticed. No sooner, therefore, had he mounted the stage than he found that antithesis, paradox, and declamation, would suit his purposes much better than the severity of truth, or the sobriety of argument. "Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur," seems to have been his motto through life; and the members of the *National Institution* would do well to inscribe this epitaph on his tombstone, "In nullum *Reipublicæ* usum, ambitiosa sane inclaruit loquela."

* Butler, the great author of the *Analogy*, seems to have possessed the "subtile acumen Ingenii, in imam penetrans veritatem." He saw truth, as Paterculus informs us Cicero saw the Catalinarian Conspiracy—"Animo vidit, Ingenio complexus est;" and if we could add *eloquentia illuminavit*, we might then safely pronounce the *Analogy* to be one of the greatest efforts of the human mind.

† Philip Skelton, Author of *Deism revealed*, some excellent sermons, and sundry valuable Tracts. He was many years Curate of Monaghan in Ireland. He did as much good with an Income of forty Pounds a year, as some do, with as many thousands. In a time of scarcity, he sold *his library to feed the poor*. The Bishop of Clogher gave him two livings. Preferment so bestowed reflects the highest credit on the giver. By the advancement of such men, the true interests of the church are best served, and their Promoters best honoured.

Nor Paley honest, nor Erasmus sound,
 Nor Jortin * learned, nor Hooker's self profound;
 In Wilson's life their envy spied a blot,
 Though the recording Angel saw no spot.

 Their Voice, that bolt of heaven, pierced Papal
 Rome,
 Braved her anathemas, dispelled her gloom,
 Struck the pale Conclave mute! and shook proud,
 Leo's † Dome!

The giant Sceptic's contradictions wild
 Of Fate and Chance, Errors on Errors piled,

* It would have been quite as creditable to Bishop Hurd, and Bishop Warburton, if their correspondence had abounded *less* with *flatteries* of each other, and *abuse* of poor Jortin. These Divines were on much better terms with themselves than with any other persons. The adulatory dose, regularly conveyed to each other by *return of post*, might perhaps have been what the Chymists call, an *elegant preparation*. But *dancing* is not the *only* thing which may be done "*elegantius quam Honestis decorum*." Their *bandying* of compliments I can compare to nothing better than to the congratulatory bows and grimaces of the First and Second Fiddler at the Opera, after having tickled the ears of their audience with a piece of music, whose principal merit, like the Divine Legation, consisted in the *difficulty of its execution*, and the *novelty of its conception*. If the *whole* of the Epistles of St. Paul, would furnish only one sentence of such flummery as may be found in every page of this Episcopal Correspondence, I should tremble for Christianity.

† St. Peter's, the Building of which was principally defrayed by the Sale of Indulgences.

They next o'erthrew; seraphic Symphonies
 Now chaunt their bright, yet bloodless Victories;
 Triumphs of Truth, in Book of Life engraved,
 Not by the *slain* made glorious, but the *saved*!

Now look, where circling the Redeemer's Throne,
 By crowns of gold, and snow-white Vestments known,
 Tried and approved, that Host, the Martyrs stand! *
 Shrink from their glance, ye Hypocritic Band †

* "*Qui s'antes ardent !*"

† I am thoroughly convinced that most Persecutors are Hypocrites. There may be an example or two to the contrary; but they only serve to strengthen the general rule. If we closely examine the character of these advocates for fire, and faggot, and read the lives of the Inquisitors, we shall find that sensuality, pride, ambition, avarice, and malevolence, single or united, have been the fuel that heated the furnace of their pretended zeal. A zeal so blind, and indiscriminating, as not to perceive the madness of burning the body, for the good of the soul. I am willing to admit that John Calvin might have been sincere, in the motives that induced *him* to roast his friend Servetus, at Geneva; and as willing to hope that his *warmest* admirers do not defend that part of his conduct. A Persecuting Spirit, is the foulest blot, even in the brightest mind. It argues so gross an ignorance of the cause it *pretends* to defend, that it is extremely difficult to reconcile it, with a sound head, or a good heart. Therefore I would lay this down as a general axiom; that we are warranted to pronounce *all* Persecutors, the *foulest Hypocrites*; unless they can weigh down the charge by producing in *every other part* of their conduct, the most satisfactory and unimpeachable *integrity*; and unless they can shew us a life deeply devoted to the interests of a

But time would fail to tell th' illustrious names,
 Ye starved, immured, or led to feed the flames.
 A crown of Thorns their dignity below,
 Like Him, their Lord, preeminent in woe.
 Did Persecution's storm their path pursue,
 That brought their haven nearer to their view,
 And as the Sun of human hope went down,
 Then faith more clearly shewed her heavenly
 crown;
 Through the dark prospect brighter beamed the
 prize,
 As night, that hides the Earth, * reveals the Skies.
 Nor Java's † soil, nor Earth, nor Hell, a tree
 Sustain of deadlier growth than Bigotry;
 Malice the Stem, Hypocrisy the Root,
 And Persecution is the bitter fruit.
 Hail Christian Scævola ! ‡ I see thee stand,
 And burn its error from thy shrivelled hand;
 Could nought but fire expunge that single stain
 Whose keen remembrance blunts all other pain ?

future world, and as clearly detached from the pleasures, pursuits, and emoluments of the *present*.

* See Eclectic Review, Life of Tasso.

† The climate of this Island is particularly unwholesome; but the poisonous tree called the Yupas, supposed to grow in the centre of the Island, is fabulous.

‡ After a confinement of three years in a loathsome prison, the victim of such wretches as Bonner and Thirlby, it was

Great Priest, and Victim, to thyself severe,
 I mourn thy pangs, and e'en thy *fault* revere!
 I see the living incense pierce the Skies,
 The Altar Truth, and thou the Sacrifice!
 While earth-born Dæmons, reck not in that fire!
 They light a taper, that shall ne'er expire;
 Nor as they watch thine agonizing *frame*;
 Mark they the Saint, ascending through the flame
 Thus, unperceived, save by inspired eyes,
 On fiery Car Elijah sought the Skies.

not to be wondered at if human nature was overcome. It was under such circumstances, that Cranmer was induced to sign the instrument of his *abjuration*. When dragged to the stake at Oxford, he first held his right hand in the flames, exclaiming, "*this unworthy hand.*" He was a man of so generous, and forgiving a disposition, that it was a common saying, "Do my Lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and he will be your friend for ever." Scævola having *failed* in an attempt to assassinate Porsenna, King of Etruria, burnt off his right hand, to show the King what Romans could undergo, "Et facere, et pati Romanum est." The *Pagan* burnt a hand that had *failed* to commit a murder: the *Christian* did the same, because that "unworthy hand" had been guilty only of a *weakness*. Scævola could endure the pain, while he was breathing defiance against an *open* Enemy, whom his *perfidy* had devoted to death. Cranmer could endure the same, while praying for the forgiveness of those wretches from whom he had experienced no mercy; whom he also knew to be the *foulest* enemies of that cause for which he died, no less than of that Master whom he had served on Earth, and whom he was about to join in Heaven.

In Panoply * of proof celestial dight,
 And armed for deeds of more than mortal might,
 See Luther singly brave the Papal Ban,
 The Bulls, and Thunders of the Vatican ;
 Steeled for the times, pursue his firm career,
 Nor Earth, nor Hell, † can pale Him with a fear.
 See Him, o'er embers of the Martyred Dead,
 Mid fires by living malice lighted, tread !
 While slander ‡ blows the flames, with fiendlike
 breath,
 And power that ne'er owned mercy, threatens death.
 Like Him, who treads the Lava's treacherous soil,
 Where Whirlpools red, in sulphurous eddies boil ;
 Whose molten roof conceals a fiery tomb,
 Or shows through hideous rents, § a pitchy womb.
 While baneful fumes through steaming chinks
 ascend,
 Spread fate above, and Hell beneath portend ;
 Yet some, whose warm and manly hearts beat high,
 Stood forth his Friends || with generous sympathy,

* “Την απ' ανωθεν Πανοπλιαν.”

† Notwithstanding the fate of Huss, Luther said he would go to Worms, though there were as many Devils there, as tiles upon the Houses.

‡ One of the ridiculous calumnies of that day, was that Luther was begotten by an Incubus.

§ “Αναρρηγνυμένης εκ θαύρου γηστ, αυτα τε γυμναμένης Ταρταρος.”
 || Melancthon, the Elector of Saxony, and others. I wish we could add Erasmus to the list ; he certainly wished him success, but dared not openly avow his wishes.

From caution cold, and selfish fears exempt,
 These hailed his holy rage, and high attempt;
 Through threatening flames he caught the cheer-
 ing sound,
 Truth is the prize, they cry, maintain thy ground,
 And matchless as the cause, the Champion shall
 be found !

And are there some who still prefer the night,
 Of Papal error, to the gospel's light ?
 Strange that such things should be, and stranger still,
 That murder should the *law of love* fulfil.

Fell Bigotry, in meek Religiou's breast
 Nourished awhile, *an Infant*, and caressed,
 To Manhood grown, this Monster, carnage-fed,
 Turns his poor Mother out, to seek her bread.
 See him, her handmaid, Charity expel,
 Invite the Furies in her house to dwell,
 Retain the *Serpent*, but dismiss the *Dove*,
 And bind in chains of torment, not of love ;
 Plant Persecution Guard, where Mercy stood,
 Spurn at his Mother's *Milk*, and thirst for *blood* !

Thus, by the pitying Goat, * the Wolf was reared,
 Suckled and soothed, by warmth maternal cheered !
 Pleased yet amazed, she sees his glistening eyes,
 Dart fire, and feels his budding teeth arise ;

* In the greek Epigram, which records this fable the
 the Goat is made to moralize, and to blame the Shepherd.

Fondles the fangs by which she soon shall bleed,
And her milk nurtures him, *her heart* shall feed.

Thrice hail, ye faithful Shepherds of the Fold,
By tortures unsubdued, unbribed by gold ;
In your high scorn of Honours, honoured most,
Ye chose the Martyr's, not the Prelate's Post ;
Firmly the thorny path of suffering trod,
And counted death "all gain," to live with God !

But are none left ; and must th' insatiate tomb
Inclose all merit in her silent Womb ?
Perish the thought, some labourers in the field
Of *living* worth might no mean harvest yield ;
Yea, *have* we some for good of others born,
That might the Gospels purest age adorn ;
These Baal scorn, nor is the Church bereft
Of all, the Lord hath still some Prophets * left.
Around his Altar high, prepared to stand,
Should *Atheists* spoil, or Bigots light the land.
Tremble each hollow Hypocrite, and fly
The thunder of their voice, and lightning of their
eye.

But sweeter far than tinkling tongue of Bard,
Approving Conscience is their high reward ;

* "Non divitiis cum divite, neque factione cum fictioso, sed cum strenuo virtute, cum modesto pudore, cum innocente abstinentia certabant ; ita, quominus gloriam petebant, eo magis ads quebantur."

That voice of God within them, far outweighs
 The loudest blast of fickle mortal's praise;
 Yet, such there are, and some who condescend
 To style me, though I praise them not, their friend.
 Who with such men could live, yet not improve,
 Might unperfumed walk through the Citron Grove;
 They shed like Carmel's Cedars fragrance forth,
 To Heaven aspire, adorn and hallow Earth.
 But worth, or ere life's arduous race be run,
 We may not praise, nor till the *setting* Sun
 Was Sacrifice to Antient Heroes * done!

Then let Knaves † win the World their only care,
 By ostentatious alms, and *public* ‡ prayer;
 By *prayer*, § Priseillian could his lust refresh,
 And make the *spirit* pander to the *flesh*;

* A beautiful allusion to this custom of the antients is made by Jortin, to the late amiable and learned Bishop Horne.

† Knaves of this description may be compared to Almanack makers, who by telling lies to the credulous and ignorant, concerning *other worlds*, contrive to get their livelihood in *this*.

‡ I always suspect those who make such a parade of their Religion, with their lips, but who shew us little in their lives. He whose whole fortune consists of a few guineas, will try to gain credit for more, by constantly shaking them in his purse. A man who brings a few mackarel to town, makes a much greater noise about it, than he who lodges a thousand pounds in the Bank.

§ For the character of this Spanish Heresiarch see Sulpicius Severus. His doctrine to his followers was, that the spirit which comes from God was perfectly united to them by a

By ostentatious *alms*, * detected Dodd †
Once hoped to forge a passport to—his ‡ God!

certain form of Prayer, which he taught them, they might then lawfully give a full scope to the lusts of the flesh. He confessed on his trial, “Obscenis se studuisse doctrinis, nocturnos etiam turpium fœminarum egisse conventus, nudumque solitum orare!”

* It is easy to be generous with other people’s money. King James on hearing a man, who was a great Niggard, preaching a Charity Sermon, made this *Royal Pun*, “Qui suadet, sua det.”

† Dodd’s attempt to bribe the Chancellor with £3000 for his nomination to the Rectory of St. George’s, Hanover Square, is well known. This drove him to Geneva, where he met his Pupil the Earl of Chesterfield. One circumstance attached to his forgery on the Earl for £4,200 is not generally known. Notwithstanding the previous execution of the Perrotts, it is probable that his Majesty would have listened to the powerful solicitations that were made in favour of Dodd. But what I am about to relate, I have reason to think true, and it is thought produced in the Royal breast an inflexible determination not to exercise the Prerogative. The Earl had advanced very considerable sums of money, from time to time, to Dodd, for the sole use and benefit of an unfortunate young woman, the object of his Lordship’s youthful Gallantry. An Interview between the *Principals*, was effectually prevented by the *Almoner* for a great length of time. At last it took place accidentally. It then came out, that she had been kept by Dodd, in a state approaching to starvation, while he had applied the money to such ostentatious largesses, as were better suited to his ambitious and worldly views and designs. The King, I have heard, was not ignorant of this.

‡ By which I mean *the world*. On the strength of a few

In genuine worth who dare not hope t' excel,
 Her semblance chuse, it serves their turn as well;
 True Virtue's proud, they say, and hard to win,
 To court what looks so *like her*, can't be sin;

flowery harangues, and frothy declamations from the Pulpit, this man contrived to get the reputation of being a Scholar. "I know nothing against Mr. such an one, said Paley, *"except that he is a Popular Preacher."* It is amazing how small talents are necessary to obtain celebrity in this department; and to act the Hypocrite with success, in *learning*, as well as in Religion. These men dash on, through thick and thin: they find the *frons aeneus* quite as useful as the *murus*; and — "take possession of a subject, as a Highwayman does of a Purse, *without knowing its contents*, or caring to whom it belongs." I have seen numberless instances wherein men possessed of this specious address, and conversant with the world, will *increase their literary fame*, even by the well-timed, and ingenious manner in which they will *hide their Ignorance*. Whereas on the other hand, the cloistered Pedant shall often excite no other sensation than contempt, by his awkward manner of *displaying his erudition*. The late Dr. Smith, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, with a knowledge of Books by no means superficial, united a thorough knowledge of the World, and of those who lived in it. Of course, he was an excellent Companion, and *occasionally* of the order of *liquids*, rather than of *mutes*. But as he was never guilty of excess, *habitually* temperate, and gifted with wit, no man could extricate himself from any little conversational dilemma with a better grace. Before a large party at his own house, the Doctor was expatiating on the proceedings of the Council of Trent, (in which Council, by the bye, as in the Books of Thucydides, more was said than done.) The Doctor descanted much on the great

Thus, when the sensual Suitor-Band were seen
 To skulk confounded, from Ulysses' Queen,
 They wooed her *Maids*, * who with the Royal Bride
 In all things, but in sterling Honour vied.

On foot, or in emblazoned Chariot drawn,
 In homespun Woollen clothed, or courtly Lawn,
 Layman, or Priest, I hail an Honest Man,
 Nor stay to ask his politics, or clan.

length of time that Council sit ; when a Lady suddenly stopped his career, by this unexpected question.—“And pray Doctor, how long did the Council of Trent sit ?” Ignorance *here was awkward* ; a reply at a venture *hazardous* ; silence *insupportable*. Fortunately for the Doctor, the candles wanted snuffing ! But a Woman's curiosity was not to be put off by the *snuffing of a candle*. She returned again to the charge, with the same distressing interrogation—“But pray Doctor, how long did the Council of Trent sit ?” All turned their eyes upon our Divine ; “attention held them mute.”--“Sit Madam ? *They sat till their bottoms were sore !*”

* Even Penelope has not escaped the breath of Slander. Lycophron termed her *Βασσαρα Κασσωρευσα*, and that Scavenger Scoppa, has raked up all the filth he could find against her. The twelve *maids of Honour*, debauched by the Suitors, Ulysses condemned to die by the sword ; but Telemachus thought they deserved a more ignominious fate.

“Τῶν δώδεκα πασαι ἀναιδείης ἐπέβησαν,
 οὐτ' ἐμε τιθεσαι, ὅτ' αὐτὴν Πηνελόπειαν,”

A French Author has remarked, that it is curious that Homer should have handed down Penelope to posterity as a pattern of Chastity, who was a woman of dissolute life ; and that Virgil should have represented Dido, as an *Impure*, who was a Wo-

Truth owns *no party*, and her friends may pine,
 Not e'en on barren praise * allowed to dine;
 Her lamp, when darkness thickens, Worldlings use,
 But oil to feed the precious flame † refuse.

man of Chastity and Honour. I believe the position concerning Dido to be true. But even Lucretia has her calumniators. St. Augustin seems to think that her self-murder cannot be extenuated, without aggravating the adultery; nor the adultery extenuated, without aggravating the murder. "Si adulterata, cur laudata; si pudica, cur occisa?" This casuistry of St. Augustin gave rise to an Epigram which ends thus,

"Frustra igitur laudem captas Lucretia, namque
 Vel furiosa ruis, vel scelestata cadis."

But such reasoners forget that Lucretia was the choice flower of *Antiquity*; doomed to adorn the soil of *rising Rome*; and fostered amidst her early sons, those high-souled, and stern admirers of *unsullied* purity. Therefore to try Lucretia by the severe standard of the Gospel, is to pass upon her the harsh sentence of an "ex post facto" Law.

* A man who speaks the truth must not expect to please any party. Truth is always painted caked; by this I presume we are to understand, that those who court her must love her for herself alone. She is indeed an *indotata Virgo*, and her dowry will be found as scanty as her wardrobe. To suit her present reduced circumstances, the arrangement must be altered, "*Probitas culpatur et alget.*"

† Anaxagoras, finding himself deserted in his old age, muffled himself up in his cloak, and threw himself on his Pallet, having made a resolution to die of hunger. Pericles called on him, with an intent on to relieve him. The dying Philosopher, raising himself up in his bed, pathetically exclaimed, "Ah Pericles, those who use a lamp, should take care to feed it with oil."

He sows the seeds of hate, and harvests shame,
 Who boldly writes, and *bolder signs his name*;
 E'en though the "faultless monster" while he sung,
 Grasped Dryden's strength, Pope's grace, and wit
 of Young;

Though even *disappointed Authors* praise,
 And jealous Coxcombs tolerate the lays.

Write but the truth, a Valla * shall be found
 To blot thy merits, and thy faults to sound;

* Lawrence Valla, born at Rome in the fifteenth Century; the Prince of Critics. He spared none, ancient or modern. He furiously attacked the barbarisms of the Latin then in vogue, but when he came to write himself, his style fell very short of his rules. He was a free-thinker, as well as a free-writer; and did not stick even at blasphemies. This impious boast once escaped him, *horresco referens*, "that he had arrows in his quiver even against the Messiah himself!" "*Igne carere putas armamentaria cœli?*" A Latin Epitaph was written on him, beginning in this manner,

"Nunc post quam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
 Non audet Pluto verba latina loqui."

Since Valla's dead, and into Hell conveyed,
 To speak in Latin Pluto is afraid.

Another Epitaph on Valla runs thus,

"Ohe ut Valla silet, solitus qui parcere nilli est,
 Si quæris quid agat, nunc quoque *mordet humum.*"

Tho' Valla, who used none to spare,
 Mute in his grave is found,
 If you should ask what he does there,
 E'en now he *bites the ground*.

Though thy bold hand, t² illume the glowing theme
 Snatch from the Sun thy pen—a burning beam !
 To stamp in clearest characters of light,
 On each Impostor's forehead,—Hypocrite.

Who wish to rise, must blazon forth with zeal
 Their *Patron's* talents, and their *own* conceal ;
 Think what ye write, and swim, who fear to sink,
 With gallant Wakefield, * *writing what ye think* ;
 He struck not, though his keel had crushed the
 ground,
 And fought his swivels, though his decks were
 drowned.

Vain Popularity, † such minds contemn,
 Nor follow it but make it follow them.

* This honest and intrepid man, when called up to receive judgment, in an action filed by the Attorney General for a libel, made a much more spirited speech than that which he had previously delivered, when on his defence. “Non vultus instantis tyranni mente quatit solida.”

† “Popularity, my dear friend,” says Sir Robert Walpole, in a confidential letter, “is nothing more than the step-ladder for ambition, to reach the summit of place and preferment. We have all our prices, and if it be asked why I continued so long in opposition to the Court, my answer is, *because they did not come up to mine*. There is scarcely a Member whose price I do not know, to a single sixpence ; and whose very soul I could not almost purchase at the first offer. A staunch Oppositor to the court, on two or three questions, right or wrong, gets an aspiring Commoner a name ; half a dozen impudent unmeaning speeches, the admiration ; and a *reasonable pan-*

To fame, they sternly say, "get thee behind,"
Thou empty thing, more fickle than the wind.

The Sun *unnoticed* pours a flood of light,
Unheeded climbs his proud meridian height ;
But if *eclipsed*, each Philosophic ass
Is peeping at Him through his *smoaky* glass.
Thus, when misfortunes cloud them, envy finds
And *magnifies* each fault, in noble minds ;
But dreading blindness, this foul bird of night
Scarce blinks on genius, *shining in its might* !
Hence it oft happens, that the changeful breath
That cursed the Patriot's * life, laments his death ;

phet the very souls of the people. Patriotic barbers toast him in alehouses ; public spirited shoe-makers harangue for him in the streets ; and free born chairmen and house-breakers sing forth his praises in every night-cellar within the bills of mortality. I remember I never thought my point completely carried, *till they clapped me into the Tower*. I looked upon myself then a made man ; and the event fully justified my expectations." This is an extract from a very long letter, addressed by Sir Robert to his friend Robert Coade Esq. of Lyme Regis. I recommend an attentive perusal of the *whole* of it, to a *certain Baronet*.

* It is evident that the *true* Patriot is here intended ; not the designing Demagogue, the Idol of a Rabble, as violent as the mob he governs, but never so sincere. The opinions of an obscure Individual, like myself, can be of little consequence to the world ; but, to prevent *misrepresentation*, I shall take this opportunity of saying, that I am no friend to that short-lived freedom, which Mobs or Demagogues might wish to force upon us. The Tyranny of the Cæsars was to be preferred to

And the same hands that on his ruin bent
 Pulled down his *house*, erect his *monument* !

the bloody anarchy of the Prætorian Band ; and the despotism of a grand Seignior, to the mad supremacy of the Janissaries. The political, and constitutional principles so eloquently supported by the Earl of Chatham, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Fox in the House of Commons ; principles which the Son of the former, deserted, after he had served his ambitious designs — *These are my Principles*. I assent most cordially, to the superiority of the British over every other form of Government, antient, or modern. And I look to the freedom of the Press, and triennial Representation, as the only means by which the Augæan stable of corruption can be cleansed ; and as the two powerful levers by which the *Theory* and *Practice* of the British Constitution, can be brought *nearer* to each other, and made to coalesce. By a most unaccountable infatuation, it has happened, that many have been set down for enemies to the constitution, merely from their marked disapprobation of the measures of Mr. Pitt. Absurd, and lamentable conclusion ! May the number of *such* enemies daily and hourly increase. At the head of the list we proudly place the names of Wakefield, Paley, Fox, and Holland ! Mr. Pitt *might* be the natural Son of Lord Chatham ; his Political Son, was Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox was also that great Man's Heir, in a much higher sense than Mr. Pitt could be said to be. To Mr. Pitt, he left only a *part of his property* ; to Mr. Fox, he bequeathed *the whole of his Principles* ! But the fame of Mr. Pitt already begins to show symptoms of a decline, *lingering* indeed, but *fatal*. The funeral of his fame will be most *respectfully* attended, no doubt, by *unpaid Pensioners, disgorged Contractors, and extruded Placemen* ; Septennial Representation, and Bribery on the one hand ; and Bankruptcy and Paper Credit on the other, will be the *supporters* of the *Pall* ; — but Truth, Common Sense

Grand in their object, gifted with an eye
To pierce the womb of dark futurity,

and Integrity, will not be found among the *Mourners*. Those who will attend the funeral of this great man's fame with the most *unfeigned* sorrow, will be those who will most sensibly feel the Pathos of the following Epitaph on the Cardinal de Richelieu ; inscribed by the pen of Benserade.

“Here lies, ay, here doth lie, *morbleu !*

The Cardinal de Richelieu,

And what is worse, *my Pension too*.

To the Oratorical Talents of Mr. Pitt, I subscribe with full reverence, and while I despise his lust of Power, I admire his contempt of wealth. “*Splendide Pauper*.” Victorious in the *Senate*, and as constantly humbled in the *Field*, he displayed a fortitude which could bear, rather than a prudence which could prevent calamities. He had a more arduous task to perform than King William the third ; but a generous nation had put him in uncontrolled possession of resources far *more ample*, to perform it. How he employed them, let impartial History decide. Had he acted with the cautious prudence that distinguished the councils, and influenced the measures, of that Great Statesman, Prince, and Warrior ; had he, like William, waited till the Continent felt her *own* strength ; and only assisted her, when she *clearly* possessed the *power*, no less than the *will* to check the gigantic strides, and ambitious views of the common Tyrant ;— *The liberties of Europe, might then have been to this moment, preserved*. We should not then have had to lament, that the Continent had been precipitated into crude and immature confederacies, which contained within themselves the *seeds* of their own destruction ; having no firm and lasting band of union ; no common cause to warin and animate them, no common interests to defend. Confederacies, which have been successively ruined in *detail* ; because, jea-

The truly great, eccentric in their course,
 Bold * in their plans, and boundless in resource,

lousy of each others power was suffered to swallow up every nobler feeling; because the general good, was repeatedly sacrificed to individual aggrandizement; and because *plunder* not *principle*, was the *mouldering* cement by which they were connected. That the British Constitution may survive the wreck of the rest of Europe, is a wish in which our very Enemies, if they were not as blind as they are malevolent, ought cordially to join. It is perhaps the only constitution left in Europe, under which Freemen would wish to live; assuredly the only one for which they would care to die. "Esto Perpetua." Its overthrow, would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to mankind; an event which civilized Society in every quarter of the Universe ought to deprecate; an event, the very anticipation of which, if there were any cause for entertaining it, ought to fill every thinking mind with the most gloomy forebodings. But we hope better things. The age of Chivalry indeed, is past, but not the age of Valour. There are still many left amongst us, fully equal to the defence of Nations; in whose breasts the flame of pure and ancient patriotism, burns with undiminished lustre. "Melioro luto fingit præcordia." Rather than survive the ruin of their country, or bow their head to the Sceptre of the Corsican Adventurer, they would each exclaim,

"Ille mihi, ante alios, fortunatusque laborum,
 Egregiusque animi, qui ne quid tale videret,
 Precubuit Moriens, et Humum semel ore inomordit."

* If secrecy be the *soul* of all great designs, *courage* is the body. "It is necessary I should go on such an expedition," said Pompey, "but it is *not necessary* that I should live." And Cæsar reproved the fears of the trembling boat-man, in the midst of the tempest by reminding him, that he carried *Cæsar and all his for-*

Of self regardless, scorn and peril brave,
 Infatuate States, * *against their will*, to save;

tunes. Popilius was sent to Antiochus, with dispatches from the Roman Senate. Antiochus was in the midst of a career of splendid victories. "I will consider," said he, "of your letter." Popilius drew a circle round him with his stick. "I will have an answer," said he, "before thou quittest *that Circle.*" The answer was short, but it *restored a Kingdom!* With *three Words* Severus crushed a most alarming mutiny of the Prætorian Band, even when their brandished weapons menaced his life. "*Citizens* lay down your arms." He was obeyed. In fact, without a proper degree of confidence, we can succeed in nothing. Without confidence, the Pilot at the Helm of the State, or at the Helm of the Vessel, would be alike unable to weather the Storm. Confidence is as necessary to him who balances an Empire, as to him who *balances a pole*; to the General of an Army, or to him who walks the dizzy height of Power; as to the leader of the Band at the Opera, or the Rope Dancer at the Circus. In all these instances, the effects produced by a want of confidence, would be the same; they would differ only in the importance of their consequences. In the ruin of the *former*, the fate of Nations and Empires would be involved; and Poets and Historians would be busily employed to "point the moral, or adorn the tale." But should the latter miscarry, the Fiddler only breaks his Fiddle, or the Funambulist his *neck*; and the utmost *posthumous* fame he can aspire to, will be some such an Epitaph as that which immortalizes the Conductor of the fire-works at Vauxhall;

"Here lies I,
 Killed by a Sky—
 Rocket in my Eye!"

* States often foster in their bosom some "*gratissimus Error*;" some darling, but destructive delusion, which eventual-

Their very faults, that move our vulgar spleen,
Are by their shining virtues *farther* seen !

ly turns out a Serpent, that stings them to death. To see the lurking evil in embryo, requires the keenest discernment ; to prevent its consequences, the nicest caution ; and to exterminate it altogether, the most determined fortitude. Woe be to that Patriot, however upright or sincere, who shall *rashly* attempt this task. “*Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.*” To set about to reform a luxurious and corrupt Nation, is to embark on a tempestuous ocean, in which those who are not thoroughly *ballasted*, both in judgement and experience, are sure to be swallowed up. But to fall from noble darings is the dread privilege only of great minds. Sometimes the imaginary fears and groundless terrors of the multitude are to be both combated and despised. True greatness then consists in not shrinking from the danger of such a task ; it stands as it were *in the gap* ; and courts rather than avoids the censure. Thus Cæsar, snatching the axe from one of his trembling Soldiers, gave the first blow to the consecrated Oaks at Marseilles ; exclaiming, “*Credite me fecisse nefas.*” Lay the whole blame upon me. At other times an experienced and sagacious mind may avail itself of the ignorance of the Million, to further and promote its beneficial desigus. We have a fine instance of this, in the politic use which Columbus made of an Eclipse, whose approach his astronomical skill enabled him to foresee. But such feats as these are only to be attempted by men of first-rate powers and endowments. Statesmen whose talents are but a few degrees above mediocrity, are content to *connive* at evils, they dare not undertake to cure. “*Quieta ne moveate,*” is their mean and pusillanimous maxim ; and they prefer their own power and aggrandizement, to the prosperity or amendment of the People ; well aware that to rant about reformation

Like Comets, formed to work extensive good
 Unthanked, and be *as little understood*;
 Like *them*, of ills they did not cause, accused,
 And for their very services abused.

By Courts and Kings repulsed with cold disdain,
 Columbus * proffered a new World,—in vain ;

is always a safe and excellent Ladder ; but to put their *boasts* in *execution*, a fatal scaffold. How destructive these *favourite* evils, alluded to above, have proved, to the *Reformer* if remedied, or to the *People* if not, every page of History can inform us. To cite instances will be superfluous to most of my readers. Otherwise, we might adduce the Gladiatorial shows, the “Sportula, Panem et Circenses” of antient Rome. Or we might ask, Where are those Herculean talents to be found amongst *ourselves*, equal to the task of cleansing that Augæan Stable, our System of Poor Laws—that foul, and putrifying sink of dependant misery ? That the comforts of the Poor might be increased, and the evils of that System diminished, let us hope is not impracticable ; notwithstanding Mr. Pitt shrunk from the task. Scotland has no Poor Laws. If she had, I do not think that the *provident* industry and honest independent Spirit, even of *her* Peasantry, would long be proof against their deteriorating influence.

* The *necessary* existence of a Western Hemisphere, was a vast Idea, with which this wonderful man seems to have laboured deeply and long.

“Æstuat infelix angusto in limite mundi.”

When at length, with all the throes and strivings of Genius, he had brought forth his Plan, a difficulty still remained, to find any one *bold* enough to adopt the Gigantic offspring. It was an infant of no common growth, of no puny stature ;

“*Dum tener in Cunis, jam Jove dignus erat.*”

An audience begged, with supplication low,
 Exhaustless mines ! and Empires to bestow !
 Till Ferdinand vouchsafed with *cautious fear*,
 A crown, far richer than his own, to wear ;

Kings alone must be the "*Nursing Fathers*," or it perishes from want ! The trucking and chaffering Spirit evinced by Ferdinand, before he yielded his slow consent to the execution of the plan, forms a striking contrast with the boldness of its conception. And the cold and calculating avarice of the *Monarch* is rendered still more contemptible, by the magnanimous and enterprizing temerity of the *Subject*. It is melancholy to reflect that this great Man was sent back to Europe in Irons, from that World he had discovered.

"Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
 Mensorem ! *cohibent* !"

The Captain of the Vessel felt for the indignity put upon his illustrious Prisoner, and offered to release him from his chains ; but Columbus refused to be liberated, except in the presence of his Sovereign. He ordered that his fetters should be buried with him, in his grave.

Columbus has been beautifully compared to the Dove, which was sent from the Ark, and brought back again some tidings of a World, till then *hid by the waters*. It is far from my intention to tarnish the freshness of his *bloodless* laurels. But it is known that Seneca had made, in the reign of Nero, this fortunate Conjecture in some lines, where he seems to have beautifully fulfilled the *double* office of the *Vates*. The passage occurs in the chorus of his *Medæa* ; and little did Seneca suppose that it was for his *own native country*, that he was anticipating a new World, in the spirit of divination. A World, that greatest prize in the *wheel* of events, by which Spain was

Nor spurned the *poor* adventurer from his throne,
Who came to give half earth's encircling zone !

Say did not Europe hail ! and Kings caress
His dauntless mind, whose powers ensured success ?
Ah no ; —sent home in galling shackles bound,
Vesputius names a World,—Columbus found !
Hast thou his talents ? then expect his doom,
And take *like him*, thy *fetters* to thy tomb !

True fame's a tardy plant, that seems to need
A *body*, buried in the earth, for *seed*,
Nor do the churlish shoots begin to thrive,
Till their unconscious owner cease to live.
The Good, the Brave, the Generous, and the Just,
Are little valued, till they turn to dust ; *

first to be enriched, and afterwards ruined. The lines are as follows ;

“Venient annis

Sæcula seris, quibus *oceanus*

Vincula rerum laxet, et *ingens*

Pateat *tellus*, Tiphysque *novos*

Detegat *orbes* ; nec sit *terris*

Ultima *Thule*.”

“In some future age, the time shall come, when the Ocean shall *loosen the Chains of things* ; when an immense Continent and a new World shall appear ; and when Thule shall no longer be the boundary of the Earth.”

* Socrates, Cicero, Pertinax, the De Witts, Sir Walter Rawleig, Algernon Sidney, may serve for a specimen of those who have been doomed to see the fatal ingratitude of their Cotemporaries, and to receive the unavailing praises and ad-

Then purblind mortals mutter—"earth to earth,"
 And as he *moulders*, prize a Sidney's worth!
 To find *his* merits, seek death's noisome cell,
 As Indians search for pearls—the *putrid shell*! *

Few † may, like Washington, for others live,
 And blessing *share* that happiness they *give*;
 To deeds successful, as unstained, aspire,
 Then to the laurell'd shade revered retire;
 By Foes respected, and by Friends adored,
 While sternest Veterans weep—resign the sword.

O Thou! by Nature, ‡ in her happiest mood,
 Enriched with all that's generous! great! and good!

miration of Posterity. "Virtutem in columem odimus, sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi." The Converse of this is generally true of Demagogues and Tyrants. They usually contrive to secure to themselves a sufficient store of this world's goods; and are content to submit to the execrations of all honest Men when *dead*, if they can command the flatteries of Slaves when *living*.

* At the Pearl fishery on the Coromandel Coast, the Oysters are never examined, or opened while fresh; but are thrown up in heaps to *rot* and *putrify*. In this state they are sold to the Speculators, and more readily surrender their treasures to the fortunate adventurer.

† "Pauci quos Æquus amavit
 Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus
 Dus Geniti potuere."

‡ "Quem tu Dea, tempore in omni,
 Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus!"

Whose morn, and noon, and eve, * of life, proclaim
One path may lead to Virtue and to Fame ;
 Whose Valour could a Nation's wrongs redress,
 Yet rue the dreadful price of just success ;
 Whose heart, by no false blaze of glory † led,
 Mourned with the mourner, with the bleeding bled ;
 Thy purer name, a stain eternal brings
 On *Vulgar* Chieftains, raised by Crimes to Kings.

Imposing trick, and ostentatious glare,
 These didst thou scorn, that make the stupid stare ;
 No trap to catch the mob, the Coxcomb finds
 In one deemed greatest,—*but* by greatest ‡ minds.

* “Ad inum,

Qualis ab incepto processerat, et sibi constat.”

† Jus habet ille sui Palpo ? quem ducit hiantem
 Cretata ambitio” “perfusaque gloria fuco.”

Persius and Ovid must contribute to this last line.

‡ The bravest can best appreciate Courage, and the most excellent, Virtue ; as the most eminent Artist discovers beauties in a fine piece of painting, which a common observer would overlook. That is true greatness which is acknowledged by the most Great ;

“*Vera* puta Curius quid sentit, et ambo

Scipiadae, quid Fabricius, manesque Camilli !”

Of Washington, we may also add,

“*Raro hinc talis ad Illos*

Umbra venit ?”

But the nearer we are to perfection the greater the distance appears to be ; and then it is that we most clearly perceive the difficulty of attaining it. A person entirely ignorant of the mathematics, would form a very inadequate notion of the vast

Sole Heir of general unrebuked applause,
 The firmest Champion in the noblest Cause,
 Defeat thy Spirit tried, but never broke,
 As the blast strengthens, while it shakes the Oak !

Pillar of *State* ! and Bulwark of the *Field* !
 An Host thy *Presence*, and thine Arm a Shield !
 By head and hand, to save thy Country born,
 To win an Empire, and a Sceptre scorn ;
 In proffered Dignities *declined*, more great *
 Than if ten Kings did at thy Levee wait,

and almost supernatural effort of genius displayed by Sir Isaac Newton, in the discovery of Fluxions. A Rustic was asked if he could read Greek, his answer was, he did not know, because he had never tried.

I remember once I went to see a Giant ; he was very near eight feet high, well made, healthy and active. I was much surprized on observing that Children were *less* struck with his appearance, than grown Persons. On mentioning this to the Giant, he said he had remarked the same, and he also added, that those who were the *tallest*, invariably received the greatest gratification on seeing *him*. The reason of this puzzled me for some time. At last I began to reflect that Children, and Persons of *short* stature, are constantly in the habit of *looking up* at other people, and therefore, it costs them no great exertion, to look up a little higher at a Giant ; but tall men, who are in the habit of *looking down* upon all other persons, are beyond measure astonished, on seeing any one whose very superior stature obliges *them* to *look up*.

* Some stoop, like Verres, from their high career, and descend from their elevation, to pick up the golden apple of filthy lucre ;

In thy *last* * conquest o'er thy self, renowned
Far more than false Napoleon, triple-crowned, †

“Declinant cursus, Aurumque volubile tollunt.”

Others, like Anthony, are unnerved for arduous exploit and manly exertion, by the smiles of beauty, or the allurements of effeminate luxury and pomp,

“Et Venere et Cœnis et plumis Sardanapali.”

And others, like Cicero, deviate from the rugged path of patient, unassuming merit, to catch and forestall the applauses of the Vulgar,

“Queis dulce est digito monstrari, et dicier hic est !”

But Washington *cared for none of these things*. The ultimate emancipation of his country was an object which he steadily pursued, and at last attained, through means, worthy of the end. His was the choice of Hercules, and he loitered not to pick up the flowers with which a grateful People presented him, even though they strewed them in his path. In the high and magnanimous sacrifice of the love of fame, that “last infirmity of noble minds,” there seems to have been a great similarity in the characters of the late General Moore and of Washington.

“Illustres animæ, siquid mea Carmina possint,

Nulla dies ambobus clare vos eximet ævo !”

* In the beginning of his career, he drew the eyes of all men on himself, by a display of cool conduct, and fertility of resource, in saving the wreck of Braddock's Army. The meridian of his life, is but the History of the Emancipation of America. But it is the *Evening Ray*, emitted by this Luminary of the Western Hemisphere, (when he retired to Mount Vernon) that both the Philosopher, the Warrior, and the Politician, must contemplate with the *purest* delight, and most unqualified approbation.

That this *Sun of the new World* ! may be without a spot,

The Wise, the Good, denouncing him abhorred,
With Cincinnatus join Mount Vernon's Lord !

But could a selfish race such worth admire,
And to the genuine Patriot's fame aspire,
Yet what avails it, 'mid the Combat's rage,
To whisper ? Virtue to an Iron * age ?
When each revolving year a lecture reads,
Unfolds a crimson scroll of bloody deeds ;

Miss Seward, in her late posthumous edition of *Letters*, has candidly informed us of a very interesting fact. She narrates, that in consequence of her *Monody* on the death of Major Andre, Washington sent his *Aid du Camp* to her, furnished with documents that completely convinced her, in spite of preconceived opinion, and even prejudice to the contrary, that there was not a heart in England that sympathized more deeply in the sentence of Andre, than the heart of Washington, nor a man on Earth, who laboured more earnestly to prevent its execution. We will therefore now sum up his character, in the language of our Immortal Bard, who alone is worthy to eulogize Washington ;

“A Combination, and a Form indeed !
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a Man.”

† France, Italy, and Holland.

* Cæsar, though he destroyed the liberties of his Country, yet disdained to make use of treachery, even to an Enemy. When opposed to Ariovistus, and a tempting opportunity presented itself, yet would he not stoop by such means, *to steal, as he said, a Victory*. But the shameless abandonment of public

When every moment teems some monstrous birth,
 And falling kingdoms shake the solid Earth ;
 When a *Marauder's* wild decrees have made
 Commerce a Crime, and Massacre a Trade ;
 Whom no compunctious visitings restrain,
 Or if they plead for mercy, plead in vain ;
 Who, to produce conviction, Cannon brings,
 Those *loud resistless* arguments of Kings ; *
 To full dominion stalks through tides of gore,
 Though mangled † Europe bleeds at every pore ;
 Yet can for Rule and Precedent, recall
 All former Tyrants, and improve on all.
 Who much to *friends*, and *times* ‡ and *chances* § owes,
 And *something* to himself, but *most to Foes* ;

faith, and the gross violation of the Law of Nations, which distinguish modern warfare, might warrant us in applying to the present age, a worse epithet than that of *Iron* ;

“*Pejoræque sæcula ferri*

*Temporibus ; quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa,
 Nomen, et a nullo posuit natura metallo.*”

* “*Ratio ultima Regum.*”

† “*Cum jam semianimem læraret Flavius orbem.*”

‡ The Men are more often made by the Times, than the Times by the Men.

§ A great deal of good fortune goes to the making up of a Hero, a Cæsar, an Alexander, or a Charlemagne. I do not recollect that Cæsar was ever so much as *wounded*, in all the variety of dangers to which he freely exposed himself ; although this “*Mighty Hunter*” of military renown, on different occasions, was actually “*in at the death*,” says Pliny, of *above*

Makes it his Vassals' interest to be slaves,
 And true to him, as to all others Knaves.
 Bids Beauty wait his nod, the *prize* * of war,
 And binds her struggling to the Conqueror's car;
 Blots out each tender tie, with bloody pen,
 Whose fiendlike scrawl *demoralizes* men;
 Rivets the links of martial law, to bind,
 Inslave, imbrute, and mechanize the mind;
 To Conscripts *gagged* unfolds that Code severe,
 That might from milder Draco force a tear;

a million of fighting men. Sylla could see many Marii in Cæsar! And every field of battle, can *shew us many Cæsars*; cut off in the very threshold of their career, and in their very first engagement; and whose ambitious aspirings a vile piece of lead hath restricted to just as much earth as they cover with their carcasses on the plain.

* We are informed, that, by a late decree issued by Buonaparte, no Young Woman in France, possessed of an annual income of £250, or *upwards*, can chuse a husband of any other profession than that of a *Soldier*. It might have been hoped, that even Frenchmen could not have been brought to submit to such an outrageous insult to their feelings. Hath this Adventurer's lust of Power any assignable limits? I fear not; men never go such lengths, as when they know not *where they are going*; and *nothing* will satisfy an upstart, *raised from nothing*. The public have been lately amused with a full and authentic account of Buonaparte's skill in Horsemanship. I can believe he rides well, in common with most other Princes, *because Horses never flatter*; and I can also believe that he rides *boldly*. "Set a Beggar on Horseback," *et cæt.*

While Science mourns her lights obscured,* by one,
 False as the Frank, and barbarous as the Hun,
 A *polished* Savage, who, to shake belief,
 Combines *Zeteuco* with an Indian Chief,
 Yet hoped his base original to hide
 In courtly Pageantry, and sceptered Pride,
 When *Maids of Honour* through the bridal door
 Let in a *Princess* ! and let out a *Whore* !
 A *Demirep*, to splendid exile led,
 While pliant Pontiffs smooth th' Adulterer's bed.

When to be virtuous, is to be defamed,
 And nought's so shameful, *as to be ashamed* ;
 When wholesale † Murderers in every thing
 Succeed, and small Retailers only swing ;
 Ah ! what avails it, in such direful times,
 When nothing thrives, but cruelties and crimes,

* The fostering beams with which Buonaparte vouchsafes to encourage Science and Literature, may be compared to the rays which emanate from the Moon. They possess no genial *warmth* ; are subject to *partial*, and *total* eclipses ; and shine *only* through a dark and *benighted* atmosphere. The Members of the National Institute, may write and dispute as much as they please, about gas, and galvinism ; they may even be as profane and witty as they think fit, on any mal-administration, they fancy they can espy, in a Planet or a Comet ; but they must be extremely cautious, how they find out any thing of *that kind*, in Holland, France, or Italy.

† Murder is a trade which succeeds only on a large scale ;

Mid clashing arms, to weep the sad decease
Of all that loves, adorns, enhances, peace!

Would'st thou be praised, and patronized, unbar
The brazen gates of strife, and plead for War;
Defend each living statesman, mourn the dead,
Prove all the blood they've lavished, justly shed.
Britain of Pitt's *successful* * Schemes remind,
And glorify the Butchers of mankind;

“ That noble trade
That Demigods, and Heroes made;
Slaughter, and knocking of the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis *great*, and *large*, but base if *mean*;
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So *sacred*, with vile bungling.”

These lines seem to have been suggested to Butler by the following lines of Juvenal :

“Committunt eadem, diverso Crimina fato,
Ille *Crucem* pretium Sceleris tulit, hic *Diadema*.”

By the bye, the finest piece of Irony extant on this subject, in my humble opinion, is the life of Jonathan Wild, by Fielding. But poor Jonathan was a bungler at last. A *great Man*, who having cheated every other thing, cannot *cheat* the gallows also, has learnt but half his trade.

* These shafts are from a female quiver,

“ Pallas Te hoc Vulnere Pallas.”

“After obstinately persevering for fourteen years in a course of unsuccessful warfare, he dies. And leaves us with the National Debt trebled; every Port in Europe shut against us; our in

In martial strains let Buenos Ayres sound,
 Tell of an Army *lost* ! a General *found* !
 Be Walcheren's *funeral processions* praised,
 An expedition against *Agues* raised !
 In verse at least let blushing ***** shine,
 And round his drowsy brows the laurel twine ;
 All who their leader's merits *might* dispute,
 Are, from the sword, or fiercer fever, *mute*.

Let others rise, I boast nor power, nor will
 To prostitute, in praise of such, my quill ;
 Could I, with Truth's severe unflattering pen,
 Expose unmasked the Fiend of War * to men,

ternal trade perishing by bankruptcies ; our taxes more than trebled ; our shores menaced with invasion ; opportunities of making a safe peace, all gone by.—And how stands Mr. Pitt's administration the test of the Philosopher ; *The tree is known by its fruits* ? Strange that any one should mistake the apples of the *Manchineal*, for the *Bread Tree* ! O hapless England, how rapidly art thou fallen from thy late high prosperity ; the victim of thy too credulous confidence in one Proud Man ! whom no chastizing experience could warn from his tricking expedients, so fraught with danger to his country, and by which he only purchased, “ *Short intermission, fraught with double woe.*”

* The frequency and long continuance of the *modern wars* in which this country has been involved, may perhaps be attributed, in great measure, to the two following causes ; First, the Pretext that Wars afford to the Administration for levying immense Sums of Money upon the Subject ; and this to such an amount, that it may be justly suspected that *Wars*

Not as on prim parade he cheats the world ;
 But flying, snapped his lance, his standard *furled* ;
 While *breathing* Skeletons, and *bloodless* dead,
 To fell Pursuers point the Road he fled ;
 Stripped of his Trappings, Plumes, and glittering
 Gear,
 Dearth in his van, Destruction in his rear ;

are raised to support *Taxes*, rather than *Taxes* to support *Wars*. Poverty has been usually considered a Peace-maker ; if so, we ought to be the most pacific Nation on Earth ! The second cause is the overgrown and preposterous Salary annexed to the office of the Commander, during the continuance of the War ; "*Pendente Lite*." The Evil of this system Government might have been taught, I presume, by the *temporizing* conduct of General Howe, in the American War. A *Modern Fabius* whose *private* reasons for delay were far more *cogent*, than his *public* ones. "*Cunctando restituere rem*." See the Anecdote of the Emperor of China and his Physicians, page 42. The moral will apply to more cases than one. I have the highest respect for Lord Wellington's talents and courage, and I believe that the acclamations of a grateful People would be considered by him as his highest reward ; "*Præter laudem nullius avarus*;" and yet I was sorry to see it *publicly* stated, that he derives solely from his office of Generalissimo in Portugal an income of Thirty Thousand per annum. If this statement be incorrect, it should be refuted ; it is very bad — "*hoc dici potuisse*," but if we are obliged to add, "*et non potuisse refelli*" — this is worse.

I would have every man, who undertakes so hazardous and responsible a Task as the Command of an Army, amply rewarded. But it should be *after* he had completed his work.

Reft of his Pomp, and fallen his famished steed,
 While Vengeance follows, with the Tiger's speed;
 Forsook by Friends, and hunted down by Foes,
 Through Afric's sands, or Russia's solid snows,
 Where erst the Czar, *to cool him*, tempted forth
 To fight the frost, the Madman* of the North!
 Could I the wasted Land a Desart show,
 In nothing fertile, but in sights of woe;
 Point where, behind that *veil* by Glory spread,
 Contagion tends the dying, midst the dead,
 Teach Men the Conqueror's † blood-stained name
 to hate,
 Ere dire experience makes them wise—*too late* ;

* At Pultowa, Charles the twelfth experienced a terrible defeat, and lost the fruit of many splendid Victories. Peter the Great was accustomed to say, "*My Brother of Sweden fancies himself an Alexander ; but he shall not find me a Darius.*"

† "They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By Conquest far and wide, to overrun
 Large Countries, and in Field great battles win,
 Great Cities by assault; what do these Worthies?
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inslave
 Peaceable Nations, neighbouring, or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors; who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing Works of Peace destroy:
 Then swell with Pride, and must be titled Gods!
 Till Conqueror Death discovers them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish Vices, and deformed,
 Violent or shameful Death, their due reward."

That Fame, doomed soon to perish, and to fade,
 Unwept, 'mid ruins which itself hath made ;
 Then—might I string the *Minstrel's* * Harp, to tell
 The Clash of Arms, the rushing Battle's yell ;

* Mr. Scott's Flodden Field is justly considered the best description of a modern battle extant. I repeat my convictions that Mr. Scott can write better than he has hitherto done. The danger is, that he will exhaust his muse, before he finds a subject worthy of her. Mr. Scott's popularity bids fair to overwhelm us with an host of imitators. Would modern Poetasters have the resolution to strip each thought as it arises, of every ornament of expression, dress of language, and harmony of numbers ; if they would muster up courage to ask themselves these formidable questions ; Is this idea just, convincing, or beautiful ; is it pregnant with meaning, and is it new in its conception, if not in its application ; in short, is it worth while to say it at all ? If the *Genus irritabile* would determine to deal thus plainly with themselves, it is amazing how many good consequences would ensue. We should have very little Poetry, *but that little would be good*. "*Pauca, sed illa Rosas.*" Were this plan adopted, all those who sit down suddenly to write, for the worst of all reasons, *because they have nothing to do*, would as suddenly, for the best of all reasons, conclude, *because they have nothing to say*. The next good consequence would be this, that Criticism would cease, and that Critics would be *changed* into useful members of Society. For these Gentlemen who give so full an *account of all other Persons*, but who are neither able, nor willing to give any *account of themselves*, would then find it necessary to comply with the *pressing* invitations they would receive to take a salt-water excursion in his Majesty's Navy. They might

That Work begun at morn, and closed at eve,
Foul work, that years of Peace may not retrieve.

What time the stricken Tents, at peep of day
Vanish, like snow, before the solar ray,

there continue, as at present, *to shift with the wind*; nor would their occupation, nor their residence, undergo any very *material change, as their hand would still be against every man, and their Head Quarters—The Fleet!*

Again—as abortions usually give more pain than vigorous and healthy births, so it is extremely possible that some of our modern Rhimers take more pains to *write ill*, than a Gray or a Shakespeare took to *write well*. My plan would not only exempt them from these pains, but would snatch them from that *purgatory and hell* of Authors, *Publication, and Criticism*.

Publication indeed may be compared to Matrimony; those who think the most lightly of it *before-hand*, are usually those who have cause to think the most seriously of it *afterwards*. Those who publish in *haste* commonly repent at leisure. *The very Pen* which *now* furnishes the *precept*, may in all probability hereafter supply the *example*. “In Utrumque paratus.” I shall conclude this note with a short quotation from Gibbon, on the state of Genius and Literature, during the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; leaving the *application* of this passage to the good sense of my Readers. “The beauties of the Poets and Orators, instead of kindling a fire like their own, inspired only *cold and servile imitations*: or if any ventured to deviate from those models, they *deviated at the same time from good sense and propriety*. The Provincials of Rome, trained by an uniform, artificial, foreign education, were engaged in a very unequal competition with those bold ancients, who by

And axe of Pioneer alarms the wood,
 Whose Oaks descending instant span * the flood!
 While Flocks and Herds in wild confusion run,
 And headlong speed, the march of War to shun;
 Scared by the banners red, and clarions shrill,
 And bugles, answered quick from hill to hill!
 Both far and near they fly the gathering din,
 Ere the confronting Legions close them in.

Yon heights reflecting far the Horsemen's † mail,
 Yon *steel-bright forest*, winding through the vale,
 Yon magic Arch, ‡ the work of hands unseen,
 Their *Midnight* task, that strides the deep Ravine,
 That Roar from signal-gun! that sullen sound
 Of ponderous iron wheels,§ that shake the ground,
 That dusty Whirlwind from the Charger's hoof,
These warn the Sons of Peace—to stand aloof.
 With horrid haste while distant Nations fly
 But to behold each other,—and to die!

expressing their genuine feelings in their native tongue, had already occupied every place of honour. The Name of *Poet* was almost forgotten, that of Orator was usurped by the Sophists. *A Cloud of Critics, of Compilers, of Commentators, darkened the face of learning, and the decline of Genius was soon followed by the corruption of Taste.*"

* To make the Military Bridges.

† *Cuirassiers*, who are enveloped in armour.

‡ To facilitate the passage of Artillery.

§ The Tumbrils.

What time each Column, at the Rocket's * blaze
With rapid wheel the lengthening Line displays !

Now doubt and confidence, and hope and fear,
By turns proclaim defeat, or conquest, near,
And Fate, 'twixt *both* suspends her awful screen,
And in mysterious grandeur clouds the scene !
Is there, that solemn pause who cannot feel ?

O envy not the wretch his heart of steel ;
Sure *one* fond thought of all he left behind,
Might, for that moment, melt the sternest mind !

But—*Charge* ! that fear and doubt-dispelling word,
That sound to British Heroes dear, is heard !
Eager, as Coursers from the goal, their Foes
They seek, and soon with weapons crossed, they
close.

Earth feels the sudden shock, while shouts resound,
And groans, half heard, in din of battle drowned.
Steeds answering Steeds, with smoking breath, from
far,

Swell the rough concert, and provoke the war.

See now the broken line of battle reel,
See front to front opposed, and steel to steel ;
As when the blast drives Euxine's maddened wave,
The Danube's † strength, by Torrents swollen, to
brave !

* In modern warfare I am informed it is usual to come up in columns, and at the firing of a Rocket, or some other signal, to deploy or to wheel instantaneously into line.

† This is far from being an *unequal* conflict. The Danube

Now Discord plays the direful *Game of Kings*,
 And roused by Trumpet, flaps her vulture wings ;
 Here with *convulsive* grasp, *the Youth*, * retains
 Though fallen ! the standard that his life-blood
 stains,

While Veterans mark their favourite's dying groan,
 And to revenge *his* wounds, forget their *own*.

There, swift as Hurricanes, with flowing rein,
 And crimson spur, the Squadrons † sweep the plain,
 Through smouldering clouds they meet, with thun-
 dering crash,

While Sabres dart the lightning's fatal flash !
 Fierce, plunging into death, the wounded Horse
 Drags through the routed ranks, the trampled Corse ;

is fed by sixty navigable Rivers, and one hundred and twenty smaller streams ; and it discharges itself with such rapidity into the Euxine, that the current of its waters is sensibly observed for several miles. Speaking of the Rhine, and the Danube, Gibbon observes, "The *latter* of those mighty streams, which rises at the distance of only thirty miles from the *former*, flows above thirteen hundred miles, for the most part to the South-east, collects the tribute of sixty navigable rivers, and is at length through six mouths received into the Euxine, *which appears scarcely equal to such an accession of Waters.*"

* Can it be necessary to mention here the name of Walsh ?

† Notwithstanding the superior euphony and power of the greek language, yet I have often thought that even Homer, when he has indulged in an attempt to make the sound an echo to the sense, has never surpassed that line of Virgil's
 "Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit Ungula Campum."

Crushed 'neath his hoof, both spear and scymitar
 Bestrew the field with steel,—the wreck of War;
 With sulph'rous cloud, while Cannon cloke the Sun,
 In *red* eclipse, till their fell work be done;
 In yawning furrows plough the channel'd mead,
 And sow the ravaged Earth with *iron seed*!
 Seed, that manured with blood, and wet with tears,
 No reaper gladdens, and no *harvest* bears.

Now bursting bombs, those *wing'd* Volcanoes,
 rake

Th' advancing Phalanx, and its firmness shake;
 In fiery curve, display from rear to van,
 The hell-born * ingenuity of man!
 Man wise to shorten life, but not prolong,
 To give it feeble, but to take it strong.

And close behind—the Phantom Glory treads,
 And o'er the fallen her *flimsy* mantle spreads;
 Ah! can her tinselled Vestment, wove by Pride,
 That hideous wreck, her dismal triumph, hide!

* Milton attributes the invention of Gunpowder to the Devils. Have the commentators found no allegory here? When Milton informs us that Sin was born in heaven, we are instructed to admire the address and sagacity of the Poet, who takes this method of reminding us that every Vice is the excess of some Virtue! But what shall we say of Falshood, Cruelty, Ingratitude, Brutality, Blasphemy, et cæc? These are certainly *Vices*, but I am at a loss to know of what *Virtues* they are the excess.

Ah! can her smile, and unavailing praise,
 Those *prostrate forms*, her *mute* adorers raise?
 Can glory cheer the grave, * or bid one tear
 Relieve the bursting heart of dumb despair!
 Or close *his* eyes, who left on Battle-plain
 To linger, envies his Companions slain!
 Or stay that *female* Fiend, the night hath sped
 To pierce the dying, and to *spoil* the dead!

Thou Sun! that didst this Morning's pomp survey,
 The burnished Field, the Battle's proud array,
 Now view the tragick change, the woeful price
 Of Glory's sad, and sumptuous sacrifice!
 Behold, where'er thy blazing eye may ken,
 An offered host, and hecatombs of men!
 Then leave to night and darkness Europe's grave,
 For happier scenes—beyond the western wave!

* "Nunc levior cippus non imprim't ossa,
Laudat Posteritas—nunc non e Manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulto fortunæque favillâ
Nascuntur Violæ!"

An Irishman, on being asked what was meant by Posthumous Works, replied, "Posthumous Works I take to be the Works a man writes *after he is dead*." Now if it be true of Fame, that "just what we hear we have;" and this was the observation of no common mind, then it follows that we can give no better account of *posthumous* fame, than the Irishman gave of *posthumous* works; namely, that *posthumous fame is that fame which a man hears after he is dead!*

Ah ! when will Kings, *grown honest*, cease to dress
 In gorgeous garb Destruction and Distress ?
 When Subjects, *rendered wise*, deny to war
 Its pride, its pomp, its gaze-attracting Car.

O in what woe-warned, time-taught, happier age,
 Shall War be blotted from th' historic page ?
 When Men, indignant, shall erase from fame
 The Conqueror's splendid villanies and name ;
 When sceptered Plunderers shall their Murders rue,
 And cease to spoil the *many* for the *few*.

Ne'er doth Hypocrisy so foul appear,
 As when she teaches Kings * to *feign a fear*,

* From all the preambles, and perorations to any proclamation of War, one would be led to suppose that Kings and Emperors were universally the most peace-loving, inoffensive, forgiving, and yet injured and insulted Beings under Heaven. But their neighbours have never so much cause to tremble for their safety, as when Kings announce to them, that *their own is in danger*. The late Emperor of Russia was mad ; but madmen sometimes start a good idea. He proposed a plan for making wars less bloody, shorter, and less frequent. It was simple, and *if adopted*, would prove efficacious. He recommended that the *Potentates of Europe should meet and settle their respective differences by single combat !* The most notorious piece of Hypocrisy, "*de la Guerre*," on record, is to be found in the conduct of the Emperor Charles the Vth, when he sacked Rome, and took the Pope prisoner. This royal Juggler beat his *Infallible* Antagonist, even at his own weapons ; for he pretended to feel most extreme sorrow for the victory ; he forbid the ringing of bells ; he even went into

Excuses finds, and prompts their royal Breath
 To plead with Eloquence, the cause of Death ;
 Beneath their *ermine*d velvet hides the Paw,
 And spring elastic of the Tiger's Claw ;
 With milk of mercy smoothes each honied word,
 But in the flesh of thousands sheathes their Sword !

O'er tombs and deserts then let Conquerors reign,
 And wield a shadowy sceptre o'er the slain ;
 Their Peace a Solitude ! * where friends nor foes
 Are left, their crimes to flatter or oppose.

mourning, and caused processions to be made in Rome, and prayers to be offered up in all the churches, that it would please the Almighty, in his good time, to permit him to release his Holy Prisoner, But amidst all this outward appearance and show of contrition, he winked at the shocking excesses committed by his army in the Capital of the Pontiff ; nor did he release him until he had acceded to his demands ! “*Servetur ad Imum.*” That such a thorough-paced Impostor as this should begin by deceiving others, and end by deceiving himself, is not to be wondered at ; the transition is not an uncommon one. The retirement of this Royal *Pantomoumenos* to the Monastery of St. Justus ; his intrusions on the repose of a few poor Monks ; his inflictions of voluntary flagellations on himself ; and lastly, that climax of his absurdities, the celebration of his own obsequies, before his death, and the solemn rehearsal of his funeral ; these were but the natural and consequential parts of such a character ; and surprize me no more than acts of cruelty and revenge in a Nero ; or of resignation and forgiveness in a Socrates.

* “*Ubi Solitudinem faciunt, Pacem appellant.*”

The Prince who knows and guards a Nation's
rights,
Who Peace, with all her Sister-Arts, invites,
Who deems it,—unseduced by Courtier Knaves,
More glorious far to rule the Free, than Slaves,
Who strives much less t'increase his wide domain,
Than the true good of all his realms contain;
He builds, more firm than brass, or Parian stone,
Not *o'er our graves*, but in our hearts, his throne!
There reigns *unarmed*, more safe, and more
renowned
Than Cæsar, by twelve Legions compassed round.

But soon I close awhile the lengthened strain,
Should Varius smile, I have not sung in vain;
Long since too large, I ween, if wretched stuff,
My Page hath swollen;—if not,—'tis large enough;
Though some small pains it cost, we dare confess
It might have been made larger, *with much less*. *

Not like Pelides armed to take the field,
A quill thine only spear, a rag † thy shield,

* Those who dislike a Book for being small, do not reflect, with how much *less* pains the Author could have made it *larger*. Perspicuous brevity in writing evinces as great a knowledge of that art, as good *foreshortening* does of the art of Painting. I by no means presume to hope that this is an excellence of writing that I have attained; but we may be allowed to admire what we cannot reach; and even to give rules to others, which we cannot exemplify in ourselves.

† Walpole quotes this line from Fletcher,—the Idea is

Go little Book !—pursue thy vast attempt
 Through warm resentment, and through cold
 contempt ;
 Before tribunals destined to be led,
 And what is worse, to be condemned, *unread* ;
 For hope not thou to *rout* Enchantments, Knights,
 Dwarfs, Curses, Monsters, Castles, Spectres,
 Sprites ;
 Or please, with modest truth, a sensual herd,
 T'Anacreon,* or Ambrosio preferred ;
 Or charm those ears, that love the style profane
 And balderdash, of some French Sceptic's † brain ;

quint. He says of Authors "The Goose lends them a Spear,
 and every Rog a Shield."

* Why does not Mr. Moore write something fit to read ? He
 has powers.

† I have some charity for the Infidelity of a Frenchman,
 who forms his notions of Christianity from the mummery and
 masquerade of Popery. But that French Sceptics should find
 disciples in England, is rather extraordinary ; and still more
 so, that these disciples should plume themselves upon their
 conversion. But as a little learning makes a man a Sciolist ;
 so, a snattering in Philosophy makes him an Infidel. Free-
 thinkers, nine in ten, are not those who think freely, but ra-
 ther those who are *free from thinking*. This is a glorious li-
 berty, truly, to be proud of ; and which is enjoyed in common
 with the brutes. As men of pleasure, by attempting to be
 more happy than any man can be, become more miserable than
 most men are ; so Infidels, by affecting to be wise beyond
 what is permitted to man, are, in fact, more blind and ignorant
 than the multitude they despise. To walk in *darkness*, rather

A precious Cargo, smuggled § to our shores
 With fripperies, fans, pricked Wines, and painted
 Whores.

than in *light* is the melancholy privilege of which they boast, in the language, but not in the *spirit* of Euryalus, "*Est hic est animus lucis contemptor.*" I shall sum up the character of these men in the words of Jortin, "A total ignorance," says he, "of the learned languages, an acquaintance with modern Books, and translations of old ones; some knowledge of modern languages, a smattering in Natural Philosophy, Poetical taste, vivacity of expression, with a large stock of Impiety; these constitute a Volture, or a modern Genius of the first Rank; fit to be patronized by Princes, and caressed by Nobles. Whilst learned men have leave to go and chuse on what tree they will please to hang themselves."

From all that I have observed in the Officers of the French Army, and my opportunities *here* have been frequent, I am inclined to think the bulk of them are Deists. But, as I before hinted, there is some excuse to be offered for them. Necessarily, from their active habits as Soldiers, unacquainted with the pages of antiquity, from which they *might have learned* the inestimable obligations which Society owes to this Religion, and perfect strangers to the purer ages of primitive Christianity; they come to the examination of it, with minds unfortunately prejudiced against it, by all they have seen, heard, and read. From their earliest impressions they are instructed to form their ideas of it, not from the "*College of Fishermen*," as Lord Clatham observed, but from the "*College of Cardinals*."

"Esse aliquos Manes et subterranea regna
 Nec Pueri credunt."

If they entertain any doubts, the volumes of Voltaire or Frederic, or Volney, are at hand to dismiss them. But as Professor Porson observed on another occasion, these are the

Nor hope to win those wanton eyes, that burn,
 Or weep, or languish, o'er insidious Sterne.
 He knows to loose the fine-spun chains, that tie
 The hidden soul of sobbing Sympathy ;
 He can its chords, and secret strings untwist,
 Serene—'mid sighs—a whining Apathist !
 Well-versed with smooth, yet deep designing art,
 To trace that labyrinth,—a Woman's heart ;
 Its close meandering mazes he defies,
 Secure in silken clue of flimsy flatteries ;
 Then bribes its *virtues* to betray their trust,
 And lights, at Love's pure shrine, the torch of Lust.
 With tongue to pity tuned, and heart of steel,
 Too full of sounding sentiment, to feel,
 He could unmoved a starving Mother * pass,
 To pour his sorrows o'er a dying Ass !

Go First-born of my Muse, and with thee take
 The Martyr's Courage, when he meets the stake ;
 Thee, shall some mumping Critic † steal—*for pelf*,
 Then strive to make thee hideous, as himself ;

Authors which I had hoped would be read and admired in *this country*, when Butler, Leland, Newton, and Paley are *forgotten* !—*But not till then.*

§ “ *Advectus Romam quo pruna et coctona vento.*”

* “ I know,” says Horace Walpole, “ from indubitable authority, that Sterne's Mother, who kept a School, having run a debt on account of an extravagant daughter, would have ended in jail, if the parents of her Scholars had not raised a subscription for her.”

† If my Readers revert to some lines in the introductory

Shall *change* thy Voice, thy Tone, and in their stead,
Shall make thee talk his gibberish—for bread;

part of the Poem, they will perceive that I entertain a high respect for legitimate criticism. I kneel at its tribunal, and seek no appeal from its decisions. So far from depreciating the art, I wish to see it more honoured than it is. It is a noble and a useful art; and the Office of the *true* Critic is an high and important Office. But it so happens, that no two things are more distinct than Criticism, and those Traders who now-a-days style themselves *Critics*; it is certainly possible to cherish a very profound respect for the *former*; and at the same time to think but meanly of the *latter*; just as a man may venerate the laws of his country, without being obliged to transfer that veneration to every country Petifogger. Neither are the Remarks I have made, the ebullitions of private pique, or the effect of any *disappointment in authorship*; as the Critics have *never yet* had occasion to write a single line for or against me. But of this I am persuaded; that it is not *authors*, but *critics*, who disgrace their *own* art, by making a Trade of it: That they lower themselves by becoming the tools of Establishments, Sects, Parties, and Prejudices, is so notorious, that there is not a Man of them, except those gentlemen who write in Mr. Cumberland's Review, who is not ashamed to put his name to his own performances. For every thing *anonymous*, and for *anonymous Criticism in particular*, I ever shall avow the most insuperable contempt. But (say the Critics) Truth is Truth, and not the more or the less so, for having a name attached to it; and if our remarks are not founded on Truth, they must fall. Admitted. But unfortunately the public are not generally in possession of the Works you criticize; many know of their publication, only through you; and many more are waiting the decision of your *impartial* tribunal, before they venture to purchase. Now, it

Thy piteous cries, thy tortures, tears, and pains,
 Shall but promote this pilfering Vagrant's gains;

so happens, that no Book is so good, but that some weak and defective passages may be found in it; as for instance, Milton's *Puns on Gunpowder*, in his battle of the Angels. If the Book is to be cried down, these passages are of course advanced, enlarged upon, and made the most conspicuous. But there is no Book so bad, but that some favourable passages may be found in it; if the Book is to be extolled, these are of course adduced as the specimens. Now Critics would be ashamed of this juggling and chicanery, this cup and ball Criticism, if it were the universal practice to sign their Names.

Again—I do affirm that *what is said about a Book is not of so much consequence, as by whom it is said*. This single circumstance makes all the difference; and if known, would often convert what was *censure*, into *praise*; and what was *praise*, into *censure*. For instance, it might come out that some private *enemy* of the Author had said it, or that *the Author* had said it *himself*. Or that a *Sectarian* had been reviewing a Doctor of Divinity, or a Doctor of Divinity a *Sectarian*; or that the remarks came from one whose eyes were not blinded by partiality, or by prejudice, but by *ignorance*. Or it might appear that one Author who had written badly upon a subject, had been reviewing another, who had written *better* upon the same; or that the Criticisms of Mr. A. had been inserted, because his necessities obliged him to drudge for a Publisher, at a guinea per sheet less than Mr. B. These, and a thousand other things, are necessary to be known, but *which anonymous criticism prevents our knowing*; before we permit our judgment to be guided by the Critics, with respect to those Authors, with whom we have *no acquaintance*, but *through the introduction of their remarks and observations*. I request my Readers to reflect a little on the above positions.

By worse than Gipse^y*-hands disguised, defiled,
I shall not know again my *kidnapped* Child.

But to return to my anonymous Friends. Mr. A, B, C, or D, educated nobody knows where, and qualified for his office, nobody knows *how*, scribbles a little essay, containing his *private* opinion of the merits, or demerits of some unfortunate Author. Now it is obvious that this little essay, *value about three half pence*, and written by an obscure individual, as for instance, myself, would produce no effect at all upon the public opinion, or public taste. It might circulate to the amount of one or two hundred copies, in that little circle or atmosphere of notoriety which every man, more or less, concentrates around himself. But the Author of this little essay procures *its insertion in some Review*, the Editors of which perceive it has a little vivacity, and that it contains nothing that runs counter to those principles on which their publication is conducted. *Now mark the mighty change*; stitched up with some other similar attempts; ornamented with covers of blue Paper, and dignified with the Royal Title of *We*, and the Critics, our metamorphosed little three-half-penny Essay becomes at once the organ that regulates the taste and opinion of a vast reading and reflecting population; and opens, or shuts the purses of thousands of his Majesty's Subjects, who voluntarily submit to a *Capitation Tax* in this shape, who, in any other form would resist it to the uttermost. When we consider the effect produced by these publications, and the flimsy materials of which most of them are composed, can we help exclaiming, "*An quidquam stultius quam quos singulos contemnas, eos aliquid putare esse universos?*" "Can any thing be more ridiculous, than to think that those are of consequence when *united*, whom as *Individuals* we despise?"

That there are *some* Gentlemen of very respectable talents,

Now Critics! for a space, farewell,—to write
 To *please* you, were in truth—to *starve* you quite;
 Cheer up! my lines have faults that shall revive
 Your hearts; who live to growl, must growl—to
live.

When once the helmet's on, 'tis then too late
 With foes to parley, thundering at the gate!
 Before the trumpets † sound, 'tis wise to weigh
 With steady hand, the dangers of the fray;
 'Tis done;—your keenest shafts, nor foulest breath,
 Shall wound *my* peace, nor frighten *me* to death;

engaged in this department of Literature, is evident, from the manner in which some of the Articles are reviewed. Surely the names of those Gentlemen who could write such articles, would not only be an honour to any critical publication, but would also be the means of exciting an additional curiosity in the public, and of awakening a greater degree of attention to their remarks.

* In this comparison of the Gipsej, some more points of resemblance might be adduced; but I leave them to the imagination of my Readers. I have heard of an Author who read nearly a whole Article in one of the Reviews, without discovering that he was reading an account of his own Work. “*Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise;*” and in this happy state, he would have remained, had not a *solitary* quotation, in the last page, let him into the secret; namely, that he had been enjoying a laugh at his own expense.

† Tecum prius ergo voluta

Hæc animo, ante tubas; galeatum sero duelli
 Pœnitet.”

Though White, * your poisoned arrows from his
 breast,
 In mute forgiveness drew,—then sunk to rest !
 At those who court the combat hurl the dart, †
 But spare the bruised reed, the broken heart.
 Then do your worst, exert your utmost rage,
 Twist, mangle, rack for blemishes, my page,
 And when you've finished, and are quite aground,
Ten that you've missed, I'll shew, for *one* you've
 found.

* See Remains of Henry Kirke White.

† On attempting to recollect any thing that might *fairly* be adduced, in favour of anonymous criticism, the whole seems reducible to this. The feelings of Mr. *Nobody*, the Critic, are of much more consequence than the feelings of Mr. *Somebody*, the Author : therefore the Critic must be allowed to fight in close and safe quarters ; because it takes many years of *hard study and close application* to make a Critic ! Whereas, a few hours of light reading are quite sufficient to constitute an Author. Again—Those Reviews, the writers of which are *unknown*, may venture to be more spirited, cutting, and sarcastic ; therefore *they sell better* ; because all men rejoice to see an Author humbled ; and none are more pleased to see this than Brother Authors. But whatever Spirit there may be in anonymous Reviews, it appears to me to be as easy to be brave at the risk and hazard of an Editor, (since he is the only ostensible person,) as it is to be generous at another man's expense. But I shall ever think *that* is the most *spirited* Publication, the writers of which disdain to shoot their arrows, like the Indian, from some secure and secret lurking place ; but who come forward boldly with Nisus, and exclaim, “Adsum qui feci.” “Here I am, who did it.”

But should my Pen (more than it hopes) attain
 The Vulgar Plaudit,—where's the mighty gain,
 If, while the Pagebe praised, the Author's hissed?
 Men Satire love, but hate the Satirist.

Yet, when we think of what vile things are made
 The great and little Vulgar, strictly weighed,
 Say dull Mundanus, * shall I woo the nine,
 To please such claycold, cautious hearts,—as
 thine;

Mundanus,—drilled to cringe and kiss the Rod,—
 Who, ere he praises waits his Patron's Nod;
 From fear of wrong, who never dares be right,
 From selfish dread of censure, useless quite;
 Whose feet ne'er ventured on untrodden ground,
 In trammels stiff of rules and customs bound;
 Formed like the Trees, by climate, and by soil,
 Whose blood, like sap, *doth creep*, but never boil,
 Whose life, insipid, smooth as Hayley's † song,
 With sleep-inviting current steals along;

* It will not be necessary to appropriate to any individual, the character of Mundanus. It happens to be, with some slight modifications, the character of the great majority. The old manly, rough, and independent English Character, seems to be worn down in a servile attendance on those who command the patronage of rotten Boroughs, Ecclesiastical Preferments, and Close Corporations. Such Sycophants in *one* respect may be compared to old Guineas;—the more *smooth* they are, the less valuable;—I wish they were as *scarce*.

† If I have mentioned Mr. Hayley more than once, it is be-

Who owns a spiritless, a tasteless mind,
 Vapid as wines, o'er-racked, and o'er-refined ;
 Too wise the Fool, to dull the Knave to prove,
 Too cold for Friendship, too discreet for Love,
 Whose heart ne'er glowed another heart to meet,
 Incapable as lead of *welding* * heat
 A bloodless, senseless, lukewarm, harmless thing,
 That bears no honey, and that wears no sting.

Then who would write the multitude to please ?
 Formed, as in truth they are, *of such as these !*

O for a shop of shops, where all who need,
 Might purchase *Sense !* the books they buy—to
 read ;

cause he is, with respect to the sale of his Works, one of our most successful Rhimers. Perhaps it is my misfortune that I can discover no beauties in his Poetry, notwithstanding I can see many in his Prose. But he has qualities far more amiable. It is not my intention to pay (what no man will thank one for) a compliment to his heart at the expense of his head. For I repeat my convictions that in his Prose Writings he has merited the title of an Elegant Scholar. I shall not think one atom the worse of Mr. Hayley, if he should retort that neither my Verse nor Prose contain any thing worth reading. “Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.”

* A Capability of being indissolubly united at a certain heat, called by Workmen the *welding heat*. This is a property peculiar to the finest Iron ; the more pure, and free from Sulphur the metal is, the better. I have heard that Platina will *weld* ; but its high price and obstinate infusibility, make this quality of little value in Platina.

Wigs have attained perfection, nought remains
 For the *Great Seal* to stamp, but *patent* Brains ;
 Shall brains alone their baffled art defy,
 Who give us Teeth, or Ears, a Nose * or Eye ! †

A friend to all that's good, in Church,‡ or State,
 No foe to worth I cannot emulate ;

* “*Sic adscititios nasos, de clune torosi
 Vectoris, doctâ secuit Talicotius arte.*”

† I have somewhere read a story of an unfortunate Christian who gained a livelihood in Constantinople, by making spectacles, and artificial Eyes. He had the honour to make an Eye for the Grand Seignior, and was handsomely rewarded by him.

About a month after that, he was sent for, and was to his great astonishment severely bastinadoed for a *Cheat*. The Gentlemen who administer these punishments, are usually not very communicative of any thing but blows. But at last, he found out that the Grand Seignior had worn his Eye, with all *Ma-hommedan* patience for a whole month, and yet could see no better with it, than he could on the first day it was put in !

‡ I have referred my readers, for a note on the word Priest, to the Appendix ; but as that will not be printed till the third Book is finished, at the end of which it will be annexed ; I shall offer what few observations I had to make on that head, here.

Once for all, I attach no importance whatever to any of my remarks. If I am wrong, I shall be very much obliged to any one who will set me right. There may be a thousand reasons for differing in opinion ; seldom one good reason for quarrelling about them. Conformity in essentials is a real good, so far as it can be obtained by argument, not by force ; by persuasion, not by penalties. “*In necessariis sit unitas ; in non*

No faction's tool, but proud to plead the cause
Of Freedom *while* she venerates the laws,

necessariis, liberalitas, *in omnibus, Charitas*" Therefore I shall use the common privilege of every rational creature, to "conjecture with freedom, to propose with diffidence, to dissent with civility." I have in a former note attempted to clear the Presbyterians from a false aspersion. Many will be ready to infer from this that I am an enemy to the Establishment. No such thing. To say that the Members of the Establishment, or that those who compose Dissenting Congregations are perfect, would be to say that they are not men. A little of *their* zeal and activity, would not hurt us; a little of *our* liberality would not hurt them. Were the power and patronage of the Establishment removed into other hands, I am far from thinking the new possessors would evince a greater degree of moderation in the enjoyment of them. While any Church is connected with a Government, that Church will always have something to give; and it will ever be matter of contention, who are the most fit to receive it. But in this struggle for temporalities the great advantages christianity is capable of bestowing even on the present state of Society, (for it is a social Religion,) are annihilated. "There hath not been discovered," says Lord Bacon, "in any age, any Philosophy, Opinion, Religion, Law, or Discipline, which so greatly exalts the *common*, and lessens the *individual* Interest, as the Christian Religion doth."

My partiality for the Establishment, has not made me blind to its faults. In many things, but most of all in its Articles, I humbly conceive there is room, and *shortly may be opportunity*, for improvement. When we reflect *who* and *what* those men are, who have seceded from us, because they could not, in their present state, conscientiously subscribe to the Articles; we must acknowledge, we can ill afford to lose

I look on earth for no Utopian plan
Of pure angelic excellence, in man ;

such talents, enhanced by *such* integrity. Some years since a very large proportion of the Clergy gave manifest and public proof of their wishes, on this occasion. I am inclined to think that this proportion hath of late increased. When Paley was asked for his vote on this occasion, his reply was, "I sincerely wish well to the cause, but cannot at present afford to keep a conscience." A foolish and thoughtless joke, which on such an occasion had been better spared. But some may say, "Has the Church Power to revise, alter, or annul any of her Articles? Read her own language in these very Articles; *General Councils are assemblies of men, all of whom may not be governed by the Spirit and Word of God: they may err, and sometimes have erred; and all things ordained by them as necessary to salvation, have neither strength, nor authority, unless it may be declared that they are taken out of the holy scriptures. Every particular, or national church, hath authority to ordain, change, or abolish ceremonies or rites of the church, ordained only by men's authority.* Much learned labour hath of late been bestowed, to prove that these Articles are not Calvinistic; and that they are Apostolic. I must conceive it is of infinitely more consequence to make out the latter proposition, than the former. As far as Calvin, or any other Reformer, or Teacher, can be reconciled to the Gospel, so far he is entitled to our attention, and no farther. In defence of Calvin's persecuting Spirit it has been usual to say it was the error of the Times in which he lived; and the necessary fault of his Education. But surely one, who after tearing himself from the pale of the Church of Rome, became, a kind of Protestant Pope at Geneva; who after escaping from the very Laboratory of Persecution, was ever after *blinded by the smoke*, "Ardentia

The faults that in *myself* I tolerate,
I can in *others* pity, more than hate.

Massæ fuliginelippus ;" who, in the case of Servetus, gave woe-ful proofs that with all his wisdom, he was not above the *damning* error of the age in which he lived ; surely, such an one is not exactly the Oracle that is to guide the faith, and regulate the opinions of Posterity. But supposing Calvin had given us, what he certainly has not, the *best* proof that he was indeed entitled to the highest veneration and authority amongst Posterity ; namely, that he himself was above the *errors of his own day* ; yet even that, in the present case, would hardly justify us in pinning our faith upon his sleeve. Because the superadded experience of so many centuries, and the glorious light of the Reformation, of which he was only one of the Morning Stars, have enabled us to be much better judges in these matters *now* for ourselves, than Calvin could at that time have possibly been for us. On this subject Lord Bacon has expressed himself with his usual *pregnant brevity*. "De antiquitate autem, opinio quam homines de ipsa foveant, negligens omnino est, et vix verbo ipsi congrua. *Mundi enim Senium, et Grandævitas pro antiquitate vere habenda sunt ; quæ temporibus nostris tribui debent, non juniori ætati mundi, qualis apud antiquos fuit. Illa enim ætas respectu nostræ antiqua et major ; respectu mundi ipsius nova et minor fuit.*" "But that opinion which men entertain concerning antiquity, is altogether vague, and hardly to be reconciled to the very term itself. For the old and advanced age *of the world*, may indeed be considered to be true antiquity ; *and this antiquity belongs to modern times ; not to that younger age of the World, such as it was amongst the Antients.* For that age of the Antients, with respect to *our age*, is certainly the older of the two ; but with respect to the *world*, it is as certainly the younger."

Taught by plain Truth alone, and Common Sense,
 I make to inspiration *no* pretence,
Rare Gift !—to prove it, mark the Grecian's page,
 Th' unrivalled wonder still of every age.
 But, if the Honest, Wise, and Good can find
 Just cause of anger to a generous mind,
One vice encouraged, or *one* virtue grieved,
 Then—let the volume perish, unreprieved ;
 If ought but Worth or Genius, have my praise,
 Or ought but Guilt my Censure—damn the lays.

Wouldst *ride*, not walk ! a Panegyric write,
 To Lords A, B, or C, the Scroll indite,
 Long as their rent-roll ; as their coffers full ;
 False as their pleasures ; as their converse dull.
 He knows them not, who flatters Fools by halves,
 Then be not nice in cramming golden calves.
 But would *his Grace* be tickled, swear he is
 Unmatched by all the Dukes in Genesis !
 Or plead some Nabob's cause, whose avarice
 Against rupees, weighed out the *hoarded rice* ;
 Or prove *his* victories just, *his* title good
 To fame, whose piled Pagodas* smell of blood ;
 Thus win their Friendship ; of their smiles pos-
 sessed,
 Worm next the fatal secret† from their breast ;

* An Indian Coin.

† “ Scire volunt sec eta Domûs atque inde timeri.”

D d

Dear is his wealth to Clive, † but dearer still
The wretch that can accuse him when he will ;

† “ Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest. Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut sumno careas, ponendaque præmia somas
Tristis, et a magno semper timearis amico.”

The epithet of an *heaven-born* General was invented by Lord Chatham, and by him applied to this extraordinary man. In the year 1773, a motion was made in the House of Commons, to resolve, that in the acquisition of his wealth, Lord Clive had abused the powers with which he had been entrusted. This motion was rejected, and it was voted that he who may be considered the Founder of the British Empire in India, had rendered great and meritorious services to his Country. He had been previously presented by the Court of Directors with a superb and costly Sword, set with Diamonds. But the horrid fears and remorseful agitations which overcame this Hero on his couch, and rendered solitude a scene more dreadful than the ensanguined field, or the fire of artillery, together with the shocking circumstance of his putting a period to his own existence, do not tend to weaken our doubts of the purity of the means by which his vast wealth was accumulated. The avarice which clouded the character of another Hero, Marlborough, ended at last in the second childhood of dotage and debility. This Passion “grew with his growth,” but it does not appear, (as in the case of Elwes and most other misers) that it “strengthened with his *weakness*.” At a dinner, where many Ambassadors were present, Marlborough, when called upon for a toast, gave “My Queen,” meaning Queen Anne. One of the guests, who sat next to prince Eugene, enquired of him what Queen the Duke alluded to ? “I have never heard of

But far more dear, to quench the *Candle's* spark,
And sleep *unwatched*, no Coward in the *Dark*.
Sweet balmy Sleep! once fled, thou'rt not restored
By *Votes* of Senates, or a *diamond Sword*;
Ah! what can purchase thee? Not all the gold
By famed Pactolus to the Ocean rolled;
Not all the treasure his Imperial Slave
To false Pizarro * for a ransom gave;

any but one," said the Prince, "to her indeed he is a most devoted Subject, "*Regina Pecunia*."

* When Pizarro took Atahualpa, the Emperor of Peru, prisoner, he offered, says Dr. Robertson, a ransom for his liberty which astonished the Spaniards, even after all they knew of the opulence of his kingdom. The apartment in which he was confined was twenty-two feet in length, and sixteen in breadth, and he undertook to fill it with vessels of gold as high as he could reach. The Inca actually performed his part of the agreement, but the Spaniards most perfidiously deceived him. They seized the treasure of the captive monarch, and still detained him in custody. But they soon proceeded to a much higher act of treachery and injustice; they pretended to bring to a trial, before a tribunal of *Spanish Judges*, the independent Emperor of Peru, on the ridiculous arraignment that he had rebelled against his *lawful Sovereign*, the king of Castile, to whom the *Pope* had granted a right to his dominions! Men who could thus prostitute the forms of law and justice, had resolved to commit murder, and were solicitous only to avoid the infamy of it. The trial accordingly terminated in condemnation, and the unfortunate Atahualpa soon after suffered the death of a criminal!

He dared not set that potent Inca free,
Who *such* a price could pay for liberty.

Think not that I *all* praise or censure scorn,
Or that my callous heart is made of horn ;
Yea *some* there are, whose calm approving voice
Hath power to make despondency rejoice ;
Should these applaud, all's well, I shall not rate
Their value by their *number*, but their *weight*.

Ah ! Who that hath not felt them, who can tell
The fears that sink, the rising hopes that swell
His breast, who courts, as yet to fame unknown,
The maiden Muse, unfriended * and alone ;

* What has been said of giving, may be as truly said of approving. “ *Bis laudat, qui cito laudat.* ” “ He praised me,” said Johnson, “ when as yet I was in obscurity, without friends, and without money ; *and when praise was of service to me.* ” In general, we are afraid to commit ourselves, by praising any thing that is new ; we wait for the Public ; the Public for the Critics ; the Critics for the watchword of their Party ; or the nod of their Patron ; or the fees of their Pay-masters. A fig for *such* commendations. Any *skirter* or *babbler* can follow the pack, or re-echo the cry ; give me the reader, “ *Acutis naris,* ” who boldly challenges upon the scent, and *first* and *singly* announces the game. To bestow praise in the proper place, and to come forward with it in the proper season, requires more taste and *more courage* than to censure. Any mob can pull down what an architect only could erect. But praise should be the incentive, not the principle ; the spur, not the prize ; the cordial that refreshes and revives, not the diam that intoxicates and overcomes. A man may be smother-

Doomed all the Moor's distrustful pangs to prove,
To "doat, yet doubt ;* suspect, yet strongly love."

I scorn myself, when raptured I survey
The mighty Masters of th' immortal lay ;
Thus, one who strives with glance of naked eye,
The Pyramids, † their height, and breadth to try,

ed in honey, like *Voltaire* ; no less than in gall, like *Salmasius*.
Whoever would persuade us that he is indifferent to the praise
of the wise and the virtuous, either will not be believed, or if
he saves his veracity, it will be at the expense of qualities al-
most as valuable.

"Laudari haud metuam, neque enim mihi cornea fibra est,
Sed recti finem extremumque esse recuso,
Euge tuum, et belle."

* See Shakespeare's *Othello*:

"Incipit, et dubitat, scribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, et delet, mutat, culpatque, probatque ;
In que vicem sumptas ponit, positasque resumit."

"Now he begins, now stops, and stopping frames
New doubts, now writes, and now his writing damns ;
By turns defaces, alters, likes, and blames ;
Oft throws in haste his pen and paper by,
Then takes them up again, as hastily."

† These stupendous monuments of human folly and vanity
have been poetical and oratorical property ever since they were
built. "In what year of our Lord did that happen ?" said my
uncle Toby. Ask the critics, I neither know nor care. I have
heard that Buonaparte, when first Consul, made the follow-
ing fine allusion to these monuments of Antiquity, in a speech
before the Deputies of the Departments : "France, externally
formidable and successful, but internally weak and miserable,
wants a peace. She may be compared to those Pyramids I

Learns well his own contrasted littleness,
 But must their awful Grandeur *only* guess.
 The Model I propose, I cannot reach,
 Nor seeing, show ; * nor, lost in wonder, teach ;
 Else *might* the bright description grace my style,
 And *one* Oasis † in the desert smile.

have lately seen in Egypt; their outward appearance, indeed, fills the mind of the spectator with ideas of their grandeur, strength, and magnificence; but when he enters them, what does he behold? Inanimated ashes, and the silence of the tomb!

* “Hunc talem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.”

I am far from thinking what follows a finished Portrait; it is more strictly a rough sketch, nor would it have been exhibited to my readers, at least for the present, and in the crude state in which it is, had not some unforeseen changes taken place in my plan of publication. A partial Jury of a few friends who have seen it, recommended its insertion. Imperfect as this attempt is, it may serve to remind Modern versifiers that the true Poet, from the many rare endowments which must conspire, and co-operate in his formation, cannot be a very common character; and that we may safely walk through the crowded Streets of the Metropolis, and even venture into the *Row*, without any danger of being jostled by true Poets, even in this rhyming age. “Ex quovis *Ligno* non fit Poeta.” An observation I once made to an American of the name of *Wood*, who showed me some wretched rhymes of his own composing.

† The Oases are highly fruitful and cultivated spots, green and beautiful as emeralds, which occasionally may be found in the midst of the desert, filling the exhausted traveller with delight and astonishment. He readily acknowledges them to be

THE BARD, Creation's heir, and Fancy's child,
 Rich as the Vale, and as the Mountain wild ;
 From Critics cold takes not, but gives * the rule,
 Nor floats on common-place, that stagnant pool ;

both " rich " and " rare," but " wonders how the devil *they* got there."

* It is notorious that the greatest of the Poets have *preceded* the Critics of their respective countries ; and that the finest productions of the human mind have been finished before the rules for composing them were laid down. Thus Aristotle wrote *after* Homer ; Quintilian and Longinus *after* Virgil ; and in our own country, the very name of a *native* Critic was hardly known, till long *after* Shakespeare and Milton were dead. "*O fortunati nimium !*" It appears then that the Critics have not been the Præstolatores, who marching in the *van* of the Poet, have facilitated his progress, by clearing the undiscovered land of its difficulties and impediments ; but that they have been content, like Sutlers, to bring up the *rear* ; to be the mere proclaimers of the Poet's Victory, or the Pageants of his Triumph. After they have recovered from their astonishment at the marvellous prowess, the "*speciosa miracula*" displayed by him, they next encumber him with their officious help ; or else, like the Rhetorician who undertook to teach Hannibal the art of war, presume to tell him *how he might have done better !* It has been observed " that there are two periods favourable to Poets, a rude age when a genius may hazard any thing, and when nothing has been forestalled. The other is, when after an age of barbarism, a master or two, as Milton, produce models formed by purity, and taste." But in general that excessive refinement superinduced by a classical education, and an intimacy with the pure models of antiquity, while it sharpens the judgement, has a natural tendency to discourage en-

Knows, with the river's smoothness, to combine
 The torrent's force, in his resistless line ;
 Where, like the Nile, all eyes with wonder own
 The stream majestic, but the source unknown !

E'en in his youth, his front, with proud desire
 Of Fame that beams, betokens nascent fire ;
 Thus, o'er yon eastern cloud, the rising ray
 Predicts the splendour of the coming day.
 Whene'er he stoops, 'tis from that Eagle's height
 That o'ertops others, in his lowest flight ;
 He starts no mean, no common race to run,
 And if he falls, illustriously undone,
 'Tis the bright fall of him who dared to guide the
 Sun.

Within the magic circle of his eye,
 All Nature's beauties, all her terrors lie,
 She reigns unrivalled o'er a willing heart,
 That scorns the charms of meretricious Art ;

terprize, fetter invention, and repress originality. Such men find it more easy to give rules for fine writing to others, than to exemplify them in themselves. They seldom realize the high expectations that were formed of them ; and usually fail *as authors*, from a vain attempt to *produce better bread than can be made of wheat*. We have many instances of such characters, of whom the world would have thought more highly, *had they never written*. In this respect they may be compared to that literary phænomenon Crichton, to whom, with a slight alteration, a sentence in Tacitus may be adapted ; “ *Omnium consensu capax scribendi, nisi scripsisset.*”

Can Art touch Nature in effect, or plan?
 Can God be rivalled in his Creature Man?

To Slaves of Wealth, the Bard displays a mind,
 From low pursuits, and sordid cares refined ;
 True friend to social joys, the brawling feast
 He shuns, where o'er the man presides the beast ;
 The *flow* of ignorance, the *feast* of Swine, *
 Where *old* ideas pall us, and *new* wine.

Luxuriant Vale, or cloud-enveloped Height,
 The soothing Rill, tempestuous Ocean's might,
 The trim smooth-shaven Lawn, the shaggy Wood,
 The lake of Glass, the wild torrentuous flood,
 Frequented Walk, or lonely Precipice,
 That frowns forlorn o'er Conway's dread abyss ;
 These, yield him pleasures that no pains alloy,
 What others *anxious* hold, 'tis his t' enjoy.

But chief the Bard, on bold invention's wing,
 In fancy's boundless realms delights to sing.
 Each thought, brought forth in rapture, not in pain,
 Starts, bright as Pallas from the Thunderer's brain ;
 Nor doth the vast exhaustless Ocean hold
 More wealth unclaimed, more undiscovered gold.

Seated in contemplation's diamond Car,
 Calm he surveys the elemental war ;

* "Prudent Porcelli, Porcorum Pigra propago !" The ancients, whenever they wished to enjoy the "feast of *Reason*, and the flow of *Soul*," very wisely restricted their parties to a number not *less* than the graces, nor *more* than the muses.

Or stands on hoarse Niagra's trembling mound,
 While notes heard farther than his waves resound ;
 Immortal Verse, that shall not cease to flow,
 When time shall lay that watery wonder low.
 Or lost in midnight gaze of rapture, runs
 O'er heaven's star-studded arch, that wilderness
 of suns ;
 Suns that saw rebel-angels headlong hurled,
 Ere from the germ of chaos burst the world ;
 Where grand profusion, negligent, sublime,
 Acts uncontrolled by matter, space or time ;
 Where Newton erst beheld, with ravished eye,
 The grand Sensorium † of Deity !

* I have often been much struck with the following description of the Deity. "From his grand Sensorium, Infinity of Space, and Eternity of Duration, he directs all the movements of nature ; and is determined, by his own unalterable perfections, to maintain in it, at all times, and in all places, the highest possible quantity of happiness, by the best possible means." There are three reflections, which have often assisted me in forming awful, but very inadequate conceptions of the immensity of God's Works. The first is, that the whole diameter of the Earth's orbit, from Cancer to Capricorn, becomes a mere point, when compared with the inconceivable distance of the fixed stars. The truth of this is evident ; because Sirius, which is the nearest fixed star, is the only one which has a *perceptible*, annual parallax. The second reflection is, that such immense bodies as the Comets, should have "ample scope and space enough" allowed them, to describe such vast and eccentric orbits, and yet never endanger the workmanship, or destroy the beauty of the firmament, by

“Nature’s High Priest,” in reverential mood,
 Modest, unconscious of his worth, he stood,
 Himself a nobler light than all the suns he viewed !

getting within those spheres of attraction produced by the Suns of other systems. The third is this — When Herschel first took sweeps of the Heavens, with his forty-foot Reflector, the starry host he observed, appeared to be multiplied under his eye. Before the Philosophical Society, he hazarded this bold conjecture. “My Reflector,” said he, “gives me in some sort a power of looking back into time past ; since I have good reason to conclude that some of the fixed stars I have discovered by its means, must have been created *two millions of years ago !*”

From some observations on clusters of fixed stars, which to the naked eye appear like nebulæ, and which are situated at the remotest *perceptible* point of the Galaxy, this Philosopher was led to conclude, that a ray of light coming from the farthest of them, would require a period of nearly two millions of years, to travel the immeasurable distance which separates our earth from them. But this distance must have been passed through by their rays, or the stars from whence they emanate, would not be visible ; since *no* object can be seen except by rays that come from it. It has been calculated with much accuracy, that light reaches us from the sun in more than eight, and less than nine minutes. It is supposed a ray from Sirius would reach us in about six years ; since it is demonstrable he cannot be *less* than a certain distance from our earth, by observations on his parallax.

Of Space and of Duration, it has always struck me, that it is much *less* difficult to conceive them *infinite* than *bounded*. Neither do the grandest discoveries of Astronomy, nor the boldest conceptions of Philosophers, invalidate the only rational and consistent account we have of the Creation, namely

With fainter beam, more transient, less refined,
The body these irradiate—He the mind !

But Suns, nor Systems, glorious as they are,
Not these their Maker's wisdom *most* declare ;
Nor *best*,—one object doth the Poet prize,
More high than all the marvels of the skies ;
He dares, but with no vulgar eye, to scan
Each glorious work of God—and mostly Man !*

the Mosaic; since *that* in all probability, relates only to *our* system. “ *And God made two great lights ; the greater light to rule the Day ; and the lesser light to rule the night ; he made the stars also.*” This, I humbly conceive to be a simple, yet sublime account of our system, the sun, the moon, and the planets; the Creation of *all* which must have been, from the known laws of gravity, *coeval*.

Although the researches of Philosophy have uniformly confirmed the Sacred History, yet there are difficulties she may not overcome, and mysteries she must not penetrate. On these occasions, it is surely more *safe*, and more *creditable*, to stand on the *Terra-Firma* of Revelation, in company with such men as *Newton* and *Bacon*; than to commit ourselves to the unknown regions of Scepticism, and conjecture, attended by such guides as *Volney* and *Voltaire*.

“ *Fidei, et ejus firmamentis, standum.*”

* “ *Quicquid agunt Homines.*” Poetry has for its legitimate and principal object man; his character, manners, passions, sentiments, actions; for those things will always most sensibly affect us, to which we are most nearly related. But we are most nearly related to man; therefore man, his actions and passions are the proper subjects for the poet. Tragedy, that most interesting department of the art, owes all its powers to this single circumstance, that of being the most lively and

Can sink or swell, can rouse or lull to rest,
Each chord that jars, or modulates the breast ;

affecting imitation of important human actions. “Εστιν ἡ Τραγωδία μιμησις πράξεως σπεδαιας καὶ τελείας.” It would seem that there are two principal reasons, why those Poets who transport us *altogether* into the land of Fairies, Goblins, and Monsters, rarely produce any *deep* or *lasting* impression on our minds: first, because they place us amongst beings with whom we have nothing in common ; with whom, therefore, we *cannot sympathize*. The second reason, perhaps is this ; Poetry is undoubtedly an imitative Art, “Τέχνη μιμητική.” But it *ceases* to be an imitative art, and its very *essence* is destroyed, the moment it is wholly occupied in describing Goblins, Fairies, Genii, and other Montrosities ; *because the Prototypes have no existence*.

Some will think Shakespeare a splendid exception to the last remark. But it must be remembered that Shakespeare was blessed with that idiosyncrasy, as it were, of *mind*, which could convert every thing it touched into Gold. “Before such merit all objections fly.” But *even Shakespeare* was not bold enough to hazard the experiment of a fable, from which all human agents were excluded, and whose sole interest was to be derived from the actions, passions, habits, and manners, of mere visionary Beings. In his highest flights, Shakespeare never loses sight of Man. He therefore uses the creatures of the fancy, not as *principals*, but as *auxiliaries* ; and he walks their dread circle, not their trembling vassal, but their rightful Lord. They await his nod ; and are never called but to be subservient to some end with which his constant theme, namely *Man*, is connected. In the mysterious jargon of the witches, we anticipate the fate of a *Tyrant* ; when Prospero raises the storm, we tremble for the *Mariners* ; when he waves his wand, we sympathize with *Miranda*. Nor were the *imitative* powers of

Quick, at his mighty-bidding, hopes, or fears,
Alternate rise, or sympathetic tears ;
Tears ! sent by bounteous heaven, to give relief
In ecstasy of joy, or agony of grief ;
From *human rocks*, till then unmoved by woe,
Touched by the Poet's wand—the waters flow.

To him, supreme dominion is consigned,
O'er all that vast, unbounded empire—mind !
Here uncontrolled he reigns ; all meaner things,
Earth, and its sordid cares, he leaves to kings ;
He knows how far each Passion's rule extends,
Where each domain begins, and where it ends ;
The nice partitions marks, that separate
Each province, thin as air, but fixed as fate.

Above the clouds and errors of his day
High raised, he meditates th' immortal lay ;
His ample view, no geographic line,
Nor circle, nor meridian, may confine ;
Man's every action, passion, word, he weighs,
And oft the source from whence they flow, displays,
The inmost thought ! for what the tongue conceals,
The eye, the brow, to *his* keen glance reveals ;
That glance, to which compared, the Lynx's eye
Is dull,—and slow the bolt that rends the sky.

Poetry vitally wounded in the case of Shakespeare, for the *credulity* of that age had already furnished him with the *Prototypes* of these visionary beings, in the imaginations of his audience.

'Tis when the moral picture *speaks* and *lives*,
That full, complete delight his pencil gives ;
'Tis then great Raphael * stands dejected by,
And owns the Poet's triumph in a Sigh !

* I by no means wish to depreciate the two Sister Arts—Painting and Music ; but I must give the *highest* place to Poetry. Because, she possesses more enlarged powers of imitation ; is conversant with higher objects ; embraces more durable and extensive utility ; and enriches her favourites with gifts more indeprivable and indestructible. Poetry is superior to Music ;—because in *addition* to the graces of harmony, she also joins the powers of description. Hence while Poetry charms the soul, Music pleases only the sense. To the power of Music over the passions I subscribe ; but Poetry yields not to Music, even here. And it must be remembered that the purest and most exquisite effort of Music, can hardly be called the “feast of Reason.” But this Queen of the breast vouchsafes to the pleasurable sensations excited by the Poet, her full assent, and unqualified approbation.

Poetry seems to be a superior art to Painting, principally, as I humbly conceive, on the following accounts. It is of more extensive utility ; since the comparatively poor may purchase a Milton, or a Shakespeare ; but the efforts of the Painter must, from their price, be confined to the galleries of the *most* opulent. Also, from the cheap and easy multiplication of Copies, the beauties of the Poet may not only be universally disseminated, but even put beyond the reach of accident. Can this be said of the Cartoons ? Can any invention, or ingenuity effect for Painting, what the Press has done for Poetry ? Engraving is but a poor substitute, yet it is the only one. But Poetry is a more *comprehensive* art than Painting. Painting can only represent a *point* of time, and the transactions of some

In Him, the *Bard* precedes, outstrips the *man*,
Subject of *Charles* he lives, but writes for *Anne*;

particular moment; whereas the Poet can represent, not only the action, but its remotest consequences. One superiority I will admit. A fine Painting addresses itself to all nations, and charms every one that has eyes. But it is not always that the efforts of the Pencil fully explain themselves. "Speak" was the last word a statuary uttered, on giving the finishing-touch of his chissel to the Statue. Though a Painter has often occasion to wish this, yet it is what "*optanti Divom promittere nemo auderet*"—"Hoc defuit unum." Moreover, in addition to the charms of numbers and of harmony, to which Painting can have no pretence, the Poet can effect all with his pen, that the Painter can accomplish with his Pencil, and very much that he cannot. Take, for instance, the death of Turnus. The Painter could give us the stern countenance of Æneas, the supplicating look of the vanquished Turnus, and the gorgeous belt that adorned his person. But he could never inform us, *as the Poet has done*, that Æneas recognized, in *that* belt, the *belt of Pallas*; that Pallas was his dearest friend; that this dearest friend Turnus had *slain*. Yet the tragical catastrophe, the death of Turnus, hinges upon these very circumstances; *none* of which the Painter could have described; but *all* of which the Poet has represented, and most inimitably;

—————"Tunc inquit Spoliis indute meorum,

Eripiare mihi?" "Canst thou hope to escape my vengeance, clad as thou art in the spoils of my dearest Friend?" In short, Poetry seems to combine the powers, both of Music and of Painting; she comprehends all that her sister arts can embrace, and very much they cannot reach. But I observed that she enriches her favourites with gifts more *imperishable* and *indeprivable*—"αφθίτα αἶνι. A Poet, were he to lose the senses of *hearing* and of *sight*, might yet solace himself by the

He meets improvement, and adorns his page
 With the pure diction of a future age ;
 Gives to his native tongue strength not its own,
 And leaves it marble, * though he found it stone ;
 Mid the rude efforts of unskilful hands,
 A finished monument ! his labour stands ;

resources, and though blind, *enlighten* others by the powers of his art. But deprive the Musician *only* of the *first* of these senses, and the Painter only of the *second*, and it would be next to impossible for them to delight others, or to amuse themselves. Sir Joshua Reynolds was struck with blindness ; and we know that he bore the stroke with the firmness of a Philosopher, and the resignation of a Christian. But his favourite art, so far from being able to administer him any consolation, was *now*, alas ! *itself* converted into the most poignant source of his sorrow. “Hinc illæ lachrymæ.” But the Poet, under the pressure of the *same* calamity, illuminates the darkness that surrounds him ; he solaces his privacy, he immortalizes his fame, and bequeaths to a grateful posterity, that inestimable Legacy, *The Paradise Lost* !

* *Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.*” Were we to fix any *particular* reign as the æra of the Augustan age of England, perhaps the majority of voices would be in favour of the reign of Anne ;

————— *Fuit Ilium et ingens*

Gloria Teucrorum.”

Both in Arts and in Arms, we then shone most conspicuous,
 blessed with the propitious smiles, “ *Utriusque Minervæ.*”

Dr. Johnson seems inclined to declare in favour of Elizabeth ; “ From the Authors which arose in the time of Eliza-

Thus rears the Czar,* to crown the shapeless block,
His polished Statue, on the rugged rock.

Master of style, expression's every grace,
Each elegance of speech, 'tis his to trace ;

beth," says he, " a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use, and of elegance. If the language of Theology were extracted from Hooker, and the translation of the Bible ; the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon ; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation, from Raleigh ; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spenser and Sidney ; and the diction of common life from Shakspeare, few Ideas would be lost to mankind for want of English words, in which they might be expressed."

* The largest stone ever moved by human ingenuity, is that on which the Empress Catharine caused the statue of Peter the Great to be raised, in the square of Petersburg. This stone was placed by levers on a wooden frame, nearly in the shape of a sledge, having grooves in which cannon balls were placed ; on these the stone traversed, as on friction rollers. When at the end of the frame, a similar one, with corresponding grooves was placed before it, and when it reached the end of the second, the first frame was again brought forward ; of course it was necessary to smooth and level the *line of March*. The rugged asperities of this immense stone, not one of which was permitted to be touched by the chissel, formed a fine contrast with the polished statue of Marble fixed upon the top of it. The rugged stone which formed the base of the statue, was emblematical of the state of barbarism in which Peter found the Russian Empire, when he came to the throne. The sculptured Marble, on the top of it, was meant to designate the state of civilization and improvement, in which Peter left his dominions.

Each delicate, discriminating shade, *
 Soft as the tints by suns autumnal made.
 To Grandeur should the bold conception rise,
 A Style as bold his flowing tongue supplies;
 Pours forth the full majestic tide of song,
 Profound, yet lucid; beautiful, yet strong;
 Both Sense † and Soul enraptured, love the line,
 Where harmony *and* thought resistless charms
 combine.

Though Nature's nobler language be his own,
 To him *no* minstrel sounds are *quite* unknown;
 Albeit he sheds the bootless tear, to see
 The Muses' Seat—the Den ‡ of Slavery!
 Yet dear, and hallowed by the hand of Time,
 To him the Doric reed, the Delphic rhyme,
 Trinacria's artless pipe, and Homer's strain sub-
 lime.

Full dear the notes, that from Ilissu's shore,
 The Mantuan Swan § to his own Tiber bore;

* If Men had only the power of *expressing* themselves alike, in all instances wherein they *think* alike, then half the folios, which no one reads, no one had *written*.

† “For eloquence the Soul, song charms the Sense.”

‡ I allude to the present state of Greece.

§ Virgil had travelled into Greece, in quest of some place of retirement, where he might put the last polish to his *Æneid*. It is extraordinary that he makes *no* mention of Homer, in any part of his works; a Poet to whom we regret that he was so much indebted; as he always succeeds best, when he quits his

But, dearer still *his* harp, by angels strung,
Who higher than his mighty Masters sung;

model. Surely in Greece, the "*Sacer admonitus locorum*" must have brought Homer before his eyes. A respectful mention of him would have been creditable to both. At Athens Virgil met Augustus, and was about to return with him to Italy. It would seem that we are indebted to Tucca and Varius, for the preservation of the *Æneid* from the flames, and *not to Augustus*. Virgil, who died at Brundisium, soon after his interview with Augustus, requested that his manuscripts might be brought to him, in order that he might commit the *Æneid* to the flames. But Tucca and Varius persuaded him to spare that Poem, *taking it upon themselves* to say that Augustus would not permit it. "*Verum Tucca et Varius*" (says Donatus) "*monuerunt id Augustum non permissurum.*" We must, however, give Augustus the merit of seeing the conditions on which Virgil left the *Æneid* to Varius, punctually performed. In fact, the great esteem in which he held Virgil and his writings, forms the *most* amiable part of that Emperor's character. Virgil soon afterwards was doomed to experience the truth of that homely proverb, "*New Lords, new Laws.*" For Caligula kicked his works out of all the libraries in Rome, as a Poet (says Suetonius) "*of no genius, and the least possible learning;*" "*Nullius ingenii, minimæque doctrinæ.*" Virgil was one of the few Poets who did full justice to his own Verses, in the recitation of them. He declaimed "*maximâ cum suavitate, et miris lenociniis.*" Could he have heard Virgil recite his own verses, Caligula might have been induced to think more justly of them. Perhaps that Emperor read the Poem *himself*; "*Et male dum recitas, incipit esse tuum.*" I think I have somewhere heard, that Queen Caroline, (who read Butler's analogy for amusement,)

Who having roamed *all* Helicon || in vain,
On Sinai heard a more exalted strain !

being much pleased on hearing a Sermon preached by a certain divine, borrowed it to peruse; on returning it, she observed she liked it better when she heard it preached. "Madam," replied the divine, "when your majesty read the sermon, you had only the *fiddle*, when you heard it, you had the *fiddle*, and the *fiddle-stick*." But to return to Virgil; I think a good excuse for Shakspeare's departures from the unities, may be found in a gross violation of them by so correct a Poet as Virgil, in his amours of Dido and Æneas. In the first place, it is notorious that Dido was a woman of exemplary chastity; and if cited to appear in court, so far from losing her cause, might have *obtained damages against* the Poet; by proving an anachronism of 300 years in his evidence. If this were not enough to convince her jury, she might have exclaimed

"Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo;"

and have called up Pluto to make out an *alibi* for her pretended Paramour. "I have ninety-nine reasons," said a Counsel, "for my Client's not appearing in court. The first is, that he is dead"—"Stop," said the Judge, "we will not trouble you for the other ninety-eight." I shall conclude this gossiping note with a quotation from De Lille; because it imparts new beauty, and gives a fresh interest to the Georgics; superfluous perhaps, in as much as they were before confessedly the most perfect of all antient Poems.

"La longue durée des guerres civiles avoit presque dépeuplé les campagnes, et Rome même l'étoit au point, qu, Augustese vit menacé de ne regner que sur des déserts et des tombeaux. Une grande partie des terres de l'Italie avoit été partagée entre les soldats, qui s'étoient occupés trop long tems à les ravager pour avoir appris à les cultiver. Il falloit donc ranimer parmi

Nor doth he scorn, with proud, pedantic eye,
 Romantic tale of highborn chivalry ;
 That tells how bright in polished Sidney * shone
 The Lover, Hero, Bard—combined in one ;

les Romains leur premier amour et leur premier talent pour l' Agriculture. Mécène qui mettoit toute sa gloire à augmenter celle de son maître et de son ami, engagea Virgile à se charger de cette entreprise.

Virgile employa sept ans à la composition de cet ouvrage. On y reconnoît par tout le dessein dans lequel il l' avoit composé, et les vues de Mécène. Mais on les reconnoît sur tout dans ces plaintes touchantes sur la décadence de l' Agriculture, qu' on lit à la fin du premier Livre ; encore plus dans ce bel éloge de la vie champêtre qui termine le second, et dans lequel Virgile semble avoir réuni toute la force et toutes les graces de la Poésie, pour rappeler les Romains à leur ancien amour de l' Agriculture."

|| Milton, with a genius second to none of them, commenced his poetical career with a degree of erudition superior to all other Poets, ancient, or modern. Milton and Sir Isaac Newton, are signal instances of what may be effected by the rare, but felicitous union of exalted talent, patient industry, and unremitting application.

* Sir Philip Sidney, author of the celebrated Romance, *Arcadia*. He also wrote *Ourania*, and several other smaller poetical pieces. As illustrious in arms, as in arts, his reputation, for valour and wisdom stood so high, that in the year 1585, he was thought a fit Person to be a candidate for the Crown of Poland ; but Queen Elizabeth did not choose that England should lose so great a Jewel. After displaying uncommon bravery, he received a mortal wound at the battle of Zutphen. While he was in the arms of his attendants, who

How Royal Francis kneeled on crimson plain
 To Bayard's sword ; the Knight without a stain !
 While jousts, and tilts, and tournaments inflame,
 With love of matchless Chief, the peerless Dame ;
 Such generous love, I ween, such virtuous rage,
 Sounds but a fiction, in a selfish age ;
 When Beauty's *Queen*, † in savage triumph led,
 Found that thy Spirit, Chivalry ! was fled ;

had procured for him a bottle of wine to allay his thirst, a wounded soldier was carried past him, and cast a wishful eye on the bottle. Sir Philip ordered it to be taken to him, saying, " Poor fellow ! thy necessity is greater than mine."

† The Queen of France.—When we look back on the last twenty years, and reflect on the misery and devastation of the human species, in that short but eventful period, the question of "*Cui bono ?*" imperiously forces itself upon our minds. We *hope* indeed that the effusion of so much blood, and the permission of so much misery, have some higher object than the *only* one at present perceptible—the aggrandizement of an unprincipled Upstart. While we *hope* this, we also *fear* that those evils may be intended as *corrections*, rather than *cures*. That national punishments, and national rewards, make a part of God's moral government, the Scriptures do not permit us to doubt. But these rewards or punishments must take place on earth, because men are *nationally* accountable only *here*, although they are *individually* responsible hereafter. The French nation, which has suffered most, seems to have been benefited the least ; unless indeed an extent of territory to the *monarch*, may be considered as a *salvo* for the imposition of the severest restraint upon the *subject*. But it matters little to me how *large* my prison is, if I am confined to a *cell* of it.

Mid the fell rout tho' loyal valour wept,
The Sword of Knighthood in its scabbard slept.

Frenchmen *feel* that civil inquisitions have been erected *at home*, and are *promised* that religious ones shall be pulled down *abroad*. But Popery is the same evil, whether she carries on her trade of delusion, solely on her own firm, or in copartnership with a tyrant. France, once the *cradle*, is now the *grave* of liberty. Her sons have *compounded with despotism*; that their territory may cease to be a *slaughter-house*, they have submitted to its becoming a *barrack*. But was there no *middle point*, between the extremes of anarchy and slavery? "*Virtus est medium vitiorum.*" This should be the frontlet, and the breastplate of Reformers. But the Philanthropists gravely tell us that *posterity* is to be benefited by the destruction of the *present* race. Posterity has been dubbed a Prince by Swift; but *some* are exalting it into a Deity, and a terrible one too; a Moloch, to whom they would sacrifice millions of human victims.

The following quotation from Burke, seems to have been dictated by the very spirit of Prophecy. Observe, it was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety. "*In the weakness of one kind of authority, and in the fluctuation of all, the officers of the army will remain for some time mutinous, and full of faction, until some popular general, who understands the art of conciliating the soldiery, and who possesses the true spirit of command, shall draw the eyes of all men upon himself. Armies will obey him on his personal account. There is no other way of securing military obedience in this state of things. But the moment in which that event shall happen, the person who really commands the army is your Master, the Master (that is little) of your King, the Master of your Assembly, the Master of your whole Republic.*"

The Bard, triumphant o'er the frowns of fate,
Want, Envy, Calumny, the Tyrant's * hate,

* Irritability belongs to Poetasters, not to Poets. The following account will show that Poetry works no miracle, to defend the bodies of her Votaries from cruelties or persecutions, although she is indeed able to solace and support their minds, under the infliction of them. It will also appear that she boasts of no Palladium, to protect her favourites from the numerous casualties and accidents incident to humanity. Menander, the prince of Comedy, whose eulogist was Quintilian, whose admirer was Cæsar ; Cæsar, who could only allow to Terence *half* the merits of his grecian Model, “ *O dimidiate Menander!*” This poet, the Idol of his own times, and the *desiderium* of Posterity, must begin the list. He was drowned in the harbour of the Piræus. The remainder of this melancholy catalogue is already finished to my hands, in the elegant preface to some translations from the greek Anthology. “ By a strange fatality, a great proportion of the Writers of Antiquity, were thus prematurely cut off from existence.—Euripides and Heracitus were torn to pieces by dogs ; Theocritus was strangled by order of Hiero ; Empedocles was lost in the Crater of Mount Ætna ; Hesiod was murdered by his secret enemies ; Archilochus and Ibycus by banditti ; Sappho threw herself from a precipice ; Æschylus perished by the fall of a Tortoise ; Anacreon was choked with a grape-stone ! Cratinus and Terence experienced the same fate with Menander ; Seneca and Lucan, condemned to death by the tyrant Nero, cut their veins, and died repeating their own verses ; Petronius met a similar fate ; Lucretius, it is said, wrote under the delirium of a philtre, administred by his mistress, and destroyed himself from its effects ; Poison, though swallowed under very different circumstances, cut short the days of both Socrates and Demosthenes ; and Cicero fell under the proscription of

Can conquer all things—save that *inward* foe,
 'Tis Man's to fight—but God's to overthrow ;

the Triumvirate. It is truly wonderful that so many men, the professed Votaries of peace and retirement, should have met with fates so widely different from what their pursuits and habits should seem to have exposed them to." Were we inclined to increase this extraordinary list, we might add that Sophocles died of Joy ; Bion of Poison ; Philemon of Laughter ; Longinus on the Scaffold. And amongst the moderns, Algernon Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh were unjustly beheaded ; Clarendon dragged out of his bed by a party of drunken Sailors, almost miraculously escaped being murdered ; Dante died of Vexation ; Voltaire of Flattery ; Sir Philip Sidney of a wound in the battle ; Otway and Chatterton of Starvation ; Savage and Burns of Intemperance ; and Falconer, after having escaped one shipwreck, perished by another ; the Victim of that element, whose fury he had described with so much pathos and classic elegance. As I have mentioned Menander at the head of this note, I shall add the opinion which that lamented Statesmen, and true Patriot, the honourable C. J. Fox, entertained of his merits. From the few but *precious* fragments of that Poet, which have escaped the ravages of time, it was this great man's opinion, that the loss of the dramas of Menander is more to be deplored, than of any other antient writings whatever. The testimony of such a Man, who, unlike his great Rival, possessed a taste to appreciate, and a heart to feel the beauties of Poetry, will justify us in applying to Menander the beautiful quotation from Phædrus, so elegantly addressed by Addison, to Sappho ;

" O suavis anima ! qualem te dicam bonam
 Ante hac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ ? "

It is curious that Camoens, the great Author of the *Lusiad*,

All that Revenge or Malice can contrive,
 He can endure, and what is more—forgive !
All nature his extended views survey,
 Thence learns he wrongs with kindness to repay ;
 E'en brutes can teach forgiveness ; some to feed
 And clothe their slaughterer, unresisting bleed ;
 Stifled within her waxen cell, the Bee
 With sweets returns the cruel injury ;
 Foaled on the sands, and in the desert nursed,
 Th' expiring Camel * slakes his murderer's thirst.

narrowly escaped the fate of Menander: On his passage home from the East Indies, he suffered shipwreck ; and the *Lusiad*, like the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, was preserved by the intrepidity of the Writer, who swam with one hand, while he grasped his poem in the other. This would be a dangerous experiment for some of our modern Poets, whose works possess such an "alacrity in sinking," and are so utterly destitute of the "*το νηκτον*," or faculty of *swimming*.

* This Quadruped has been beautifully styled the *Ship of the Desert*. Were it not for the Camel, the Wilds of Arabia would not be habitable by Man ; and her illimitable Sands would prove the grave of the traveller. The Arab looks upon this Animal, as the most valuable gift of heaven. Trained by his master, to share the fatigue and privation of a life of hazard and of enterprise, and equal to the boldest efforts of predatory warfare, this animal seems to unite the speed of the Horse, with the patience of the Ox, and the strength of the Elephant. A troop of Camels disciplined by the Arabs, and bearing each of them, *three* Soldiers fully equipped for war, can perform a journey of nine hundred miles, in eight days. To follow such

Nay, things inanimate, revengeful rage
 Rebuke ; so taught th' enlightened Eastern * Sage ;

a foe on horseback, would be to pursue the wind. But, in another point of view, the Camel supersedes all other beasts of burthen. The exhausted Traveller, in cases of extreme distress for food and water, instead of perishing by hunger and thirst, kills one of the Camels in his Troop. His flesh supplies him with a wholesome and not unsavoury meal ; and in his stomach, he finds a reservoir of water to assuage his thirst. As the Camel can endure a privation of ten days from water, this reservoir, or *fifth* stomach, is capable of holding from twelve to fourteen gallons. This element is there preserved, pure, limpid, perfectly unmixed with the aliment ; although the Camel, by a voluntary contraction of certain muscles has a power of causing any quantity of it to ascend even as high as the oesophagus. The advocates of blind chance, who can believe that a fortuitous concourse of atoms supplied the Camel with this singular apparatus, and then *fixed him in the Desert*, where *only* such a *peculiarity of conformation* could be useful, such men are certainly not *unbelievers*, for want of *credulity* !

“ Quis credat tantas operum, sine numire, moles

Ex minimis, cæcoque creatum fædere mundum ?

Si Sors ista dedit nobis, Sors ipsa gubernat.”

* Confucius. In the eleventh anniversary discourse, by Sir William Jones, in the fourth volume of *Asiatic Researches*, the following passage occurs ;—“ It has been usual with zealous men, to ridicule and abuse all those, who dare on this point to quote the *Chinese* philosopher ; but, instead of supporting their cause, they would shake it, if it could be shaken, by their uncandid asperity ; for they ought to remember, that one great end of revelation, as it is most expressly declared, was not to instruct the wise and few, but the many and unenlightened. If the conversion, therefore, of the *Pandits* and

The falling Sandal-Tree sheds fragrance round,
 Perfumes the axe that fells it to the ground;
 Some through their tortured trunks a balm supply,
 And to give life to their destroyer—die;
 And Earth's torn, mangled breast, but yields the
 more,
 And pours from deepest wounds her richest store.

Maulavis in this country shall ever be attempted by protestant missionaries, they must beware of asserting, while they teach the gospel of truth, what those *Pandits* and *Maulavis* would know to be false: the former would cite the beautiful *Aeryá* couplet, which was written at least three centuries before our era, and which pronounces the duty of a good man, even in the moment of his destruction, to consist *not only in forgiving, but even in a desire of benefiting, his destroyer, as the Sandal-tree, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe which fells it*; and the latter would triumph in repeating the verse of *SADI* who represents a return of good, for good, as a slight reciprocity, but says to the virtuous man, ‘*Confer benefits on him who has injured thee,*’ using an *Arabic* sentence, and a maxim apparently of the antient *Arabs*. Nor would the *Mussulman* fail to recite four distichs of *HAFIZ*, who has illustrated that maxim with fanciful but elegant allusions:

“ Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
 And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;
 Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
 Imblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side:
 Mark, where yon tree rewards the stony show’r,
 With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flow’r:
 All nature calls aloud: ‘ Shall man do less
 Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?’ ”

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Planet, may control
 The wayward workings of the Poet's soul;
 Banished from Vales, and Groves, and Italy,
 His * fire illumines the frozen Scythian sky !

A " Sea-boy † on the high and giddy mast,"
 In hideous wreck on steep Colonna cast,
 Could Surges hear the Bard, *that* storm had slept,
Palemon had not died, nor *Anna* wept !
 But listening Greece mourned o'er that piteous
 tale,

And thought Mæonian numbers swelled the gale.

Should Melancholy, sable Queen, impart
 Her sacred influence to *her Poet's* ‡ heart ;
 Should she direct his eyes in thought profound
 To heaven, or teach them still to '*love the ground?*'
 He sings,—in notes more melting, pure, and high,
 Than ever Mirth can lend to minstrelsy ;

That *scattered* sentences of the purest morality may now and then be found in the pages of the Oriental, no less than Grecian Philosophers, is not to be denied ; but for a *complete* and *comprehensive System*, where are we to go for any thing comparable to Christianity ? And which of the antient Teachers can produce the life of Jesus ? With some *rare* exceptions, such as Confucius and Socrates, the lives and the writings of the Pagan Moralists, were so much at variance, that it is necessary to forget the impurities of the Source, before we venture to drink of the Stream.

* Ovid.

† Falconer.

‡ Gray.

More sadly sweet than Attic warbler's lay,
 From covert pierced by Cynthia's silver ray;
 Nor tones, that from yon harp æolian flow,
 Are tuned so true to melody, and woe ;
 Tho' zephyrs wild, and winds that scorn control,
 Have taught those artless chords the sounds that
 soothe my soul.

Condemned to till bleak Scotland's rugged soil,
*His** muse beguiles the task, and charms the toil ;
 The generous Youth their native carol hear,
 Join the blithe reel, or shed the lover's tear ;
 The note is changed—at Bruce's stern command,
 They grasp the targe, they wield the highland
 brand.

Ere Time had marred his voice, or bleached his
 head,
 Or dimmed his eye, we mourn *our Bion* † dead !

* Burns has great inequalities, but in his happier efforts, he is inimitable. The *witchery* of his versification is much heightened by the *Doric simplicity* of his native tongue.

† “ Οὔτε Βίων τεθνακεν ὁ Βακχολῦς, οὔτε συν αὐτῷ
 Καὶ τὸ μελῦς τεθίακε, καὶ ὤλετο Δωρὶς αἰοῖδα·
 Καὶ βῶτας ἐλιγαίνε, καὶ αἰδῶν ἐνομευε,
 Καὶ συριγγὰς ἱετυχε, καὶ ἀδεὰ πορτὶν ἀμελγε,
 Καὶ παιδῶν ἐδίδασκε φιλαματά, καὶ τ' Ἐρῶτα
 Ἐτρέφεν ἐν κολποῖσι, καὶ ἤρесе τὴν Ἀφροδίτην·
 Κεῖνθ' ὁ ταῖς ἀγέλαισι ἐρατῆριος, ἀνετί μελῶπει.”

Mute is the Doric reed, and Melody,
 That Dryad Nymph, is fain with him to fly ;
 Ah ! what bold hand, O thrice-lamented Burns !
 Thy pipe and crook unhangs ! thy self-taught
 numbers learns !
 Ah ! could ye not, Sylphs, Fauns, and Fairies !
 guard
 From *fatal* snares, your rash, your reckless Bard ?
 Uncharm the Spell that held him pleasure-bound ?
 And dash the cup of Circe to the ground ?
 Weep Muses ! o'er that ravaged, ruined mind,
 By *you* the soil of noblest fruits designed ;
 A Garden, fed by rich Invention's stream,
 And warmed by glowing Fancy's brightest beam !
 Where nature had so well performed her part,
 That, save to wonder, nought was left for Art ;
 But, like the forest Boar, with headlong haste,
 Rushed Passion furious forth, and laid that Eden
 waste !

God's ! what a chaos fills th' hiatus wide,
 That's destined Apes from Angels to divide ;
 Virtues—that bear the stamp of heavenly birth,
 Vices—that leave their native Hell for Earth.
 Mixed with alloy must be the chains, that bind
 Terrestrial matter with ethereal mind ;
 Yet must *both* worlds be joined, to fill the plan,
 Their *frail*, yet firm connecting link—is Man.

Should yon red Planet scatter from his car,
 As now, destruction, pestilence, and war,
 And shake with falling Thrones the trembling
 earth,
 A nobler influence rules a Milton's birth.
 The civil * blast that rends the *moral* sky,
 But lends him force on stronger wing to fly ;

* Milton lived in the most turbulent times. And in the civil commotions of his day, not even a Roman would accuse him of a cowardly or selfish neutrality ; although Dr. Johnson has done so. If he erred, it was not on the side of lukewarmness, or inactivity. His peace of mind was harassed by *domestic*, no less than *civil* discord. Secretary to a most wily and ambitious Usurper, and engaged with Salmasius, no puny champion, in a literary war, so virulent that the one lost his eyes, and the other his life, yet could he find time to fill the various and almost incompatible provinces of the Politician, Theologian, Controversialist, Preceptor, Grammarian, Historian, Lexicographer, and Poet ! Butler, a staunch and keen defender of Royalty, has a sarcastic allusion to Milton's Controversy with Salmasius, in his Satire on the abuse of Human Learning. He seems to have been of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who on this controversy observes, that rights of Nations, and of Kings, sink into questions of grammar, if grammarians discuss them. The lines are these,

“ Thus he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
 Engaged with nothing but his style and phrases ;
 Waived to assert the murder of a Prince,
 The author of *false Latin* to convince ;

L !

And Discord's foaming billows as they rise,
Lift his proud Spirit nearer to the skies !

To Time, that mars the Monarch's sculptured
name,
He boldly trusts the pillars of his fame ;
And calmly sees vile husks to pearls preferred,
By the misjudging, gross, and sensual * herd ;

But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be tried ;
And counted breaking Priscian's head, a thing
More *capital* than to behead a King."

* If we except Barrow, Marvel, Dryden, and a few other literary characters, none of Milton's cotemporaries seem to have appreciated the beauties of a Poem, which, on its first appearance, might be termed, in more senses than *one*, a *Paradise Lost* ! Of those *lumps of clay kneaded up with blood*, who formed the court of the second Charles, few had the taste, and fewer still the courage to admire a Poem written by the author of the *Defence of the People*, and of the *Iconoclastes*. If I remember right, Waller, an elegant rhymers, but a cameleon of the Court, thus notices Milton's Poem, in a letter to a friend ; " *One John Milton, a blind School-master, hath put forth a Poem, entitled, Paradise Lost ; which, if length be any excellence, hath that to recommend it.*"

That Milton himself did not calculate on contemporaneous fame, is evident, from a hope which he expresses, of " *leaving something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die.*" " But this," says he, " is not to be obtained, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out the Seraphim with the

Above *their* frowns and smiles, the lofty page
He forms, the wonder of each future age !

hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Johnson's whole account of Milton is a struggle and a conflict between his judgment and his prejudices; between his own *felt* convictions of the Poet's merit, and his determination to suppress them. No reader of taste will form his opinion of Milton, on the ipse dixit of Doctor Johnson; who, we know, styled *his* to be a *Babylonish* dialect, who was the author of those three Graces, the Comus, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso! Surely such a charge comes with a very ill grace from the mouth of him who was the author of the *triptological* sentences, inflated epithets, balanced periods, and many-languaged prose of *The Rambler*; from one who in his Dictionary, amidst a thousand other definitions equally satisfactory, favours us with the following one,—“Network, *any thing reticulated or decussated, with interstices, at equal distances, between the intersections.*” Here half a dozen more dictionaries seem to be necessary, to explain the explanation! The most charitable thing that can be said of this dictionary is, that it is capable of *very great* improvement. We acted with regard to our language as the French have done in their politics. We were in danger of *Anarchy*, therefore we *acquiesced* in a bad government, rather than have none.

Doctor Johnson seems to hint that the querulous and plaintive passages which occur in the *Paradise Lost*, were the offspring of petulance; that they were not justified by sufficient cause; and that Milton, on the whole, had more reason to be thankful than dissatisfied. But on this subject Johnson is by no means good authority. His prejudices in favour of Royalty, like those of Milton in favour of Republicanism, were violent, and excessive; but *unlike* the prejudices of Milton, they

Above his own dull æra's fogs, elates
His awful head, and Time's decision waits.

were supported and strengthened *by a pension*. Yet he admits that Milton was "poor and blind;" impoverished by severe and repeated pecuniary losses; and harrassed by civil alarms and domestic discord. That "he was depressed by fortune, and disarmed by nature." That he was racked with a chronic gout, so tormenting that without it even blindness would have been tolerable. Surely such a man may be allowed to complain, without being censured; *even if he does not give vent to his sorrows in numbers so touching, beautiful, and harmonious, that our sympathy is exceeded only by our admiration.* Johnson's prejudices on this subject have so blinded him that he often contradicts himself; thus, he accuses Milton of being a man of "great promises, and small performances;" and requests us to join with him, in laughing at one, who "hastens home, because his countrymen were contending for their liberties, and when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding school." But in another passage, he acknowledges that this man of "great promises, and small performances," *lent his personal Estate to the Parliament, and was never repaid,—that he defended all that wanted defence*—that "he continued to kick, when he could no longer strike"—and that "*what in him was wanting in health, was supplied by zeal.*" Nor is Johnson more consistent in his account of Milton's works. He terms the *Paradise Lost* a Poem which with respect to design may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind. Before the greatness displayed in Milton's poem, all other greatness shrinks away; when he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility; whatever be done he is always great." Yet in

Thus, while as yet the Earth in darkness lies,
 When the first tint of purple streaks the skies,
 Famed Teneriffe * salutes the virgin ray,
 Fresh from the Sun, fair herald of the day;

the course of a few pages, we are told, that this Poet, who "whatever be done is *always* great," has disgraced his work by a fiction that is ludicrous; that a Poem which when it does not "raise us by its sublimity, delights us by its fertility," is a Book which the reader "*admires, lays down, and forgets to take up again;*" that "*None ever wished it longer than it is;*" that "*its perusal is a duty, rather than a pleasure;*" that "*we read Milton for instruction, retire harassed, and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation;*" that "*we desert our Master, and seek for companions.*" Were all the Doctor's criticisms conceived in the same spirit, which dictated many of his remarks on Milton, and on Grey, we should no longer suspect the truth of that aphorism which gave him so much alarm; namely "*That the writer of a Dictionary may be allowed to know the meaning of any one word in a language, but not of two put together.*"

* This account of Teneriffe is more than poetically true. A French Gentleman informed me he had often, on a clear morning, observed the *Peak* surrounded, as it were, with a luminous halo, while the valley from which he witnessed the phænomenon was still immersed in darkness. He said he had once the pleasure of beholding the sun rise, while he himself was situated on the highest point of the mountain. There are but a few months in the year, when it is safe to attempt this arduous enterprise, the mountain being subject to those sudden and overwhelming *avalanches* of snow, so common in the mountains of Savoy. A volcano terrifically deep, but of a narrow crater, was perceptible on the vertex.

Views from his lofty summit, clothed with light,
The vale, where linger still the shades of night.

His mighty genius, with the lightning's force,
All opposition shivers in its course ;
'Mid Thunders doth its giant task perform,
And beams most vivid in the blackest storm.
Blind, and denied the gross corporeal light,
His intellectual eye but shines more bright !
Strength in disease he finds, and radiance in night !

On "evil days," though fallen, and *sceptred foes*,
In want and woe condemned life's day to close,
In age deserted, his unconquered mind
Still in itself its rich reward can find.
Though friends prove false, he to himself is true,
Prepared alike to suffer, as to do.
Kings, * in his presence, drop their haughty style,
Return improved, who came but to revile ;

* It has been recorded, and it is thought with truth, that James the second, when Duke of York, honoured Milton with a visit in his obscurity. It is admitted that Milton sacrificed his eyes, which were weak and inflamed, to his unremitting exertions in preparing his answer to Salmasius. The contracted and illiberal spirit of James, induced him to glance at this circumstance, in his interview with Milton ; he went so far as to construe his blindness into a judgment of Providence. To an insinuation so replete with bigotry, and meanness, we are informed that the Poet made a reply as dignified and spirited, as the remark which produced it was vile and contemptible ; "Before your Royal Highness pursues such a principle *too far*,

Thus clouds, that would obscure the Lord of Day,
Themselves are gilded by his *setting* ray !
 “ Majestic though in ruin ! ” all confess
 Their favourite ne’er so great—as in distress !
 Men see, and *feel* the firmness of the Rock,
Most, when it triumphs o’er the *Tempest’s* shock !
 To form *One perfect whole*, in him † conspire
 The Painter’s pencil, and the Minstrel’s lyre,
 The wisdom of the Sage ! and Prophet’s hallowed
 fire !

No trodden track the Bard’s adventurous feet
 Directs, to scale proud Wisdom’s highest seat !
 His iron pen graves in the Dome of Fame
 On rock unhewn of Adamant — a name ;

it were prudent to reflect *where it will lead you* ; if I am to attribute the loss of mine eyes to any sins which I may have committed, of what crimes must *he have been guilty who has lost his head* ? To the credit of James, it is said, that he was so struck with the magnanimity of the Poet, that he returned with a more enlightened spirit than he came.

† Cui in memoria, totus Orbis ; in intellectu, Sapiëntia ; in voluntate, ardor gloriæ ; in ore, eloquentia ; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus audienti ; characteres mirabilium naturæ, Magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, exquirenti, percurrenti ; illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis, nec ora famæ, nec hominum stupor in laudandis, sufficient.

A single name—but in itself a Host!

Great Shakespeare! the World's* wonder, Albion's
boast!

* I am aware that Shakespeare is not duly appreciated, on the continent. But I call him the wonder of the World, in the spirit of Prophecy! “*Tu Marcellus eris.*” If we might be allowed to hope the realization of the splendid theory of Bishop Wilkins, concerning *A Universal Language*, there are circumstances on which to ground the presumption, that *such a Language* would be *the English*. The unquestioned preeminence of our writers, on every subject, a truth admitted by the best informed, even of the French, has already made the English tongue the language of the *literary* world. Our naval superiority, so decided and brilliant, hath made it the language of *Commerce*, and wafted, it as it were upon the wings of the wind, to every region under heaven. Peculiar dispensations of Providence, have fixed it on a rock, and conferred upon it a vigorous and youthful revivescence, by allotting it a rising and extensive Empire, in the most flourishing provinces of the Western Hemisphere. I anticipate the time when the genius of *North America* shall penetrate the Isthmus of Darien; when by the powerful ascendancy of her arts and her arms, she shall subjugate unto herself the whole of the Southern Peninsula, and make the British language the vernacular tongue of the Transatlantic World. In short, if we reflect on the present situation of the habitable parts of the Globe, if we consider what nation it is that hath peopled New Holland; who it is that holds the keys of the Eastern and Western Indies; and hath swept the flag of France from the Ocean; we shall acquire fresh evidence for the probability of that glorious event, *the universal extension of the English Tongue!*

Mirror of Universal Nature!—She
 More lovely seems, reflected back by thee!
 Their Skies two Muses quitted at thy birth,
 Skies dear no more—their Shakspeare was on
 Earth!

Both claimed thy heart, their *sole* peculiar care,
 And *both* were grieved, to find the other there;
 Two Rival Queens, whose mutual jealousy
 Exceeded all things—but their love of thee.
 Thalia woos in Rosalind, but fears
 Ophelia's beauty, heightened by her tears!
 That thou mayst cease to doubt, and they to pine,
 By Universal Suffrage—Both are thine!

All that thou hast attempted, *All* approve!
 Delighted still, shouldst thou conduct, we rove
 Where clangs the trump of war, or breathes the
 lute of love!

Hear frenzied Richard sleep invoke, in vain,
 Or see brave Harry mourn o'er Hotspur slain;
 Yet hail with smiles, though rages yet the fight,
 The resurrection of the merry Knight!

Consistent still, destruction of her prey
 He *cheats*, and lives to laugh another * day;

* In the Merry Wives of Windsor. It is well known that this play was written at the request of Queen Elizabeth, who expressed an ardent desire to see Falstaff in love. Our immortal Bard has contrived to gratify the wish of his Royal Mistress, without sacrificing the consistency of Falstaff's character.

All own the wit that could their Prince enthrāl,
And mixed emotions mark the curtain's fall.

O wondrous grasp of mind, at once t' embrace
With strength of Æschylus, Menander's grace ;
With Otway's tragic pathos, to combine
All Congreve's wit, and Jonson's force divine !
Thus, the same gale that bids the jocund wave
In dalliance blithe, the Bark's deep bosom lave,
And fans, at ease reclined, the cabin-boy,
And fills the hoary helmsman's heart with joy,
Now—Dæmon of the Storm, its fury guides,
And armed with thunder o'er th' Atlantic rides ;
Yon low'ring cloud his ebon chariot makes,
And billows for his foaming coursers takes ;
Then, wide, o'erwhelming havoc spreads around,
Till not the ruin of a wreck be found !
Till sink th' *unconquered Brave** and Britain weeps !
Ah then, too late, the fell Destroyer sleeps !

Shakspeare knew, although Elizabeth did not, that love was a passion too refined for Falstaff to entertain. He therefore very properly exhibits the Knight, as the dupe of a mercenary and sensual appetite ; such an appetite being the nearest approximation to love, compatible with so gross a mind.

* I allude to the loss of the *St. George*, the *Defence*, and the *Hero*. It is some consolation, to have it now ascertained, that this melancholy event must be attributed to causes, which no human foresight could prevent, and no human exertions overcome.

From that sad scene of *real* woes, I turn
 To fling a fading wreath o'er Shakspeare's urn ;
 Toil fond, *as vain* ; the pleasure of the task
 The sole reward my gratitude shall ask.

To roses fragrance, freshness to the spring,
 Flowrets to summer, fruits to autumn bring,
 Rays to the sun, stars to the galaxy
 Present — or plaudits, Heir of Fame, to thee !
 Fame—that *our* tributary streams of praise
 No more augment—than rivers ocean raise.

Thou know'st to please all ranks, and every age,
 The young, the old, the peasant and the sage ;
 While these are charmed, nor least who ask not why,
 No Critic smiles—He must his rules apply ;
 Must strive great Nature's workings to conceal,
 Till Aristotle gives him—*leave to feel*.

Thy vast o'erwhelming theme so fills the mind,
 No room for him that *formed it*, can we find ;
 Dazzled by rays that from thy genius dart,
 We lose at once the Poet, and his art ;*

* With the single exception of Homer, no Poet so completely veils himself and his art behind his characters, as Shakspeare. In poetry, as in oratory, the "*ars celare artem*" is a high proof of talent. It was a nobler eulogium on Demosthenes, when the Athenians left him, breathing this unanimous sentiment, "*Let us go and fight against Philip,*" than if they had expressed themselves, as the mob of Rome did on Cicero, "*What a fine Speech our Orator has made.*" And we in like manner forget Shakspeare, while we tremble with Macbeth,

Thy rich creation, not its *cause*, we see,
 Forced to forget alike ourselves—and Thee !
 Magician ! that canst work the firmest spell,
 And ALL enchant—thyself invisible !

Midst all the works of God, to nothing blind,
 Save the vast force of thy transcendent mind,
 Hopeless, as negligent * of future fame,
 A breath of present praise thine only aim,

or weep with Othello, or sympathize with Hamlet ; and when most affected by the Passions he has excited, we think least of the Poet who has awakened them.

* Many circumstances seem to indicate that Shakspeare was singularly unambitious of future fame. On his learning, much has been said. A decent knowledge of Latin may be perhaps allowed him, although as translations were even then not uncommon, and as Shakspeare was a great devourer of books, he might from that source have acquired much information. His *Cæsar* bespeaks no mean acquaintance with the manners and customs of the antient Romans.

“Nec licuit populis te parvum Nile videre”
 is a line which has been applied with singular felicity to Grey ; whose first productions were great. “Dum tener in cunis jam Jove dignus erat.” The reverse of this may be said of Shakspeare, as unfortunately tradition has preserved a first attempt of his. It is a fragment of a Satire on Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, from whose Park he had carried off some deer. The fragment begins thus, but it is too miserable to quote at length ;

“A parliament Member, a Justice of Peace,
 At home a poor scare-crow, at London an Ass.”
 These are the first lines, and the *best* !

Unconscious builder ! of what must withstand
The ceaseless stroke of time's oblivious hand,
Great Glory's self, more * glorious still to shine,
Sues that her hurabler name may be allied to
thine.

What thou commandest, ALL become, who scan
Thy page — that full epitome of man ;
The soldier, scholar, statesman, bond or free,
Peasant or prince, behold themselves in Thee !
O witchery of verse, O height of skill,
As wax, to melt and mould us to thy will.

From fictions high, and stores of antient lore,
From Latian vale, or famed Ægæan shore,
With fresh delight to Avon's bank I come,
As to my native soil, and dearest home ;
Here first my boyhood roved, through fragrant
flowers,

To weave an artless wreath in Shakspeare's bowers ;
And here, O let me, youth and manhood past,
Where sprung my first enjoyments—seek my last.

When freedom's foes, and faction's fouler band
Shall hurl destruction o'er thy native land,
When toads and snakes shall unmolested creep,
Where millions met, at Garrick's voice to weep !

* Perhaps this is no hyperbole ; for as Glory herself is disgraced, when coupled with a Mahomet, a Jenghis Khan, or a Napoleon ; so is she in some degree retrieved, by being associated with a Trajan, an Antoninus, or an Alfred.

When hooting owls shall fill, and bats deface
That proud resort of fashion, wit and grace,
When tangled weeds shall hide, and briers rude,
That sacred soil by beauty's tears bedewed,
Thy name, should that ill-fated day arrive,
Thy name, thy country's ruin shall survive,
And on Ohio's bank in youth unfaded, thrive.
Amazed, the Western hemisphere shall see
Her own sublimest scenes surpassed by thee ;
Her snow-clad heights thy woodnotes wild shall
cheer,

Her vast Savannahs, and her forests drear.

More far and wide than from his mountain throne
Proud Chimborazzo * sees, shalt thou be known ;
Though torrid suns their cloudless lustre shed,
And gild, with rays unfelt, his icy head ;
Though storms, nor thunders shake his awful seat,
And harmless lightnings flash around his feet ;
While he surveys, above the tempest's roar,
Two mighty oceans break on either shore.

Erected instant, at their Bard's command,
Theatric piles shall press the Western strand ;

* The highest point of the Andes, whose chain extends four thousand three hundred miles, forming the barrier of the vast pacific ocean. Whether the atlantic is discernible from the top of Chimborazzo can never be known, for the impassable line of perpetual congelation commences, many thousand feet below his apex, which is one third higher than the highest mountain in the old world.

Roused by thine Orphic spell, the stones shall rise,
Obedient form the Dome, and rush into the skies !
All nations may be proud to bow to thee,
Who hast enthralled the sons of liberty.

In vain, 'twixt fame and talent, interpose
Atlantic waves, or Andes' barrier snows ;
Chili's dark youth, shall mourn the royal Dane,
Or spurn the tyrant vanquished in the Thane ;
Peruvian maids, chaste Desdemona's wrong
Shall chaunt, sad Juliet's fate, Ophelia's song,
And charmed Maragnon's wave the dying dirge
prolong ;

While heaving sighs, from *sable* bosoms, prove
The voice of nature, boundless, as her love.
Philip's dread son his useless banners furled,
Sighed for fresh conquests, and another world,
To thee, that world Iskauder * asked in vain,
Columbus gives, beyond th' Atlantic main !

Then still on deathless pinion soar sublime,
And charm a future age, a distant clime ;
Prepared the fierce extremes of melting love,
Or chilling fear, of height, or depth to prove ;

* As Shakspeare is not only read, but acted in many parts of North America, we may venture to give him, at the hands of Columbus, that other world, for which Alexander sighed in vain.

Now stooping low to hear the shepherd's tale,
 Or mark the humblest flowret * of the vale ;
 Now tow'ring high, to drink the blaze of day,
 Bathed in effulgence of the solar ray ;
 While raptured mortals view, with dread delight,
 The solitary grandeur of thy flight.

Thus, high o'er Cotopaxa's † summit hoar,
 In " pride of place," the Condor dares to soar,

* ————" On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I' the bottom of a Cowslip."

CYMBELINE.

This might have escaped all but a botanist.

† This is another peak of the Andes. Exposed to the vertical rays of the sun, above the clouds, and situated nearly in the centre of the torrid zone, yet are these frozen regions covered with everlasting snows. These bleak, and dreary heights, whose silent solitude must be for ever undisturbed by the footsteps or the voice of man, are rendered vocal, only by the piercing scream of the *Condor*, by far the largest, and most powerful of the Eagle race. The lonely tenant of these icy craggs, he is endowed with a vigour of circulation to endure their cold, and a strength of pinion, to soar far above their summits ; yet can he dart like a thunder-bolt upon the prey, plunging from the zenith of his flight, at once in the deep and sultry valleys of Lima. To him, the instantaneous and violent changes of height and depth, of heat and cold, are alike indifferent ; and he can precipitate himself, as it were, in a moment, from the temperature of the *Poles*, to that of the *Line*. In those vast and luxuriant Savannas, which have been compared to seas of grass,

He reigns, where flagging Eagles may not fly,
 Sole monarch of that cold and chrystal sky ;
 Above the sad vicissitudes of things,
Departing Empires, and degraded Kings !
 But should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,
 Down through the vast abyss he darts amain,
 To shade with cow'ring wing parched Lima's sultry
 plain !

and under the cloudless canopy of a Peruvian sky, no living object shall be discernible throughout the whole horizon. Yet, the Buccaneer shall have scarcely stripped the ham-stringed Buffalo of his hide, before the Condor shall be seen hovering over him, and covering him with his wings; allured to the prey, from heights beyond the ken of human vision. The anatomy of this wonderful bird must be for *many reasons* extremely curious. It would open to us another page in the book of Nature; that comprehensive and exhaustless volume, every line and letter of which addresses itself to all our senses, and consoles us with *one* interesting, joyful, and all pervading truth. A truth, the *full* and *adequate* expression of which, can only be found in the volume of Revelation, that other monument of God's wisdom and benevolence. That sacred page re-echoes back the voice of nature, when it declares that "*Great and Glorious are Thy Works, and in Wisdom hast Thou made them all !*"

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

APPENDIX,

ſc.

TO THE FIRST BOOK.

IT was my intention to have made some farther observations on the **TITLE** of this Poem, in the first note. But as the half sheet containing it went to press during my absence from Tiverton, it is, in my own opinion, more imperfect than any other part of the Poem; and I have to lament some *insertions*, and some *omissions*. The anecdote, for instance, of Dr. Johnson ought to have appeared, *not* in the poetry, but, (if any where) in the note. Alas! “*Q id me dempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?*” On my return, the whole impression of the *first* half sheet was taken off; so that I had only time to regret, what it was too late to remedy. What I meant to have said on the subject of my Title, I shall offer here. Candid Judges will not pronounce the Title to have been ill chosen, until they have seen the *whole* of the Work. At present, the *first* Book only is before them. They will, also, admit the difficulty of writing a long Poem on any one particular vice, without some digressions; these, most readers will pardon, should they be found to rise not unnaturally out of the subject; “*ex re nata.*” My *first* Book is very near three thousand lines; quite enough, if good for any

thing; *a great deal too much— if good for nothing*. Therefore, I must request my readers to suspend their sentence on the incongruity of the Title, until the *whole* Work is before them. They may then, if they think proper, re-christen it what they please. It was my fixed determination to give the Poem a single title. And I must presume that no *one* term can be found in the language, to suit the general tenor of the work so well as HYPOCRISY. There may be parts to which that term does not quite apply.—When we see a likeness, we exclaim, ‘that is the portrait of such a man;’ and it is not the less so, because the picture *may have trees and cattle in it*. Even panegyric has been considered, by some, as a digression, in a satirical poem; however, it is a digression in which all the Satirists have indulged, and to me, it has proved the most grateful part of my task. Nor should it be forgotten, that the praise of the good, is often the severest, *always the safest*, censure on the bad. It also enables the Poet to heighten the effect, by a *contrast*, as necessary to the painting of the pen, as light and shade to that of the pencil.

Egotism I think as unpleasant to the writer, as tiresome to the reader. Nevertheless I shall offer a few remarks on myself, which will not be wholly unacceptable, if what I have already written has excited any interest in my readers; if *it has not*, it matters little what I write. In the first place, it would have been more *prudent* in me to have *concealed* my name—because no one is sufficiently perfect to take upon himself the avowed office of a Censor—because young men, and *young authors*, in particular, ought to be very careful not to make enemies; in as much as fame is an *empty breath*, but revenge an *active principle*; and because nothing is so strong, but that which is weak may injure it. Pope himself never ventured on satire, until he had established his fortune and his fame. And Juvenal, the Latin son of his tribe, blushed not to own his apprehensions from the power of Nero;

“Pone Tigellinum, tædâ lucebis in illâ

Quâ stantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant.”

And from this motive, in his very outset, he announces his intention of exposing the vices *principally* of those whose bodies the Earth had covered.

“Quorum Flaminid tegitur Cinis, atque Latinâ.”

Concealment also enables an author, either to escape the hisses, or eventually to come forward, to receive the plaudits of his audience. Moreover on the principle of “*ignotum pro magnifico*,” a degree of mysterious, nay awful importance is attached to a spirited publication, whose author is unknown. Busy conjecture has ample scope allowed her; the sleepless eye of suspicion glances around; —“*Nec conspicit usquam*

Auctorem.”

Could Belshazzar be cited to appear, he would confess that the hand which wrote upon the wall, derived its most appalling terrors from *its want of a body*. I have watched the progress of one or two anonymous works, which it appeared *afterwards* were written by *obscure individuals*. I have heard them ascribed to some one having authority; and have been told *in a whisper* that they proceeded from one as formidable from his power, as respectable from his rank; qualified for his high office by native genius, and acquired erudition; well kernalled in years, ripe in judgement, and rich in experience, that fruit of slowest growth, and costliest cultivation.

The very obscurity which enshrouds an anonymous work, awakens our attention; because it increases the difficulty of fully discovering that very object which it magnifies. The sun appears larger through a mist, and the shadow is usually greater than the substance. If I am not deceived, the “*Magni nominis Umbra*” contributed more to the popularity of Junius, than the name of any individual, however esteemed, of a Fox, or a Chatham. Perhaps few things have issued from the Press, which excited at the time, a greater sensation than the notes

to the Pursuits of Literature. To so respectable a reception they were fully entitled, both from their matter and their style, of which it could not be said "*materiem superabat opus.*" But their *imposing solemnity* excited less attention, and their *authoritative egotism* more disgust, the moment *the author was known*. The last advantage I shall enumerate, though not the *least*, is this; Even witling Scribblers, pedantic Coxcombs, and disappointed Poetasters, a formidable Phalanx, can bear to praise an anonymous publication; because Mr. Any-body is Mr. Nobody, and he happens to be the *only* gentleman whom brother-authors will admit to be as wise as themselves. Under the above circumstances, and *many more*, which the Critics, who fully appreciate the blessings of sleeping in a sound skin, might inform us of, the question unavoidably obtrudes itself.—How came I to pursue a contrary course? I have a short answer—In despite of all these *prudent* considerations I have affixed my name, "*Adsum qui feci,*" because for *every* thing *anonymous*, except Charity, *I have a rooted contempt, and insuperable aversion.*

Of what is before them, the public will judge:—

"Fugit irrevocabile verbum."

On what is to *follow*, they are not so competent to decide. I have promised two more books; they are already in a state of forwardness, and my port-folio reports progress. The main subject will be more closely followed up than in the first book. But in what manner I have treated it, and in what points of view I have considered it, it is quite impossible for any one to predict. Suffice it to say, that Hypocrisy is not confined to the *church*. It is a copious subject, a fruitful theme; a tree of tallest growth, whose ambitious head aspires even unto Heaven; of deepest root, whose ramifications penetrate through the most secret caverns of the earth, even unto Tartarus; She extends her branches over seas and over continents; and with their broad and ample foliage she overshadows the nations.

Hypocrisy is indeed a subject which can only fail with the generation of men ; and this enables me to say—

“ *Quicquid agunt homines, nostri farrago libelli.*”

Of the two books that are forth coming, I shall premise one thing. It is my fixed and settled determination neither personally, nor allusively, by remote inference, or direct application, to attack the character, or wound the feelings of any one *living* being whatever. Motives very different from fear, have operated with me, in forming this resolution. The mere Braggadocio may succeed in bullying half the world ; but the other half will as certainly bully him. Even in my first book, where I have not been quite so scrupulous, it is known to one or two, that I have rejected what some might think the best passages of the Satire. If I have made this sacrifice to fear, then I exhibit a contradictory union of what, perhaps, never was united—Cowardice and Temerity ; since enough is already inserted to insure me the anathemas of booksellers, critics, poetasters, and politicians. But every reader of taste and candour, (and such alone am I ambitious to please) will listen more attentively to the still small voice within his own breast, than to the hue and cry from without.

“ *Hæc novimus esse nihil.*”

It may be that I have not sprinkled my pages sufficiently with Cayenne, to keep the *worm* out of them. I care not for that. Sugar will preserve, as well as salt ; and I shall ever deem it a more grateful task to praise an honest Man, than to lash a knave.

In my historical allusions I hope I shall not be compared to those who had rather say a *witty* thing, than a *true* one. “*Qui modo aliquid argute vel acute dicere videantur, plerumque verumne sit, an falsum, propemodum non curant.*” To the wit I do not pretend, and I would wish not to incur the falsehood. Whenever I have dissected the *dead*, I have done it, as the Anatomist, for the *benefit of the living*. My library indeed is not copious, and my books of reference far from numerous ; neither

are the streets of the town where I reside thronged with *walking* Lexicons. Not that we are always to expect the greatest learning from those who possess the greatest libraries. It was well said of Hobbes, "*Ingentem librorum supellectilem qua superbiunt Bibliothecæ non magni fecit; auctores versabat paucos, sed tamen optimos.*" It is not unusual in conversation, to say. "I should never have suspected Mr. Such-a-one of writing that Book; he appears never to study." Such persons forget that reflection, thought, and contemplation form the very essence of study; and that these may be exercised in the fields, better than in libraries. Some authors are praised by every body, and read by nobody; and it is with books, as with companions, the best knowledge is that which teaches us which to *avoid*; and in both cases much valuable time is lost, before we discover that it has been thrown away upon those who are worse than useless.

I would give the devourers of books, the *Helluones librorum*, some such advice as this:—cease to read, begin to think; shut your eyes, open your understandings; quit your libraries, retire into yourselves; let repletion end, that digestion may begin.

"*Claudite jam rivos, sat prata biberunt.*"

Perhaps no one thing so completely hebetates the powers of the understanding, as constant *reading* without *reflection*. Such have been well described by Milton, to be

"Deep read in books, but shallow in themselves."

A great Scholar who prided himself on his ignorance of Men, and vast knowledge of books, once received, from a plain unlettered man, this humiliating rebuke: "*The Lord double your learning, and then you will be twice the fool you are at present!*"



ADDENDA.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND ANECDOTES

TO THE PRECEDING PARTS OF THE POEM

ILLUSTRATIVE and EXPLANATORY.

Page 7.—“ *Words are the fickle daughters of the Earth.*”

NOTHING is more common than fine words, and nothing more scarce than fine conceptions. Great capitalists in *words*, but mere bankrupts in *ideas*, modern Poetasters do not seem to understand that all eloquence resides far less in the *expression*, than in the *thought*. Many of Shakspeare's finest passages are monosyllabic. While no poet better understood the superiority of the *moral* sublime to the *natural*, or knew better how to increase the effect of each by joining them together ; yet, when he most astonishes us by the awful sublimity of the thought, then it is that he often charms us most by the artless simplicity of the expression. Let him who would fully understand the difficulty of writing like Shakspeare, attempt to imitate him,

“ *Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,
Ausus idem.*”

In confirmation of what has been advanced above, it this mo-

ment strikes me, that the confessedly sublimest passage in the whole Bible, is composed of monosyllables throughout,

“ *God said, Let there be light, and there was light.*”

The style of Milton is usually much more laboured than that of Shakspeare, but no reader of taste will think that sesquipedalian verbiage, or phraseological pomp, could add to the grandeur of such conceptions as these,

————— “ *Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all.*”

“ *The mind is its own place, and of itself
Can make a heav’n of hell, a hell of heav’n.*”

“ *His trust was, with th’ Eternal to be deem’d
Equal in Strength, and rather than be less,
Car’d not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse
He reck’d not.*”

————— “ *Which God by curse
Created evil,—for evil only
Where all life dies, death lives.*”

Passages as little indebted as these to splendor of diction, for their sublimity, occur frequently in Milton.

Page 8.—“ *Brings Constable’s piled quartos in her hold.*”

Miss Seward’s Letters are far more interesting, and do her much more credit than her Poetry. It was her good fortune to move in a very exalted sphere, and, (if measured by the only proper standard, *mind*) to enjoy the *noblest* society. From a correspondent *so circumstanced*, the merest diary could not be dull ; the matter must impart some animation to the style. Nor could the task be difficult, as it seems to require little more than to *see, hear, and remember*. But Miss Seward may aspire to much higher praise ; she was evidently gifted with talent to profit by the enviable advantages she enjoyed, no less than

taste duly to appreciate them. She is not so much a recorder, as an actor in the scene ; the equal, and the friend of wits, not the dependent retailer of their witticisms ; a Gem, that could reflect the flashes by which she was illuminated.

Page 10.—“*With the free spirit of a youthful Knight.*”

I have heard that the Jailor of the Temple in Paris had formed so high an opinion of English honor and courage, as he saw them embodied in the person of his prisoner, that he has declared that if Sir Sidney knew that he was to be executed at one, and had requested permission to walk unattended through the streets of Paris at twelve, he should have granted the request, on receiving Sir Sidney's bare word that he would return. One chief merit of the stratagem by which Sir Sydney escaped was, that while it liberated his body, it secured his honour. Poor Phillippeaux, the heroic friend and deliverer of Sir Sidney, died from fatigue, in the campaign of Egypt. Amidst the cold and calculating selfishness of modern times, an instance of such chivalrous and disinterested attachment, refreshes us like an Oasis in the desert.

An attempt of a similar nature was lately made by two young Americans, equal to the one to which I have alluded in its heroism, but not in its success. Having a very slight and remote acquaintance with Fayette, but deeply impressed with an esteem for his character, they determined to undertake his liberation from his horrid imprisonment at Olmutz. Their fortunes and their lives became a secondary consideration. They took lodgings near his prison, and gradually insinuated themselves into the good graces of the Keeper. A few cursory questions concerning the prisoners naturally introduced the name of Fayette. They commiserated his hard fate, and found that the Keeper sympathized with them. In the course of conversation, they discovered that Monsieur F. was permitted to walk at stated hours on the ramparts, guarded by a

soldier. They then ventured to observe that they had a few books which were at the service of the prisoner, to beguile the tedious hours of confinement, and were delighted to hear that the Jailor had no objection to indulge him with the perusal of them, in case the volumes were previously submitted to his inspection. By underscoring with a pencil such *single* words in different pages, as expressed the ideas they wished to communicate, and by a marginal *hint* to join them in the order in which they were underscored, a correspondence, unsuspected by the Jailor, was soon established ; to keep up which, nothing more was necessary, than the exchange of a few volumes. To be brief—Fayette, at the appointed time, breaks from his guards, and throws himself into the arms of his friends, who are waiting on the skirts of the forest with horses ; only a few leagues are to be passed, and they are out of the power of Austria. But the sword in the belt of one of his Deliverers, struck the head of his horse, in the act of mounting, and he broke from those who held him. A noble rivalry now succeeded, which of them should be left behind ? The point is settled by one of them taking up Fayette behind him. Much time is lost, the Tocsin sounds the alarm—the whole Country is in arms—two roads present themselves—they hesitate, but decide upon the wrong—they are taken. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Austrian Government could be convinced that a scheme so daring, could be digested and attempted by two private and disinterested individuals. When this was fully made out, they were suffered, after a severe and tedious confinement, to depart with their lives.

During the long and very rigorous confinement of Mons. F, his liberation was the subject of more than one motion in parliament. The interference of our government was always sternly objected to by Mr. Pitt. This strengthens an anecdote I have heard of the King. To a Nobleman, who lamented the sufferings of Fayette, in his Majesty's presence,

not without a hope of gaining so powerful a solicitor in his behalf, our Sovereign made use of these remarkable words—*“Remember Andre ;”*—a short sentence, but pregnant with meaning. His Majesty was ever remarkable for an excellent memory ; and amidst all the sufferings of Fayette, there are some things in his character, which would almost justify the application of those lines of Ovid,

*“ Neque lex est justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sul.”*

Page 14.—*“Nor can I Darwin tinsel o’er my rhymes.”*

The *“flimsy, gauzy, gossamery lines, and sweet tentandryan monogynian strains”* of Dr. Darwin have received a sufficient castigation from the author of the Pursuits of Literature. But the Doctor does not seem to have profited much by criticism. His last Poem, *“The Temple of Nature,”* prepared for the Press before his death, but published after it, abounds with all the meretricious ornaments, turgid diction, puerile personifications, loose analogies, and undidactic philosophy, which distinguish The Botanic Garden. With the single exception of Lucretius, no Poet has so often incurred the charge of *“obscurum per obscurius.”* To explain the connection between unorganized matter and intelligent existence, is a problem as yet unsolved. Those who have sought for its solution in vain, in the groves of Academus, the Portico, or the Lyceum, are not likely to find it in the Rhymes of Dr. Darwin ; unless indeed they are satisfied with such explanations as these ;

*“ Next the long nerves unite their silver train,
And young Sensation ! permeates the brain,
Through each new sense the keen Emotions dart,
Flush the young cheek, and swell the throbbing heart.
From pain and pleasure quick Volitions rise,
Lift the strong arm, or point th’ enquiring eyes ;
With Reason’s light bewildered Man direct,
And right and wrong with balance nice detect ;*

*Last in thick swarms Associations spring,
Thoughts join to Thoughts, to Motions Motions cling,
Whence in long train of Catenation flow,
Imagined joy, and voluntary woe."*

"*Ohe jam satis.*" The Doctor appears to have been (like some other Doctors) a martyr to his own Theory, which I suspect was this,

*"Segnius irritant oculos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus ;"*

for in the Botanic Garden, in a kind of note, he condescends to inform his Bookseller that the words expressive of the ideas belonging to *Vision*, make up the principal part of poetical language. In due conformity with this system, he accuses Pope of having written a bad line in his *Windsor Forest* ;

"And Kennet swift for silver Eels renowned."

"The word renowned," observes the Doctor, "does not present the idea of a visible object to the mind, and is therefore prosaic, but change the line thus—

"And Kennet swift where silver graylings play,"

And it becomes poetry, because the scenery is then brought before the eye." Any reader of taste, will perceive how often the Doctor has failed, by pushing this theory too far, and in how many instances he has been misled by these *optical delusions*.

Page 23.—"*Thus Cossacks when the Turk their fury fled.*"

Dr. Clarke has drawn a true and dreadful picture of the subjugation of the Crimea by the Russians ; "At Caffa, during the time we remained, the soldiers were allowed to overthrow the beautiful Mosques, or to convert them into Magazines, to pull down the Minarets, tear up the public Fountains, and to destroy all the public Aqueducts, for the sake of a *small* quantity of *lead*, which they were thereby enabled to obtain. Such is the true nature of Russian protection ; such the sort of alliance which Russians endeavour to form with every nation weak enough to become their dupe. While these works of destruc-

tion were going on, the Officers were amusing themselves in beholding the mischief. Tall and stately Minarets, whose lofty spires added such grace and dignity to the town, were daily levelled with the ground ; which besides their connexion with religious establishments, *for whose maintenance the integrity of the Russian Empire* had been pledged, were of no other value than to supply a few Soldiers with *bullets*, or their officers with a *dram*. I was in a Turkish Coffee-House at Caffa, when the principle Minaret, one of the antient and characteristic monuments of the country, to which the Russians had been employed in fixing blocks and ropes, came down with such violence that its fall shook every house in the place. The Turks seated on divans, were all smoking, and when that is the case an earthquake will scarcely rouse them. Nevertheless at this flagrant act of impiety and dishonour, they rose, breathing out deep and bitter curses against the enemies of their Prophet."

There are very few books of travels from which I have derived so much instruction and entertainment, as from this work of Dr. Clarke. His narrative perfectly corresponds with an account of that unwieldy Empire, *rotten before it ripens*, which I received from a gentleman now resident in Petersburg, who is fully qualified to write a supplement to Dr. Clarke's book, were it adviseable for any man to draw a *faithful* picture of the Russians, who is *condemned to live amongst them*. One knows not which to pity most, the brutal sensuality and galling tyranny of a mean and sycophantic aristocracy ; or the degraded vassalage, and abject penury of a peasantry doomed to subdue the iron soil, and to combat with the climate of Russia, in order to raise that harvest of which they dare not participate, and which is immediately dispatched to pamper the bloated pride, and support the *filthy* magnificence of Moscow and Petersburg.

"*O Imitatores servum pecus*," is a remark strongly exemplified in the lower order of the Russians. It would appear that in the powers of imitation, they excel even the Chinese.

“Imitation,” says Dr. Clarke, “is the very acme of the Russian intellect. The meanest Russian slave has been found adequate to the accomplishment of the most intricate and most delicate works of mechanism; to copy with his single hand, what has demanded the joint labours of the best workmen in France or England.”

With superior powers of imitation, it is presumed the Russians unite more ingenuity than the Chinese. A Chinese will make the model of a watch so minutely that its owner shall perceive no difference between the copy and the original, except that the former *will not go*. I have heard that an English factor at Canton, employed a Chinese Taylor to make him a nankeen jacket, and lent him his old one for a pattern. It fitted him to a nicety, but wherever there was a patch on the *old* jacket, a similar one appeared on the *new*.—It would appear from Dr. Clarke’s narrative that the *Cossacks* are in every point of view far superior to the *Russians*.

Page 32. “*That Beam which Luther hailed, and Leo feared.*”

As the intrepid and resistless advocate of the right of private judgement in matters of faith, as the victorious Combatant of Papal Tyranny, the Disperser of *mental* darkness, and stern Contemner of all temporal honours and worldly distinctions, where are we to search for an individual so fully entitled to the admiration and the gratitude of posterity, as Martin Luther? These were the sterling qualities in his character which the fire of persecution could not have rendered *more pure*, and which it could *never* have consumed. But when we view him as the Founder of a Church, and the Head of a Sect, I fear we must exclaim, “*How is the Gold become dim, and the fine Gold changed?*” So much more injurious to ourselves does power often prove, in our *own* hands, than in the hands of *others*. There is too much reason to believe that the doctrine of the *real presence*, and of justification *by faith alone*, were

tenets, to support which Luther scrupled not to employ the fleshly arm of civil power and temporal authority. These he was inclined to resort to against those whose *private judgments*, his scriptural erudition, deep and extensive as it was, could not convince, nor his eloquence persuade. The first part of Luther's character I have attempted to eulogize, in a subsequent passage of this poem. Luther's harsh conduct to Carlostadt, and Calvin's unrelenting cruelty to Servetus, are strong proofs, *if such were now wanting*, that we may have *some* charity for those who differ from us altogether, but none for those who agree with us in some points, but presume to dissent from us in others. The absurd reveries of Luther concerning the *Devil*, claim a most conspicuous place amongst the "*fears of the brave, and follies of the wise.*" Mr. Coleridge has given us a very interesting and curious solution of this subject. It seems he saw the very stain from the inkstand hurled at the head of his satanic majesty, having been admitted into the very room in which—

“*The Devil appeared to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain,
And would have gulled him with a trick,
But Martin was too politick.*”

The rays of Luther's genius, like some other rays, had their *aberrations*; thus he informs us that he had an acquaintance with the Devil by no means slight or superficial; having eaten “more than a bushel of salt with him.” “*Ego Diabolum intus et in cute novi, quippe quocum plus uno Salis modio comederim.*” “*Diabolus, multo frequentius et proprius mihi in lecto accubare solet, seu condormit, quam mea Catharina.*” He farther informs us that his satanic majesty is a most keen and subtile disputant, whom no man can accuse of delay or prolixity. “*Uno momento,*” says he, “*quæstio et responsio absolvitur.*” In one moment the question and the answer is dispatched. This puts it beyond a doubt that *the Devil does not*

preside in the Court of Chancery, as some have supposed. The most antient caricature I have heard of, is that which originally belonged to the Queen of Navarre. It is of Tapestry, and represents Luther and Calvin in the act of administering a Cathartic to the Pope, but not of the most lenitive kind, nor in the most delicate manner. This operation puts his Infalible Holiness in great commotion, and obliges him to evacuate abundance of Kingdoms and Sovereignities, such as Denmark, Sweden, the Duchy of Saxony, etc.—Wickliffe, John Huss, and others, are represented in the back ground, as having failed in a similar attempt. They undertook to cure the disease, before the Crisis. Even Luther's eloquence and intrepidity might have failed, if many circumstances had not conspired in his favour, of which the opportune discovery of printing was not the least. It has been shrewdly said that *interest* brought about the reformation in Germany, *Lust* in England, and *Novelty* in France. In Germany the needy and impoverished Nobles found a seasonable supply in the wealth of the Monasteries which they pillaged, and the estates of the Abbeys which they appropriated to themselves. We find from Luther, that this ill-gotten wealth did not prosper; and he applies to the sacrilegious rapacity of the Nobles, the fable of the Eagle, who stealing from the altar of Jove a sacrifice which was placed upon it, took up with it a burning coal, which fired the nest, and destroyed the young ones. It fared no better with the unhallowed wealth of Henry the eighth. The *blessing of God* (says Spelman, gravely!) *was not upon it*. Be that as it may, within *five years* after Henry had sacked all the Monasteries in the Kingdom, with all their treasures, and princely possessions, he was absolutely distressed for money to build a few Block-houses for the defence of the Coast. The libraries of these religious establishments were scarcely more respected than if they had been in the hands of Turks or Vandals. One merchant bought the contents of two noble libraries, for *forty*

shillings apiece; their Volumes he applied for the space of more than ten years, instead of grey paper, to wrap up his goods. But to return to Luther; Protestants who condemn his violent and unbending temper, should consider the complexion of the times, and the power of his adversaries. If we wish to cut Iron, we must make use of Steel; and the peculiar difficulties of *his* situation, required a mind *case-hardened*, as it were, and tempered to overcome them. That age required a Reformer composed of sterner stuff than Erasmus, or Melancthon; the latter of whom, when Luther boxed his ears, was wont to retaliate, only with a complimentary hexameter, "*Rege animum Luthere tuum, cui cætera parent.*"

Page 32.-"*Thy hapless story, murdered, martyred Wright.*"

Time, the great discoverer of the secrets and the crimes of Tyrants; Time, that neither flatters nor fears, may one day remove the veil of mystery which at present conceals the fate of this gallant man. I shall relate two stories, of which I am reminded by this melancholy subject; I shall give them just as I heard them; I have great reason to think them true, and, as when *connected* they throw a glimmering light on a very dark *affair*, I shall make no apology for their insertion.

An English gentleman, who has been resident for many years in a very respectable situation at Petersburg, who has married a Russian Lady, and who now resides in that Capital, told me as follows. —Some *little time before* the condemnation, or rather *judicial assassination* of Palm the Bookseller at Nuremberg, a French Gentleman suddenly arrived at Petersburg. It was observed that he made anxious enquiries if there was any vessel in the Neva, about to sail for England; and that he heard with visible marks of consternation, that it was probable many days would elapse, before a vessel bound for England would sail. Before that event took place, this Gentleman disappeared, in as sudden a manner as he had arrived. It was confidently re-

ported at Petersburg that the French Government had got possession of his person, and that he was reconducted, under a strong escort, to Paris. He has not since been heard of. The account he gave of himself to one or two confidential persons in Petersburg was this. He said he was a Notary public at Paris ; that he was walking home one evening, when the waiter of a certain Hotel begged him instantly to attend one of his Guests, who was at the point of death. He followed, and was ushered into a room where sat a Gentleman in the greatest apparent agony of mind and body ; who, after the waiter had retired, thus addressed him—pointing to a bag of money on the table—“ That” said he “ is yours, it is the price of blood ; but transcribe faithfully what I shall relate to you, and make it public the moment you are out of the power of France. I am a Physician, and I received yesterday, an order (signed Talleyrand) to repair immediately to the Prison of the Temple. I obeyed—I was then conducted into one of the dungeons of that prison, to superintend the infliction of torture on one of the Prisoners. I have neither strength nor time to detail the particulars of that horrid sight ; suffice it to say, that the Prisoner bore his sufferings with the most unshaken fortitude. He twice began to speak, when I was immediately hurried into another apartment. It appeared that his communications were not *satisfactory*, as I was reconducted into the dungeon, and the tortures were resumed. Twice I interfered, and announced to them that the sufferer could bear no more ; the second time I was attended to, and the torture was suspended. I took a slight refreshment, received a hint to be silent, and was ordered to attend again *to-day*, precisely at the same hour. This day the Prisoner was, if possible, more firm ; not a word escaped his lips ; and notwithstanding my remonstrances, the torture was carried to such a length that I suspect the Prisoner has not long to live. I am convinced from his air, manner, and appearance, that *the Prisoner was an Englishman*. After this,

the Sum of money on the table was put into my hands, and I was interrogated closely if the transactions of yesterday had been suffered to escape my lips. I partook of some refreshment again in the refectory, and in less than one hour afterwards, I felt that *I had taken poison.*" Here the Physician's strength and voice began to fail him; and he expired in the course of the night. But the Notary continued his narration, by adding that he by no means found himself at ease in the possession of so dangerous a secret; and that his fears were not diminished by discovering that the Police Officers had been at his house, and that it was known that he had attended on the last moments of the Physician. On this, he fled to Nuremberg, and communicated the whole affair to Palm. Not thinking himself safe at Nuremberg, after the commencement of the prosecution of Palm, he fled to the Capital of Russia, intending as soon as possible to sail for England. Unfortunately the last part of his plan he was not able to carry into execution. There is every reason to believe the poor Notary was shortly afterwards obliged to perform a much *longer journey.*

This circumstance will account for the seizure of Palm's papers, and also for the precipitancy with which his trial and execution were conducted. To the best of my recollection, the death of Captain Wright was announced to the world about the time of Palm's execution. But a correspondence of dates is not of prime importance on *this* occasion, because it is ever in the power of Tyrants to assign what date they please to the death of their Prisoners.

What follows will corroborate what has been advanced above, and I have reason to think there is no doubt of its truth. When Captain Wright was taken prisoner, two young English Gentlemen were taken with him; one of them was a Mr. Mansel, a son of the present Bishop of Bristol. These two Gentlemen were confined for a long period together in the same apartment of the Prison, but a room immediately over them, and insulated

from theirs was allotted to Captain Wright. However, with great difficulty, a small perforation through the solid flooring was effected; by means of which, a conversation might at times be carried on, between Captain Wright, and his two companions in captivity.

Captain W. had always used the language of hope and consolation; but one morning he informed them that he now perceived that he was in the hands of a merciless enemy; that the severest tortures had already been inflicted on him; and that he was in hourly expectation of death. "But," continued he, "one thing I must caution you never to believe of me, and if you return to England, peremptorily to deny. *You will shortly be informed that I have destroyed myself.* If I know any thing of my own heart, I think I have sufficient fortitude to bear my sufferings, aided by that firm dependance on God, which will render such a crime, under any circumstances, and I dread the worst, impossible."

Soon after this conversation, it happened as he had foretold. Mr. Mansel and his companion were informed by the Jailor, *that their Captain had put a period to his existence.* After this event, they were immediately removed to the fortress of Valenciennes. From that place these two young Gentlemen attempted their escape; the enterprise was conducted with singular talent and intrepidity, and was crowned with the success it deserved.

Some time after the battle of Trafalgar, Sir Sidney Smith passed through this town on his way to Plymouth. He was introduced, during his short stay here, to an officer of high rank in the French service. This officer was on the eve of being exchanged; and in daily expectation of his passport. I shall omit his name for obvious reasons; but he faithfully promised Sir Sidney that he would use every method consistent with his own honour and safety, to acquaint him with the particulars of the death of his highly esteemed and lamented friend and former fellow prisoner Captain Wright.

Page 55.--“ *Speeches that Cobbett begged in vain to quote.*”

Mr. Cobbett thus observes on the freedom of the Press.—
 “ *To call it liberty of the Press to be able with safety to publish a Spelling-book, or a Psalter, or the Story of Goody two-Shoes, merely because they are printed by the same sort of machine as the censure upon the conduct of a public man is printed, is as stupid as it would be to insist that oat-meal is the same thing as wheat-meal, because both have been ground in the same mill.*”
 This is well;—but this periodical writer, who relates facts with boldness, and comments on them with sound sense, has not, I think, expressed himself with his usual accuracy, in his definition of Liberty. “ *Liberty, actively speaking,*” says he, “ *means the right or power of doing with safety to yourself, that which is naturally disagreeable, or contrary to the interests of another, be that other who he may. Turn it as often as you please, this is the true definition of Liberty in the active sense of the word.*”
 Is this liberty? To me it sounds more like licentiousness. Since I must conceive that two absurd consequences might be deduced from the above definition. First, that of all men in existence, *Tyrants are the greatest lovers of liberty*; and secondly, that a triumphant and lawless banditti, are the *freest men in the world*. I would rather substitute some such a definition as this; “ *Civil liberty is the omnipotence of such laws as are framed by a full and fair majority.*” But it may be objected that an absurd inference might be drawn from this definition also, of civil liberty; for it might happen that a majority of the people might consent to pass a law to extinguish the freedom of the Press. Would this be as consistent with civil liberty, as with the above definition of it? To this I reply, The case is possible, but not very probable, except in a society of Hottentots. But even such a law, if enacted by a *fair* majority, would *not* be destructive of the civil liberty of the framers of it; because it is self-evident that all men are free, who are governed by those

laws *only* which they have *voluntarily* imposed upon themselves ; and it is as clear that they cease to be free, only when Tyrants or Demagogues, single or united, foreign or domestic, begin to govern them by laws which have had neither the approbation nor the concurrence of the governed.

The Public are much indebted to Lord Folkstone for the able manner in which he introduced his motion on the *Ex Officio* Informations of the Attorney General. Those who recollect the very important enquiry which occupied the attention of the House, at the time alluded to, will not be at a loss to account for the very unusual number of *Ex Officio* Informations, suspended over the heads of Newspaper Editors, at that particular moment ; and they will be still less surprized at the invincible taciturnity of the Attorney General, and the marked reluctance he displayed to assign the true cause of that amazing increase in the number of such Informations, which induced Lord Folkstone to bring forward that motion in Parliament. With respect to the law of libel, I shall just observe, that if Lord Mansfield had carried his point of making the *Jury* triers *only* of the *fact of writing, or of publishing*, and of constituting *the Court* the *sole Judge* of the *criminality* of the libel, there would not have existed from that moment a free press in Europe.

The Jury are *now* empowered to decide on *both* points, as reason and equity demand ; and not on the first only, as oppression and Lord Mansfield advised. For this important victory over the secret enemies of our liberties at home, more important to Englishmen than ten victories over their open enemies in the field, we may thank the resistless Eloquence of Lord Erskine. His success on this occasion forms the brightest part of his political career. "*Melioribus olim Auspiciis.*" See the trial of the Dean of St. Asaph.

Page 56.--“ *When crack-brained Authors load the groaning Press.*”

An Author whose wit is like the edge of a scythe, *coarse but keen*, compares Plagiarists to those Hogs in *Westphalia*, who thrive on each others excrements. It was a conjecture of Sir Isaac Newton, that if primordial atoms could be brought into absolute contact, all the solid matter in the world might be compressed into the space of a nutshell. Something like what that Philosopher remarked of matter, might be affirmed of mind. If Authors were restricted in their writings to *genuine* thoughts and *original* ideas, there would not exist such an evil as a folio, or a quarto in the world. These ponderous Tomes would contract their size, as suddenly as Milton's Devils in *Pandemonium* ;

“ *Behold a wonder ! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's Giant Sons,
Now, less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless.*”

Shakspeare would suffer less than any other Author by such an experiment ; he might stand a chance of preserving “ *his own dimensions, like himself,*” unhurt amid the war of *elements*, the wreck of *paper*, and the crush of *boards* !--About the middle of the sixth century, Amri, a Saracen General, ordered all the Books in the Alexandrian Library to be destroyed. Amri had applied to the Calif Omar for directions how to act on this occasion. He replied in the true spirit of *Mahomedan Orthodoxy*, “ If the Books you mention contain any thing contrary to the Koran, they are *pernicious* ; if they contain nothing contrary to it, they are *superfluous*.” The number of volumes was so immense, that they served as fuel to *parboil* the Alexandrians for six months ; although they were distributed amongst forty thousand Baths. Had it not been for this event, their contents might, perhaps, have kept the *whole World in hot water*, for a

much longer period. How many *Eruditi* would have read themselves stone blind over these musty manuscripts, before they would have been able to have informed the *unlearned*, that nine hundred and ninety-nine, out of every thousand, were not worth the perusal. As some compensation therefore for the destruction of that noble library, may we not presume that the moderns have gained in *originality* and *invention*, more than they have lost in *information* and in *erudition*; and that this event hath induced many to *strengthen* their minds by *thinking*, who had otherwise only *weakened* their eyes by *reading*?

Page 60.—“*Mansfield to Court, and Woodfall to a Jail.*”

Mansfield would have been a second Jeffries had he lived under the reign of James; but there would have been this difference between them, where Jeffries used a *hatchet*, Mansfield would have preferred a *razor*.

Every one has something to say on Junius. Lord Mansfield found his Editor, Woodfall, *not very communicative*, when alive; his Ghost is not likely to be more so now. I have heard that promises were resorted to on this occasion, no less than fines, imprisonments, and prosecutions; and that Woodfall was *officially* requested to say what was the lowest Sum for which he would give up his author. These overtures he effectually checked by answering, ONE MILLION! It has often struck me, that Junius died very soon after the publication of those letters. He certainly was not silenced by a bribe, for he had transgressed beyond all hope of pardon, or any *pension* except *suspension*. Nor do I think that Junius was a Cerberus to be lulled by a *sop*. But, *had he lived*, he could not have been a silent spectator of the great events which soon afterwards took place in Europe; and I suspect, *had he continued to write*, his style must have betrayed him. But I do not offer this last argument as decisive, because we all know with what ease and felicity some have concealed their own

style, and imitated that of another. There is a Greek passage very apposite on this subject, but my own *patience*, and my printer's *types* would be exhausted, before the quotation.

Nay, in some instances, where *no* alteration has been made in the style, the mere substitution of a name, has been sufficient to deceive the penetrating eye of Criticism. The peculiarity of Burke's style, all will admit ; and yet we know that he wrote the celebrated inaugural dissertations by which Sir Joshua Reynolds gained such amazing credit. Yet Dr. Johnson, who was intimately acquainted with the powers of both of them, never discovered in those dissertations the great Author of "*The Sublime and Beautiful* ;" and Sir Joshua Reynolds might have enjoyed, *to this day*, the full credit of those eloquent compositions, for which he furnished only the hints on sculpture and painting, had it not been for an accidental circumstance——The increasing weakness of his eyes, obliged him to employ an amanuensis to transcribe the manuscripts, when the hand writing of Edmund Burke was immediately recognized.

Page 173.—*Note.*

For Cicero consoles Sulpicius, read, Sulpicius consoles Cicero, and in the same sentence for Son, read Daughter. Nor am I sure that this is quite correct, as I quote from memory ; in which case I shall be compared to George Faulkener, editor of the Dublin Journal. "George," said a friend, "you have made a sad blunder in your last Journal; you have printed it thus—"*His Grace the Duchess*:" "Well, well," said George, "it shall be corrected in our next." On the following week the good people of *Dublin* were set right : "*Erratum in our last, for His Grace the Duchess, read Her Grace the Duke.*" I shall take this opportunity of apologizing to the public for press errors, which I fear too frequently occur. I am obliged to submit to the task of being my own corrector, an office which

I shall be happy shortly to resign to the Critics. It is certain that an author is, of all men, the least qualified to correct his own work. If a Pin be out of place in the dress of his mistress, the lover will be the last to discover it.

Page 75.—“ *To Tully’s fire, and Cato’s courage blind.*”

Some will accuse me of having forgotten Horace’s celebrated compliment to Cato, or rather to Augustus ;

“ *Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.*”

I am ready to admit that this is the most sublime passage that Poet ever wrote. But it is a compliment of a very doubtful kind to Cato. “ *Noscitur a sociis,*” will apply to words, as well as to men. Now the word *atrox* is *constantly* used by Horace, (and I suspect by others,) in a *bad* sense ; and if Horace had been speaking of Cataline, he could not have applied a more *degrading* epithet. Cicero could have supplied him with a more grand and faithful portrait of Cato, whom he represents as standing *upright* amidst the ruins of the Republic, the noblest spectacle which the Universe could afford to Jupiter. Some will be ready to accuse Virgil of similar injustice to his two illustrious cotemporaries Cato and Cicero. But we must remember that the *Æneid* was an unfinished work, and a posthumous publication ; and also that it was edited by two *creatures* of Augustus, who certainly *added* nothing, yet we know not what they may have *suppressed*. It is but fair to observe, that one of the finest passages in this Poem, concludes with a compliment to Cato. Yet none of them have surpassed that line of Lucan,

“ *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*”

Which proves that antithesis, although it be usually connected with *wit*, is not incompatible with *sublimity*.

Page 84.—“ *Sir John to borrow seeks Avaro's door.*”

The avaricious man is not only the dirtiest and most laborious slave the devil employs, but he is the only one who serves him for *nothing*. While men of a humane and liberal mind, sympathize in all the happiness they behold, and thus, in one sense, may be said to enjoy the possessions of others, the Miser dares not enjoy what is his own. He is the most mercenary of all creatures, yet is he daily and hourly making the most disinterested sacrifices : and what is most extraordinary, this selfish wretch submits to the severest mortifications, for the good of those whom he often hates, and by whom he is always despised. Incurably mad, he certainly is, but with so much *method*, that he keeps on the outside of Bedlam. In short, avarice is a passion which age enlivens, weakness strengthens, and possession sharpens. It converts man into a lamentable laughing-stock. It first impoverishes him by *Gold* ; it then degrades him into the *turnkey*, not the tenant of his house ; the slave, and not the master of his wealth.

Page 86.—“ *To prove Men Monks had they but a tail.*”

Lord Monboddó is very much pleased with Peter the Wild Boy for walking on all fours ; but very angry with him for being found without a tail, and for not learning to speak. From the Parish Register of North Church in the County of Hertford, where he died, at the age of 72, it appears that Peter was neither more nor less than an Ideot, who having wandered into the woods, had the good fortune to be discovered by a royal Nimrod. That he had not long escaped from domestication was evident, as the remains of a shirt collar were still about his neck, at the time he was taken. Of course his Parents were not over anxious to reclaim an Ideot, who when he lost a father, found a King.

Page 89.—“*Nor spare one scarlet rag from Babylon.*”

I should not have ventured on such an expression as this, but I find I am forestalled in it by one who was afterwards a Bishop. Thus inditeth Dr. Hurd to Bishop Warburton,—*I thank you, my dear Lord, for your congratulations on my advancement to the Doctorate; though I doubt it will seem a little incongruous in me, to combat the scarlet Whore in her own habiliments.*” “The Cope and the Hat,” observes Fleury, “were a travelling dress which suited the Pope’s Embassadors; and red was the colour affected by the Pope, and to represent him the better, the legates wore *this colour* also.” On this passage Jortin thus remarks; *His Holiness should rather have chosen some other colour than that of the great red Dragon, and of the Whore arrayed in scarlet.*” A latin line would have prevented Jortin’s astonishment at this,

“*Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat,*”

Had it not been for this infatuation, the Pope might have avoided the *triple* completion of another prophecy, by making some slight alteration in his title of “*Vicarius Dei Filii.*” One would have thought the coincidence sufficiently strong in *two* languages, without assuming that title in the *third*, which precisely contains the number of the Beast. As I have quoted Dr. Hurd at the head of this note, I shall quote a passage in another letter of his, addressed to Warburton. I quote it for the future edification of all curates, that they may learn how to condole with a Bishop, when he has the misfortune to make *a little trip* in his garden, or *elsewhere*.—

“And now supposing, as I trust I may do, that your Lordship will be in no great pain when you receive this Letter, I am tempted to begin, as friends usually do when such accidents befall, with my reprehensions, rather than condolence. I have often wondered why your Lordship should not use a cane in your walks, which might haply have prevented this misfortune;

especially considering that Heaven, I suppose the better to keep its Sons in some sort of equality, has thought fit to make your outward sight by many degrees less perfect than your inward. Even I, a young and stout Son of the Church, rarely trust my firm steps into my garden, without some support of this kind. How improvident then was it in a Father of the Church, to commit his unsteadfast footing to this hazard ! Not to insist, that a good pastoral staff is the badge of your office, and, like a sceptre to a King, should be the constant appendage to a Bishop."

Page 92.—“ *Ye tutored Pitt to bellow promise prate.*”

I should never have obtruded my opinions on the Public, concerning Mr. Pitt, knowing as I do that by a certain party they will be anathematized as political heresies, had not this Minister been be-praised beyond all decency, by those who would fain identify with their voice, that of the Nation. This will not do. Mr. Pitt's dereliction of his first principles, and his falsification of all the hopes he had held out, never can be palliated, much less forgotten. Reform was a subject on which no man promised *more*, when he could do *nothing*, or performed *less*, when he could do *every thing*. I do not say with Wakefield, that Mr. Pitt had no talents. He had great ones ; but his warmest friends admit that Power was his *end* ; if they were candid, they would add, *corruption was his means*. Amidst the exaggerated statements, and acrimonious recriminations of parties, the historian will find it no easy task to decide on the justice of Mr. Pitt's claims to the veneration and gratitude of his countrymen. There is one rule by which if he tries him his sentence must be a severe one indeed ; particularly if the jury should be composed of those who think the happiness of the governed, a minister's most honourable acquittal, their

misery his justest condemnation. The following passage was written long before Mr. Pitt was in power; I quote it because it so happens, that Junius has furnished the text, and Mr. Pitt the illustration:—

“ With regard to any influence of the constituent over the conduct of the representative, there is little difference between a seat in parliament for seven years, and a seat for life. The prospect of your resentment is too remote; and although the last session of a septennial parliament be usually employed in courting the favour of the people, consider that, at this rate, your representatives have six years for offence, and but one for atonement. A death-bed repentance seldom reaches to restitution. If you reflect, that, in the changes of administration which have marked and disgraced the present reign, although your warmest patriots have, in their turn, been invested with the lawful and unlawful authority of the Crown, and though other reliefs or improvements have been held forth to the people, yet, that no one man in office has ever promoted or encouraged a bill for shortening the duration of parliaments, but that (whoever was minister) the opposition to this measure, ever since the septennial act passed, has been constant and uniform on the part of Government. You cannot but conclude, without the possibility of a doubt, that long parliaments are the foundation of the undue influence of the Crown. This influence answers every purpose of arbitrary power to the Crown, with an expense and oppression to the people, which would be unnecessary in an arbitrary government. The best of our Ministers find it the easiest and most compendious mode of conducting the King’s affairs; and all Ministers have a general interest in adhering to a system, which, of itself, is sufficient to support them in office, without any assistance from personal virtue, popularity, labour, abilities, or experience. It promises every gratification to avarice and ambition, and secures impunity.”

A Reform in Parliament therefore is among the desiderata which no thinking man can expect to see realized. This is a measure on the postponement of which all Ministers agree, however they may differ from their predecessors on other points; nevertheless they pronounce it excellent for all times *but the present time*; and for all administrations, except *their own*. I am led to conclude parliamentary reform hopeless, because it is certain that it cannot be effected without ministerial influence; and as certain that ministerial influence will always be employed against it. The splendid abilities of Mr. Canning were but too successfully employed, on a very recent occasion, to show how little the mere merits of any question in a certain Council availed; and he proved his point in a manner that reflected more credit on the speaker than on his audience; by adducing as an instance, the abolition of the Slave Trade. By the vast majority with which that question was ultimately carried, it fully appeared that *there was a time* when the little finger of a minister produced a greater impression, within the walls of St. Stephen, than *all the eloquence of Britain and all the miseries of Africa!*

"I like," says Walpole, *"those Reformations that prevent Revolutions, by keeping pace with the gradual progress of reason and knowledge."* I have heard that Mr. Fox, on his last visit to Paris, fully discovered that it was the decided opinion of the French Cabinet, *that our most vulnerable point was Ireland; and that it would be the height of madness to make any serious attack upon England, until Ireland was wrested from her.* If this be true, it furnishes another argument for the immediate removal of the civil disabilities of the Catholics; the present cause of so much disunion in those who govern, and of so much discontent in those who obey; but the ground of hope and confidence to all those *"Who love not England's cause, nor England's weal."*

Page 95.—“*And make Napoleon play both Knave and fool.*”

The Game must be desperate when Talleyrand throws down his Cards; and foul must be the play in which he blushes to co-operate. It is probable that the annals of Louis the XII. furnished Buonaparte with the model of his Spanish expedition. That indeed succeeded, but let him remember that Villany does not always prosper. Spain may teach Europe what it is that will satisfy the common oppressor; Not all the military and naval resources of a nation—not all its population—not all its treasure. These he fully enjoyed, at the moment he was meditating the complete destruction of a sincere and generous ally.

From every thing I can collect from the remarks and observations of those French Officers who last arrived in this town, as Prisoners of War, I will undertake to say that Buonaparte's most unprincipled attack on Spain is a death blow to his popularity. The sad experience of battle after battle, and campaign after campaign, has *now* convinced his firmest veterans that they are doomed to serve a military Despot, whose lust of empire hath no bounds. These men *now* perceive that the life of a Soldier, under *such* a Commander, presents nothing but a barren and a gloomy prospect of perils and privations, to be terminated only by death. “Have we not seen,” they exclaim, “our bravest companions sacrificed to the ambition of him who is as greedy of dominion, as he is prodigal of blood? Have we not beheld army after army coolly abandoned to inevitable destruction? Witness the parching sands of Egypt, the snows of Poland, the pestilent morasses of Domingo, and the dear-won fortresses of Spain! And *for what* are we covered with scars and polluted with blood? To render the name of a Frenchman execrable throughout the world; to aggrandize an ungrateful task-master, to forge his fetters, and to increase his slaves! Nor have our children a better prospect at home. They also are daily subject to be dragged away to the armies;

or if they escape, for a season, the iron grasp of the conscription, they must submit to live under a state of espionage so jealous and vigilant, that to be suspected even *of being suspicious*, is a sufficient crime." There are the strongest reasons to believe that such sentiments are rapidly increasing throughout the armies of France; the protraction of the contest in Spain is daily making fresh proselytes to these opinions; the time is not far distant when those who think thus will form the *majority*. When that moment arrives, Europe may repeat an exclamation made over the dead body of Charles the XII.—*"The Farce is over."*

Page 97.—*"O'er stoutest hearts, Hypocrisy and Pride."*

"The hauteur of the proud," observes Burke, "hath this of good in it, that in forcing us to keep our distance, they must keep their distance too." A man puffed up with pride, has been well compared to a person who standing on the top of a high tower, is surprised to find how very little they appear to be, on whom he *looks down*; but who forgets that he also appears equally little, to those *who look up*. Pride, while it chills all who approach it, more than the stream of the Irtysh, or the snows of Tobolski, is equally injurious to its possessor. It is doubly cursed, it torments ourselves and all about us. It also brings its own punishment; for the proud have sentenced themselves to a banishment from all social intercourse, worse than Siberian. How many there are who might cease to be ignorant, if they would condescend to be informed; who might cease to be miserable, if they would stoop to be comforted; and who might be no longer despicable, if they would begin to think others less so than themselves?

Page 104.—*"Her monstrous meal, a province, or a town."*

"The relation of the Captain of a Vessel, to the Admiralty, as Mr. Yorke told me the story, has something very striking in

it. He lay off Lisbon on this fatal 1st of November, preparing to hoist sail for England. He looked towards the city in the morning, which gave the promise of a fine day, and saw that proud Metropolis rise above the waves, flourishing in wealth and plenty, and founded on a rock that promised a Poet's eternity, at least, to its grandeur. He looked an hour after, and saw the city involved in flames, and sinking in thunder. A sight more awful mortal eyes could not behold on this side the day of doom."

Warburton's Letters.

Page 126.—“*By day of Atheist clubs the fond delight.*”

In the order of precedence, *practical* atheism goes before *speculative*. Men *act* as though there were no God; they next begin to *hope* there may be none; and then upon the principle of “*Quod volumus facile credimus,*” they lastly would fain *believe* what they so earnestly wish. But after all, it is a belief of the *heart*, rather than of the *head*. “The fool hath said *in his heart*, There is no God.” In short, it is but natural, that those who begin by erasing the word *not* out of the *commandments*, should end by attempting to insert it into the *creed*.

Page 138.—“*A shelter sad to which thou fain wouldst fly.*”

The suicide is a coward, because the fear of life overcomes the fear of death. I have enquired of medical men, and find that instances of those who have laid violent hands on themselves, to escape from pains and tortures of the *body* are extremely rare. But we know that *mental* sufferings, and the wounds of a broken spirit, have driven thousands to this desperate remedy. I mention this for the sake of the moral. If the pains of the mind are so much more insupportable than those of the body, ought we not to be more fearful of endangering the *health* of the one than of the other?

Page 145.—“*Might best confute the first, the last a Ghost.*”

An affair still going on in my neighbourhood, and known to the Public by the title of the SAMPFORD GHOST, might puzzle the materialism of Hume, or the immaterialism of Berkeley. Here we have an invisible and incomprehensible agent, producing visible and sensible effects. The Newspapers were not quite so accurate as they might have been in their statements on this occasion. First, they informed the Public that the *whole affair was discovered*; but the real truth is, that the slightest shadow of an explanation has not yet been given, and that there exist no good grounds even for *suspecting* any one. The Public were next given to understand that the *disturbances had ceased*; whereas it is well known to all in this neighbourhood that they continue with unabating violence, to this hour. Soon after this, we were told, by way of explanation, that the whole affair was a trick of the tenant, who wished to *purchase the house cheap*—the stale solution of all *haunted* houses. But such an idea never entered his thoughts, even if the present proprietors were able to *sell* the House; but it happens to be entailed. And at the very time when this was said, all the neighbourhood knew that Mr. Chave was unremitting in his exertions to procure another habitation in Sampford on any terms. And to confirm this, these disturbances have at length obliged the whole family to make up their minds to quit the premises, at a very great loss and inconvenience, as Mr. Chave has expended a considerable sum in improvements, and could have continued on a *reduced* rent. When one of the labourers on the Canal was shot, the Newspapers informed us, that this took place at the *house of the Mr. Chave above mentioned*. The fact is, that this circumstance happened in *another* part of the village, at the house of another Mr. Chave, neither related nor connected with the Mr. Chave in question.

If these nocturnal and diurnal visitations are the effects of a plot, the agents are marvellously secret and indefatigable. It

has been going on more than three years. And if it be the result of human machination, there must be more than sixty persons concerned in it. Now I cannot but think it rather strange that a secret by which no one can possibly get any thing, should be so well kept ; particularly when I inform the public what the Newspapers would not, or could not acquaint them with ; namely, that *a Reward of two hundred and fifty Pounds has been advertized, for any one who can give such information as may lead to a discovery. Nearly two years have elapsed, and no claimant has appeared.* I myself, who have been abused as the dupe at one time, and the promoter of this affair at another, was the first to come forward with one hundred pounds, and the late Mayor of Tiverton has now an instrument in his hands empowering him to call on me for the payment of that sum, to any one who can explain the cause of the phænomena.

An authentic narrative of all the occurrences at Sampford up to a certain date, was published by me, and may be had at the Publisher's and Booksellers. Many circumstances, if possible still more extraordinary than those I have related, have since occurred, but as they do not afford the least clue that may enable us to discover the cause that produced them, I shall do the public no service by relating them. A gentleman who commanded a company in the Hereford Militia was stationed at Sampford ; his curiosity was much excited, and he sat up in Mr. Chave's house at different times, thirty nights. I dined with him at Ottery Barracks ; his brother officers were anxious to know his opinion of that affair. He immediately replied, " Mr. Colton, who sits opposite, has engaged to give one hundred pounds to any person who can discover it. If he will hand me half a guinea across the table, I engage before you all to pay the money instead of him, whenever he is called upon." I did not take his offer. A clear proof that neither of us think a discovery the most probable thing in the world.

Page 184—"Teach men the conqueror's blood-stained name
to hate."

At a time of very general despondency, I tried how far it was possible to vindicate warlike measures on Christian principles. —I remember I was not pleased with my cause, nor my defence of it.

Page 203—"From fear of wrong who never dares be right."

I have heard of a milk and water good sort of a man, of this stamp, so very cautious not to give offence, that he abstained from all places of religious worship on the ground of *neutrality*. He had not the slightest objection he would say to go to church, but was afraid the *Devil might take it ill*.

Page 209.—"Dear is his gold to Clive, but dearer still."

In a Country like this where every thing, and almost every man, has his price, Wealth is certainly power. But Talent is also power. Wherein then consists the difference? The influence which *wealth* obtains in any nation will always be in exact proportion to its degradation and debasement; but the influence of *talent* will always be most felt and acknowledged, as nations become more exalted and refined. So that from the preponderancy of talent and genius in any government, we may justly infer its health and vigour; but from the preponderancy of money, its dotage and degeneration.

Page 223.—See the Note.

In styling Poetry an imitative Art, I have sided with Aristotle; although some modern writers have argued very learnedly, to prove the contrary. What I have said of Sir Joshua Reynold's blindness may need a qualification. I am not certain that he was absolutely blind, nor does it much affect the argument. If I remember right, this eminent artist died from a very extraordinary enlargement of the liver.

I shall conclude by remarking that some Critics will think alliteration occurs rather too frequently in this Poem. But if alliteration be a fault, it is a fault in which the best Poets have indulged themselves. A friend of whose taste and judgment I have the highest opinion, knows that I have altered many lines, *and sometimes for the worse*, to avoid alliteration. I hope I am open to conviction ; but I shall not think any objections to alliteration valid, unless they come from one who substitutes better words. To such a Critic I shall bow with deference.



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Colton, Charles Caleb

Lacon: or Many things ...

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